THE BROWN BOOK FOR BOYS

EDITED BY HERBERT STRANG

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THE RED BOOK SERIES

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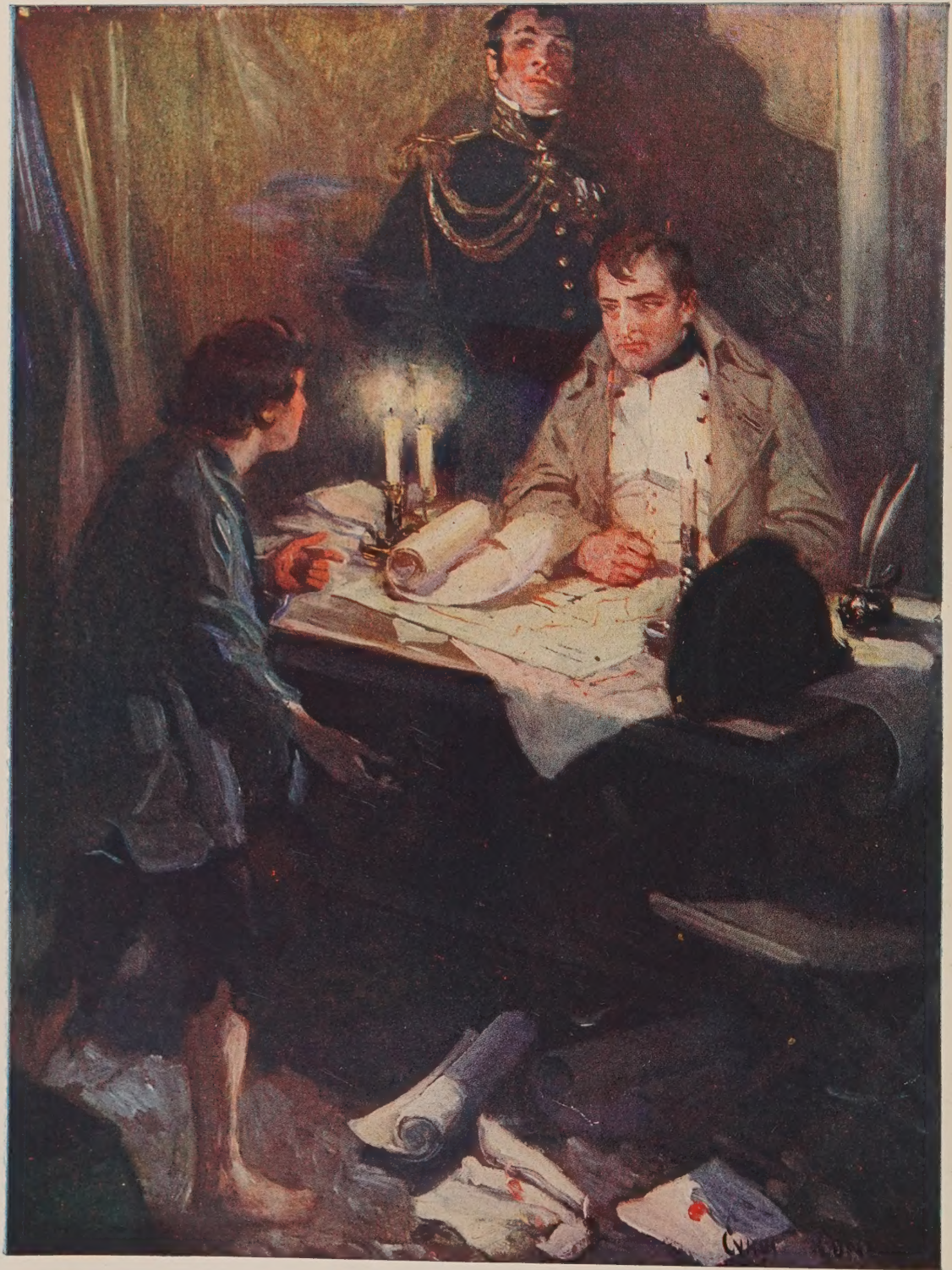
THE BLUE BOOK FOR BOYS
THE BROWN BOOK FOR BOYS
THE GREEN BOOK FOR BOYS
THE PURPLE BOOK FOR BOYS
THE RED BOOK FOR BOYS
THE BLUE BOOK OF THE WAR
THE RED BOOK OF THE WAR
THE BLUE BOOK OF BRITISH NAVAL BATTLES
THE RED BOOK OF BRITISH BATTLES
THE CRIMSON BOOK FOR BOYS
THE ORANGE BOOK FOR BOYS
THE SCARLET BOOK FOR BOYS
THE RED BOOK FOR SCOUTS

THIS BOOK
BELONGS TO
Cyril A.
Evans
ES
MOSLEY



"Napoleon was seated at a table which was covered with papers and maps."

THE BROWN BOOK FOR BOYS

Edited by Herbert Strang

HUMPHREY · MILFORD
OXFORD · UNIVERSITY · PRESS · LONDON

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Some of the pieces in this collection appeared first in my Annual.

H. S.

REPRINTED 1921 IN GREAT BRITAIN BY R. CLAY AND SONS, LTD., BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

A Story of the Campaign of 1814

By CAPTAIN CHARLES GILSON

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST EMPIRE," "THE SPY," "THE LOST COLUMN," ETC.

Pierre Lambard, the charcoal-burner, had seen many changes in his time. He had been born in the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, and remembered the Seven Years' War and the victories of Frederick the Great of Prussia. France was then no longer the great and prosperous nation she had been in the days of the *Grand Monarque*. Her resources were exhausted by unsuccessful war; and Pierre Lambard had often felt the gnawing pangs of hunger.

At the time of the famine, France had been a land of desolation. It is true that both in Paris and in the country the rich nobles lived in their *châteaux* with every luxury and comfort. But the poor starved at the roadside, whilst the post-chaises and the gilded family coaches of the great passed them by.

Pierre spent the days of his youth and early manhood in these troublous times, doing his work patiently, day out and in. In summer time, he rose at break of day; in winter, he was at his work by moonlight

in the forest of St. Prix. Year followed year, and the charcoal-burner and his wife found life hard indeed. For they had children now, and the whole country was plunged in such misery and poverty that it was difficult to earn sufficient money to keep the wolf from the door.

At last, when Pierre was well past the prime of life, the great Revolution swept the country like a wave. They were near enough to Paris to hear tales of the dark things that happened there: of noble gentlemen, and even ladies, taken bare-headed to the scaffold; of the death of the new king, and of the old kings rooted from their tombs—all these things heard Lambard from the travellers that journeyed through the forest of St. Prix. And shaking his head gravely, he would take up his axe, and go his way to work.

He knew little of politics: such matters troubled him not at all. He heard talk of the States-General, of the Convention, of the Committee of Public Safety and the Directory. But he found life no easier under one kind of government than under another; he continued a charcoal-burner to keep the wolf from the door.

At last came to St. Prix the name of the Consul—the name that was upon the lips of every Frenchman from Dunkirk to Cannes. The travellers who passed the charcoal-burner's hut could talk only of Bonaparte—the "little corporal," who had set all Europe by the ears. And it was then that Lambard's life seemed lighter, and hunger and toil easier to bear. Month by month came news of victories, in Italy, in Austria, and beyond the sea which the old charcoal-burner had never seen.

Pierre's two sons went for soldiers; and both perished in the Emperor's cause: the one at Marengo during the advance of the brave Desaix; the other in the snows of Russia, when the drums of the Grand Army beat retreat before the Hetman Platoff's Cossacks.

Then Lambard's wife died, and his daughter-in-law; and the charcoal-burner was left alone in his little hut in the forest, with only Jean Jacques, his little grandson, the child of him who had fallen with Desaix.

After Moscow, the travellers talked not so much of conquest, but seemed to be wearied of the war. All Europe was now united against

Napoleon; and France struggled bravely, but it may be likened to the death-struggle of a wild cat seized by wolves. Even the Emperor was not able to prevail. Before the onslaught his eagles were swept down; and for the first time in all these years, the tide of war swept across the face of France. From north and east and south, the Allies crossed the frontiers: Wellington, the Pyrenees; Schwarzenberg, the Alps. The Emperor fell back, step by step, before the armies of Russia, Germany and Britain. It was his intention to concentrate his forces near Paris, and thence shatter each hostile force in turn. There is a picture by great Meissonier, called "1814," wherein the whole story of that campaign is told.

The snow lies thick upon the ground, ploughed deep by the wheels of over-laden wagons. The Emperor rides upon a white horse with a long stirrup, his right hand thrust under the second button of his overcoat, a whip tucked under his arm. He looks straight before him, with lips set and a frown about his eyes. He has the look of a gambler who plays his last card, who thinks that he will win, but who knows that he very well may lose. And if he loses—all is lost. Behind him ride his marshals and his staff, ill content that the army must retreat; for not one of them is a man who of his own free will would turn his back to the foe. On the right of the picture is a battalion of the Guard, tramping forward in the snow. There is about them nothing of the disorder of retreat: their ranks are even; every man is in his place; all is discipline and strength. The Emperor's army is still a fighting force to be reckoned with; the Emperor himself is a man who yet may win. There is in the picture but one small signal of distress—a broken drum upon the roadway: a portent of Waterloo.

One day, in this same year of 1814, when the snow was on the ground and the trees were leafless in the forest of St. Prix, the army of Silesia under Marshal Blücher advanced on Paris by way of the valley of the Marne. The Emperor lay somewhere to the south, near Troyes. Already, his vedettes had passed Sézanne.

Jean Jacques, who was fourteen years of age, was abroad in the wood, at a place on high ground where he could see the reconnoitring parties and patrols, moving over the hills.

Suddenly a twig snapped close behind him, and Jean Jacques looked round alarmed. He had been born and bred in the forest, and knew that this sound was neither a weasel nor a fox. Going down on hands and knees, he crawled silently to a fir-tree, where he waited, listening.

Presently a twig snapped again, nearer than before; and at that Jean Jacques, whose feet were bare, ran up the fir-tree like a squirrel, and crouched upon a branch.

Then, through the snow-laden thickets, crept the figure of a man. He wore the uniform of a cuirassier of France, though the big brass helmet with the horse-tail plume was gone; and he was without arms except for a heavy pistol in a holster at his belt. His chest was in the snow, and he dragged himself slowly forward by means of his hands.

In the little open glade at the foot of the fir-tree he endeavoured to rise to his feet with many a groan. The effort failed. He sank down upon the ground once more, and looked about him with something of the coldness of despair.

After a while he continued on his way. It seemed as if one leg were powerless, for it trailed behind him, leaving here and there a red splash of blood upon the whiteness of the ground. Jean Jacques came down the fir-tree, branch by branch, until he stood before the wounded man.

The soldier sat up, his face drawn with pain. He was a young man; he could not have been more than twenty years of age.

"Comrade," said Jean Jacques, "are you hurt?"

"Sorely," said the man, and groaned again.

"Where?"

"In the leg."

"Is it broken?" asked Jean Jacques gravely. He remembered that a broken leg was a serious thing. Indeed, five years before, his grandfather had broken his leg in the forest when a bough had fallen in a gale. Jean Jacques remembered it well, because at that time he had been more hungry than ever he was before.

"It cannot be broken," said the soldier, "for I have dragged myself a *kilomètre*. I think some muscle must be cut. The pain is very great."

Jean Jacques could see that that was true. The soldier's face was nearly as white as the snow.

"Who did it?" he asked.

"The Germans. They are on the other side of the wood. Yesterday morning, my regiment was sent on patrol from Fère Champenoise towards Montmirail. The Emperor is at Troyes. My colonel had his orders from the Emperor himself: we were to discover what the enemy was about. At Baye, we learned that the Prussians were repairing the bridges over the Marne. But my colonel, who is an old soldier who fought at Rivoli, was not content with that. He pushed on to Marchais, where we heard that Blücher had ordered the Russians to advance. Our regiment could go no farther, for the whole valley was in the enemy's hands. But one man, who was a good horseman and who knew the country, could pass unseen where a thousand would be cut to pieces. So I was ordered to ride to Marmont, and give him notice that the Russians were advancing and Paris was in danger. Last night I rode through the outposts of the enemy, and before daybreak saw Marshal Marmont, who shook my hand. He ordered me to go back with all haste to the Emperor, and tell him that General Sacken's army was three days' march from Paris. Marmont said that he could hold the advance in check at Meaux for sufficient time to allow the Emperor to come from Troyes and fall upon the Russians from the rear. I started immediately, but had not ridden twenty miles before I had the misfortune to be seen by a party of German lancers. That was south of Montmirail. They pursued me to Baye, whence I turned to the south. My horse was a good one, but I had ridden all that night, and he was spent. Seeing this forest, I made for it, hoping to escape under cover of the trees. Just before I entered, one of the Germans, who had outdistanced his companions, fired at me. It was a lucky shot—lucky for him, but more than unfortunate for me: the bullet passed through my leg and killed my horse, which fell at the edge of the wood. I ran some little distance on my feet; but loss of blood and the pain I suffered soon brought me to the ground. And now they must find me. I have left a trail behind me. I cannot hope to escape them; and the Emperor will not be warned."

When the poor soldier finished, he buried his face in his hands.

Jean Jacques had seated himself upon the trunk of a fallen tree; and there, with both elbows on his knees, he looked at the man intently.

"Are you an officer?" he asked.

"Yes. I am a lieutenant of the Cuirassiers of Provins. I had hoped that this business would bring me promotion, but now I know that it will bring me only disgrace."

"Come," said Jean Jacques kindly; "it is not so bad as that."

It was then that they heard a loud voice in a guttural, unknown language some distance away in the wood. The officer looked up.

"There!" said he. "You heard that, my little friend. They follow close upon my heels."

Jean Jacques said, "Come, we will see what we can do."

First, he tore off a piece of his shirt—for Jean Jacques had no handkerchief, of course. This he bound tightly round the wounded leg to stanch the flowing blood. Then, making the officer put his arm around his neck, Jean Jacques led him away through the wood. They went very slowly, for the officer was in great pain. Also, Jean Jacques had to support the wounded man, which was as much as he could do.

Jean Jacques, who knew every glade and by-path in the forest of St. Prix, led the officer to a brook which gurgled through the wood. In this brook in summer Jean Jacques caught water-beetles and spiders with gaily coloured backs. Now, there was upon each bank a little ledge of ice; but, in the centre, the water—deeper than usual with the melted snow—flowed rippling on its course.

Jean Jacques was full of cunning—the cunning of the woods. He made the soldier take off his heavy boots, and these Jean Jacques put on, though they were so long that he could not bend his knees. He knew that the Germans would have no difficulty in following up their footmarks in the snow. Therefore, he crossed the brook and walked with long strides to a place where the undergrowth was so thick that there was no snow upon the ground. Here Jean Jacques took off the long boots, and walked backwards by the same path until he had come again to the brook.

There he found the officer, waiting in some alarm, for they could hear the voices of the Germans now quite close at hand.

Jean Jacques was not alarmed; he was intensely pleased. The Germans, arriving at the brook, would cross and follow a blind trail, which would give Jean Jacques all the time he needed.

Together, the wounded officer leaning heavily on Jean Jacques' tottering frame, they went down hill, walking in mid-stream, so that no trace of their footsteps could remain.

"Are you all right, comrade?" asked Jean Jacques.

"Have we much farther to go? My wound pains me," said the officer.

"Courage," said Jean Jacques. "Courage."

In a little time they came to the hut of Pierre Lambard, the charcoal-burner. The snow was heaped upon the roof, except near the chimney, whence a thin column of smoke came cheerfully.

"Here," said Jean Jacques, "lives my grandfather, to whom you will be presented."

Jean Jacques felt himself to be a person of importance as he conducted the officer into Pierre's kitchen, where a kettle sang upon the fire and the table was laid for supper. The old man sat at the fireside, the poker in his hand; he had been gazing for some time at the glowing embers. From the ceiling some bunches of onions were suspended, and a side of bacon which had been saved from New Year's Day. In one corner of the room was a large copper; in another, the bed in which Jean Jacques had slept for many years.

The old man let fall the poker, and rising to his feet, bowed to the officer, but knew not what to say. Jean Jacques explained the situation.

"Monsieur, I am a poor man," said Pierre; "but I am loyal to the Emperor, and such fare as I can offer you is here."

He waved his hand towards the table, and at the same time offered his guest a chair.

The officer sat down heavily; for he was faint from loss of blood, and his face was drawn and pale. However, in a little time, the food—coarse and simple as it was—revived him, and some touch of colour crept into his cheeks. Old Pierre was now fully alive both to the

responsibilities of a host and the greatness of the occasion. He would not sit down, but must needs wait upon his guest, standing, very bowed in figure, behind the officer's chair. As for Jean Jacques, he sat with his elbows on the table and his hands upon his cheeks.

"Tell me, monsieur," the charcoal-burner asked, "when will the Emperor drive these foreigners from France?"

The officer shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps, in a month," said he; "perhaps, in three months. Who can say?"

"Long live the Emperor!" exclaimed Jean Jacques, taking his hands from his face.

It was then that they heard the sound of horses' hoofs without, and the guttural voices of the Germans. Old Pierre stepped back, carrying his hand to his mouth. The officer got quickly from his chair and looked about him for some method of escape. He was unsteady on his feet and swayed a little. Jean Jacques went softly to the door, and placed his eye to the keyhole.

"They are come," he said in a whisper.

"What shall we do?" cried the old man, wringing his hands.

"I must hide," said the officer. "But where?"

Pierre went to the copper that was built in a corner of the room, and took off the wooden lid.

"Monsieur," said he, "can you get in here? It is very large."

Jean Jacques bolted the door, and then came forward into the room. The officer was in the act of scrambling into the copper.

"No, comrade," said Jean Jacques; "if you hide there they will find you. I know a better place."

The ceiling of the room was supported by several strong beams which crossed from wall to wall beneath the slanting roof. Across these beams dried rushes had been placed, to keep out the draughts of winter. The ceiling thus formed was not high; and when Jean Jacques sprang upon the table, he was able to reach the rushes with his hands. He pulled many of them aside, until he had made a hole through which a man might creep. The officer, despite the pain he suffered, managed to get upon the table. Then he placed his arm around

a beam, and raised himself with all his strength, Jean Jacques lifting him by the feet. With a great effort he hoisted himself up, so that he lay across the beams. Then Jean Jacques rearranged the rushes; and while he was doing that, some one tried the door, and a voice in broken French cried, "Let me in."

"Who is there?" asked Jean Jacques, descending.

"Open, in the name of Marshal Blücher."

Jean Jacques opened the door; and there stood before him a sergeant of Prussian lancers, a tall man and very fierce-looking, with the longest moustaches Jean Jacques had ever seen.

"I must search your house," said the sergeant, in such atrocious French that Jean Jacques laughed aloud, at which the sergeant seized him by the neck.

"Laugh at me, you little vagabond," he cried, "and I wring your neck. You see?"

"Yes," said Jean Jacques. "I see."

The sergeant let him go, and then stepped into the room and looked around, tugging his long moustaches. He was followed by several troopers—men with peaked helmets with heavy chin-straps and short, furry coats.

The sergeant and his men searched the room, and the first place they examined was the copper. Then they looked under Jean Jacques' bed. One man even thrust his lance up the chimney. The sergeant entered the little room at the side of the kitchen, which was the old charcoal-burner's bedroom. But there he found nothing, and he came back looking fiercer than ever and exceedingly annoyed.

Suddenly, he raised his eyes to the ceiling; and both Jean Jacques and old Pierre felt as if their hearts had ceased to beat. The sergeant's eyes were on the ceiling for a long time.

Then he said, "That bacon will do for me."

He got upon a chair, and fetched down the bacon, as well as the onions, which had been given to Pierre by an Italian not many days before.

After that, the Germans talked together for some time. Jean Jacques, though he listened attentively, was unable to understand what

they said. It was now dusk, and it appeared that both the sergeant and his men were unwilling to continue the search. They knew by the footmarks they had seen in the forest that the fugitive had come across some peasant, who no doubt had assisted in the escape. The sergeant turned to Jean Jacques, who from the first had acted as spokesman.

"My men and I will stay here for to-night," said he.

Jean Jacques thought of the prisoner under the roof.

He said: "If you ride one *kilomètre* you will come to the village, where you will find better lodgings and stabling for your horses."

"Thank you," said the German; "I will please myself."

At that, he left the hut with his troopers. They threw all the wood out of Pierre's wood-shed, and there tied up their horses. After that, they returned to the kitchen, and piled the wood high up on the fire, which presently roared and crackled and filled the room with smoke. Jean Jacques sat down at the table in his old attitude, studying the Germans with his face between his hands.

"Do you think you will win?" he asked the sergeant.

The sergeant laughed.

"We don't think about it at all," said he. "We know."

"Ah," said Jean Jacques, "I know, too. So one of us is wrong."

"In two weeks," said the German in a big voice, "Paris will be taken."

They cooked the onions and the bacon, also a chicken they had looted in the morning from a farm. Then they sat down to a steaming supper, making merry among themselves, whilst Pierre Lambard and his grandson watched them, filled with wonder and alarm.

When the Germans had finished their supper, they sat round the fireplace in a circle, smoking their heavy pipes. They laughed a great deal, for they had many jokes among themselves, as soldiers always have. And, when they were wearied with that, they thought to make merry at the expense of Jean Jacques and the charcoal-burner.

"Come here, boy," said the sergeant in his guttural French; "I am going to cut off your head."

The sergeant drew his sword.

"See," said he; "this sabre is very sharp. Would you like to feel its edge?"

Jean Jacques, standing before the fire in the midst of the Germans, placed his thumb upon the steel, and knew that the sergeant spoke the truth. The sergeant rose to his feet, grinning, so that his teeth showed under his long moustache.

"Now," he repeated, "I shall cut off your little head."

He raised the sabre above his shoulder, and made a great sweep at Jean Jacques, who did not move. When the long blade was only a few inches from the boy's shoulder, the sergeant turned his wrist, so that Jean Jacques was struck by the flat of the sword. But all the time Jean Jacques had never moved.

"H'm," said the sergeant, "you are a brave boy."

"And you are a coward," said Jean Jacques calmly. "For myself I do not mind these foolish tricks; but my grandfather is an old man, and you alarm him. Therefore you are all cowards, and the Emperor will send you back to Germany, for the Emperor is brave."

When Jean Jacques said that, the sergeant ceased to grin. Jean Jacques had spoken slowly so that the man could understand. The German's great moustaches bristled like the whiskers of a cat, and his eyebrows met above his eyes in a most ferocious scowl.

"If you are not more careful of your words," said he, "I shall beat you until you cry for help and the tears run down your face."

"That," said Jean Jacques, "is what the Emperor will do to you."

Thereupon, the big German, who could no longer contain himself, seized Jean Jacques by the wrist and raised a hand to strike. He was about to deliver a blow which would have stretched Jean Jacques upon the floor, when the rushes above their heads were pushed aside and a heavy horse-pistol was thrust into the room.

"Hands up, you coward!" cried a loud voice. "Hands up, or I shoot you dead."

The sergeant was taken by surprise. He drew away from Jean Jacques, his eyes glued upon the muzzle of the pistol, which was not a yard from his face. He dared not move; for he saw that a thin finger

was on the trigger, and he knew that one little squeeze would send him to eternity.

But one of his troopers was not so paralysed by fear. It was he who had probed in the chimney with his lance. This man was on the other side of the room, where he could not be seen by the Frenchman under the roof. He took his lance, and with a quick thrust drove the head into the wrist that held the pistol. The officer gave forth a cry of pain; and the pistol fell to the floor with a loud report. The bullet splintered the very plank upon which Jean Jacques was standing; and the room was filled with smoke.

By now, each Prussian trooper had his lance in hand. They no longer laughed, but cried to the officer to come down or they would drive their lances into the rushes and kill him where he was. There was no help for it : the lieutenant of the Cuirassiers of Provins descended

into the room; and there the sergeant laid a hand upon his shoulder and made him prisoner of war.

Jean Jacques was angry. He stamped smartly with his foot.

"Why did you do it?" he cried. "They would never have found you there."

The officer did not answer, for at that moment he fell, and lay on the floor in a faint.

The Germans laughed heartily. The sergeant, bending over the unconscious man, bound his ankles together with a cord. That done, they lifted the prisoner from the ground and placed him upon the bed.

Jean Jacques, with a sponge and a basin of warm water, bathed the soldier's wrist, around which he tied a bandage. The Frenchman opened his eyes, and seeing Jean Jacques, thanked him for his kindness. He tried to sit up upon the bed, but immediately fell back, closing his eyes. Jean Jacques went to the fireside, where he sat down upon the floor.

The Prussians continued for some time to talk among themselves, the sergeant now and again casting a glance towards the prisoner. One after the other, they became sleepy; they yawned, and stretched themselves. Presently, one of the troopers spread his saddle-cloth and blankets by the fire, and lying down and resting his head upon his rolled cloak, soon was fast asleep. Another followed suit, and then another. At last, the sergeant himself rose to his feet, and entering Pierre's bedroom, stretched himself upon the charcoal-burner's bed. Old Pierre sat himself down in the chair the sergeant had vacated. Jean Jacques was still seated cross-legged on the floor. The eyes of both the boy and his grandfather were fixed in the fire, which no longer roared and crackled, but glowed silently, filling the room with heat.

The fire made the old man sleepy and his eyes to water. Soon his head was nodding, and soon he was asleep; so that only Jean Jacques was left awake, sitting bolt upright with his hands upon his ankles, gazing into the fire.

All about him was the heavy breathing of the Prussians. The sergeant in the next room snored loudly. The old grandfather was evidently dreaming, for once or twice he mumbled in his sleep.

Jean Jacques waited a long time, while the fire died lower and lower and the breathing of the soldiers became more regular and deep. Then he rose silently. On tiptoe he crossed the room, stepping over the prostrate forms of the sleeping men. When he got to the door, he looked back.

The whole scene was like a picture: the woodcutter's kitchen, the same as Jean Jacques had known it all his life; the glowing fire; the well scrubbed boards; the big copper in the corner; the shadows of the table and the chairs, and his own bed in the corner beneath the window where the wounded soldier lay. He could see the forms of the sleeping Prussians, made to look like those of giants by the shadows thrown by the fire, their lances stacked together by the copper, and the sharp spoon-like blades glittering in the light. The red firelight fell upon the kindly, wrinkled face of old Pierre, who, smiling in his sleep, still nodded in his chair. Jean Jacques looked for a second upon all this, conscious that his heart was very full. Then, without a sound, he slipped out, and closed the door.

He set off running barefoot through the snow, taking the road which leads to Sézanne through the forest of St. Prix. The night was moonless, though there were a million stars. In the forest paths it was very dark; and it would not have been possible for one who had not been born in the woods to have found his way. When Jean Jacques came out upon the high-road, he was very hot with running, though he felt more happy and elated than he had ever been in all his life. He went singing on his way.

The wide, starry sky, and all the country-side, seemed to Jean Jacques symbolical of peace. No breath of wind stirred the leafless branches of the trees. The pure snow lay everywhere untrampled, like an endless mantle stretched beneath the stars. Jean Jacques wondered at the silence, for he knew that great armies lay encamped on every side, and soon the rich fields and woods and uplands of the department of Seine-et-Marne would echo the thunder of many guns. This thought stirred Jean Jacques. He cried aloud, "Long live the Emperor!" and hurried on his way with even faster steps.

A little after, he dipped into a valley, and crossed the river at the

village of Pont-sur-Seine. There were no lights in any of the windows: all who lived there had long since gone to bed.

Jean Jacques was beginning to feel very tired, for already he had traversed many miles. He was now upon the main high-road that goes from Paris to the Swiss frontier. The road at this place runs along the left bank of the Seine, parallel to the course of the river. Jean Jacques was so fatigued that he could have thrown himself down upon the ground and gone to sleep in the snow. But he would not give in; he persevered with all his strength, and went on, never halting, now running, now walking to regain his breath. Presently, the stars dwindled in the east, and a great arch of misty blue arose before him which seemed to grow as he approached. A chilling breeze of wind swept across the snow.

Jean Jacques was not cold. His bare feet were warm from running and the perspiration was trickling from his face. He ran up a hill; and when he gained its summit, it was as if he came face to face with the vanguard of coming day. The great sheet of dawn was spread before him in the sky, and in this he could discern the rays of the rising sun, divergent and indistinct. One by one, the shadowy forms of trees crept from the blackness of the night. Mile by mile, the snow-covered pastures were rolled before him like a map. One by one, the stars winked, grew dim, and altogether vanished. And then, the clear notes of a bugle-call sounded from the valley at his feet: the Emperor called his men to arms.

Jean Jacques looked down into the valley, and saw the tents of the Grand Army of France far spread across the snow. Bounding forward, he ran headlong down the hill.

By the time he gained the camp, the army was awake. Soldiers were hurrying to and fro with steaming camp-kettles and cooking-pots; long lines of horses tossed their heads, spilling the corn from their nose-bags; orderlies, on foot and horseback, moved from brigade to brigade; and a grand officer in the uniform of a marshal rode at the head of his staff to the outpost-line.

Jean Jacques approached a soldier who was washing himself in a bucket, and asked in which direction lay the Emperor's tent.

The man, whose eyes were full of soap-suds, pointed with a scrubbing-brush along the line of tents. Jean Jacques walked briskly in this direction with both his hands in his pockets.

Presently, he came to a big tent which he did not doubt was Napoleon's. It was a large square tent with a great flag-staff near, whence the Emperor's standard was unfolded in the morning air. At the opening stood a sentry, one of the Old Guard, a man with a beard, a long bayonet and a shako. The sentry was looking in the other direction, when Jean Jacques walked into the tent.

This was a great occasion, for it was that on which Jean Jacques beheld the Emperor, the man who had swept all Europe with the sword.

Napoleon was seated at a table which was covered with papers and maps. At his side stood a tall, clean-shaven man in a brilliant uniform. The inside of the tent was illumined by several candles, for the daylight had not yet penetrated within. Both the Emperor and the tall officer looked up surprised when Jean Jacques entered unannounced.

"Who are you?" demanded the Emperor with a frown.

"Jean Jacques Lambard."

"What do you want?"

"I have something to say to the Emperor."

The tall man stepped across the tent.

"Sentry," said he, "what do you mean by allowing this urchin to pass?"

The sentry was dumbfounded; he had not noticed Jean Jacques, who was very small.

The tall man turned away from the sentry with disgust, and took Jean Jacques by the arm.

"Boy," said he, "you must get out. You have no business here."

Napoleon, still seated at the table, held out a hand.

"Wait, Caulaincourt," said he; "we will see what he has to say. Now, boy, your business?"

The Emperor frowned, and looked at Jean Jacques with dark eyes that seemed to pierce him. When Jean Jacques had first entered the tent he had felt very confident, but now he was afraid. He had never

seen a man like this before. The Emperor was very different from his grandfather, old Pierre, who never was angry in his life. Jean Jacques hesitated.

"Come, boy," said the Emperor, rapping the table with his fist; "say your business, and get out. I have many things to see to."

"I have come to tell you," began Jean Jacques, but De Caulaincourt, who was the Duke of Vicenza, interrupted.

"Boy," said he sternly, "you must say 'Sire' when you address His Majesty."

Jean Jacques began again.

"Sire, I have come to tell you that General Sacken's army is three days' march from Paris. Marshal Marmont says that he can hold the Russian advance in check at Meaux. Marshal Marmont says that if you start immediately you can fall upon the enemy from the rear." This was what Jean Jacques said to the Emperor Napoleon, and when he had finished, he added, "Sire," for he had only said it once.

De Caulaincourt looked quickly at the Emperor. Napoleon never moved his eyes from the boy who stood before him.

"Who told you this?" he asked.

"Sire, I had it from an officer of Cuirassiers, who was captured by the Germans in the forest of St. Prix."

"Do you know the regiment to which this officer belonged? Was it by any chance the second regiment of the Cuirassiers of Provins?"

"Yes, Sire," said Jean Jacques.

"Did that officer say he had been to Meaux?"

"Yes, sire. He had spoken to Marshal Marmont."

Napoleon got quickly to his feet and turned to De Caulaincourt.

"Caulaincourt," said he, "in half an hour the army marches. The wagons must be packed immediately. The outposts must be warned. See to it."

The Duke of Vicenza immediately left the tent. Napoleon turned again to Jean Jacques.

"Boy," said he, "you receive the thanks of your Emperor. What reward do you ask for?"

Jean Jacques did not hesitate.

He said, "I should like some money."

"Money," said the Emperor. "How much?"

"A great deal," said Jean Jacques.

The Emperor smiled. It was a kind smile, soft like a woman's; and it did not seem possible to Jean Jacques that this was the same man that a moment since had frowned. Then he rose to his feet, and going to a big chest which stood at the side of the tent, opened it and took out a cash-box. From this he drew forth a bag of gold, which he himself put into Jean Jacques's hand.

"Thank you, Sire," said Jean Jacques.

Napoleon went back to his chair, and sitting down, looked steadfastly at the boy.

"Who is your father?" he asked.

"Sire, my father is dead. He was killed in Italy, at Marengo."

"Ah," exclaimed the Emperor. "Marengo! That was a battle that was lost and won in the same day. But you are a good boy. You require this money for your mother."

"No, Sire," said Jean Jacques; "my mother also is dead, and my uncle, who perished two years ago in Russia during the retreat."

Napoleon made a wry face, but said nothing. So Jean Jacques went on—

"I live with my grandfather, Sire. He is a charcoal-burner in the forest of St. Prix, but is now grown old, and soon he will not be able to work. This money will be useful to him."

It was then that De Caulaincourt returned to the tent.

"Sire," said he, "the order has been given: in half an hour the army will be on the line of march."

"Boy," said Napoleon, "I cannot stay now to talk with you; but, when the war is ended, come to Paris with this note, and I will see that both you and your grandfather are given employment and that you do not want."

The Emperor scribbled a few lines upon a sheet of paper, which he folded and gave to Jean Jacques, who left the tent, feeling once again a person of some importance.

In half an hour, as the Emperor had ordered, the Grand Army was on the line of march. Brigades of cavalry screened the advance, spread far beyond the hills. Great columns of infantry tramped forward through the snow to the beat of the drum and the whistling sound of the fife. The southern regiments from Burgundy and the Rhone raised their voices in songs of the vineyard and the winepress. The artillery, gun following gun, jolted over the stones upon the roadway to the accompaniment of the jingling of chains and the crack of the drivers' whips. Jean Jacques sat upon an ammunition-wagon with a sore-footed soldier who told him tales of Dresden, Leipsic and the Katzbach. And in the midst of the army upon his white horse rode the Emperor, with his grey coat, and his dark eyes fixed before him.

Far ahead, a regiment of hussars swept the forest of St. Prix. And the colonel of this regiment had spoken to Jean Jacques that morning whilst the bugles were sounding "the Assembly." These hussars came upon the woodcutter's hut by the path which leads from Sézanne, which Jean Jacques had taken the night before.

The Prussian lancers had breakfasted; their horses were ready saddled; all except the sergeant were mounted—when the French, like swarming bees, rushed in from every side.

There was a quick exchange of shots. The Prussian sergeant, in the act of mounting, pitched across his horse, and lay still and huddled, face downward in the snow. Another trooper with a loud cry of pain fell sideways from the saddle. As for the rest, they were taken. It was an affair only of seconds.

In the hut the colonel of hussars found the wounded officer who had been captured by the Prussians the evening before. The boy's story was corroborated, and an officer was dispatched post-haste to the Emperor with the news.

To the north-west, consternation reigned in Paris. The citizens thronged to Montlouis and Montmartre. To the east, Marmont's guns thundered at Meaux. The capital was in danger.

Early in the afternoon the firing ceased. The citizens of Paris knew not why.

The truth was this : General Sacken, suddenly becoming aware that

the whole weight of Napoleon was directed against him, was compelled to retreat across the Marne.

For the next six weeks the dogs of war ran loose in the neighbourhood of Paris. There was marching and counter-marching, flanking movement and retreat. One after the other the Emperor crushed his enemies in detail. This was his greatest campaign. With armed enemies before him, outnumbered ten to one, with enemies in Paris at his back—ministers who schemed to bring about his downfall—he fought to the last, but could only delay the end.

It was upon a morning in the month of June that Jean Jacques kissed his grandfather on both cheeks. For days the sound of the cannon had not been heard, and there had been silence in the forest of St. Prix, save for the birds in the tree-tops that announced the approach of summer.

"Little son, where are you going?" asked Pierre.

"To Paris," said Jean Jacques, and kissing his grandfather again, he left the hut.

All that day he walked to Paris. He slept that night at Montmirail and paid for his lodging royally. On the evening of the next day he came to Paris, which he had never seen.

The first person he met, whom he dared talk to, was a soldier, at the Porte St. Antoine.

"Where shall I find the Emperor?" asked Jean Jacques, stopping the man in the street.

The soldier looked amazed.

"The Emperor!" he repeated.

"Yes," said Jean Jacques. "I have a letter here."

He gave the Emperor's letter to the soldier, whose eyes filled with tears.

"The Emperor is gone," said he. "The Allies are in Paris—the Austrians, the Russians, the Germans and the English. They have sent the Emperor to Elba, a prisoner of war."

"Where is Elba?" asked Jean Jacques. "Can I go there? Is it far away?"

The man shook his head, and gave the letter back into Jean Jacques's hands.

"No," said he. "It is too far away."

So Jean Jacques turned at the Porte St. Antoine, and retraced his steps to the forest of St. Prix. There he told his grandfather that the Emperor was no more. And tears came also into the eyes of the old charcoal-burner, for the Emperor had been dearly loved in France.

speed, the monoplane began to run about the aerodrome, darting this way and that. Mechanics, laughing as they ran forward from the sheds, attempted to catch the machine. But it was by no means an easy task. A runaway monoplane, swinging here and there, and with its propeller whirling round, is not a nice thing to tackle. The men tried to run up behind it and seize its tail. But it was too quick for them and eluded their grasp. One or two of them did get hold of it, but were not able to check its advance, and after stumbling along behind it for a little way they were obliged to release their grip.

It was such a funny sight that everybody who was standing near the sheds simply roared with laughter. The monoplane looked like some big bird dodging its would-be captors. Round and round it flapped and jumped, with the men streaming and panting after it.

At last I joined in the pursuit. The only thing that seemed possible was to get hold of one of the wings of the machine, and let it twirl round and round in a circle until somebody could reach up near the driver's seat and switch off the engine. Accordingly, I made one or two

desperate rushes at the machine. At first I missed, but presently I got a good grip of one of the wing tips, and simply held on for all I was worth. The monoplane buzzed round and round just like an angry bird; but I did not release my hold. I shouted for one of my mechanics to run in and try to get at the engine switch. This he did, and at last managed to switch off the engine.

At this, with its motive power gone, the monoplane stopped at once in its mad career, and stood still most obediently. But none of us could do anything at all for some minutes afterwards. We simply stood and laughed.

There is quite a character study, I can assure you, in the different ideas and methods of the pupils who come to a flying school. Some are impatient, others methodical. Some of them learn to fly with wonderful rapidity. Others seem to forget all that they have learned directly they get into the air.

With pupils who lose their heads there are generally some wrecked machines. But, however clumsily they descend, or however badly they break a landing chassis or double up a plane, it is astonishing how they themselves escape personal injury. Time after time, on different aerodromes, I have seen inexperienced pilots make a bad landing and almost completely wreck a machine; yet, a moment or so after the smash, they have stepped out of the ruins, quite uninjured, and merely looking a little surprised.

As a matter of fact, as I have proved, it is possible to break an aeroplane almost to fragments, and yet escape without anything worse than a shaking. That may sound curious, but there is no mystery about the matter. It is simply the elasticity of the aeroplane that saves the pilot from injury. There is so much to break before he is reached that the force of the shock is absorbed.

Let me take, for example, a very bad descent, in which the airman dives down abruptly and practically smashes up his machine. What happens is that one wooden stay after another takes the shock and, as it breaks, lessens the force of the impact. An aeroplane collapses gradually. It is so frail that it falls and settles down more or less like a house of cards. That is why a man is able to survive a fall, when on an

just to touch the roof of a shed. Instantly, with its equilibrium gone, the machine twirled short round, and plunged, bow first, into the roof of the shed. There was a rending crash of broken timber, and the engine and forepart of the machine forced their way right through the roof into the inside of the shed. The wings, buckled by the tremendous shock of the fall, dropped over the roof, and here the machine stuck rigid, its tail standing up in the air.

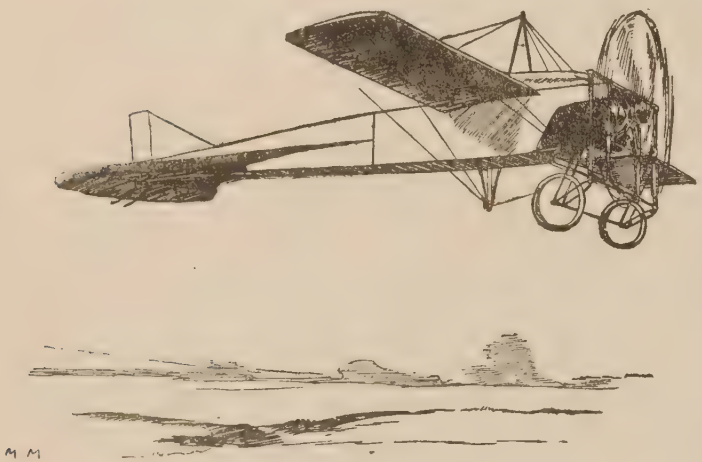
Nobody thought, from the speed and force with which the machine had rushed into the roof of the shed, that the aviator could be anything but dead. But they were wrong. Very coolly unfastening the belt which had kept him from being hurled from his driving seat, Mr. Latham lowered himself to the roof. Beyond a shock, and a few slight bruises, he escaped from this fearful smash quite unhurt. What helped to save him more than anything else was the fact that he was strapped in his machine. If he had not been, he would have been pitched forward out of his seat on the roof of the shed, and would have probably broken his neck. He was lucky, also, to hit the shed. This yielded to the force of the aeroplane's fall, and broke a good deal of the shock. If he had come in contact with the ground, at the speed the machine was going, it might have been another tale altogether.

Mr. Gustav Hamel's fall, when racing at ninety miles an hour in the Gordon-Bennett speed race at Eastchurch in 1911, offers another illustration of an extraordinary escape from injury. Mr. Hamel was flying a " freak " machine : it was built solely for speed, and could not have been used for anything save racing round a track. It was a Bleriot monoplane, with very small wings, and it was driven by a 100 horse-power motor. On the morning of the race, M. Bleriot, in order to add to the pace of Mr. Hamel's racer, had a piece clipped off the end of each wing.

When his turn came to start, Mr. Hamel shot into the air at a tremendous pace. But he did not fly far before disaster overtook him. Approaching the first turning-point on the course, he banked his machine over very steeply. It was seen to assume an impossible angle in the air. Then it slid down to the ground, and appeared to be dashed to fragments by the force of the shock.

It was estimated that at the moment of the accident the monoplane was flying at a speed of very nearly a hundred miles an hour. That the airman should escape with his life seemed almost impossible. Yet he did, and suffered nothing worse than a slight concussion which kept him in bed for a day or so.

So tremendous was the force of the machine's impact with the ground that the engine was wrenched from its supports, and went rolling away across the grass for some distance, while the whole framework of the monoplane was twisted and beaten out of shape. At the first shock of striking the ground, Mr. Hamel was tipped out of his driving-seat, and slid out upon one of the wings of his machine. From here, as the monoplane collapsed, he was projected across the ground, rolling over and over with the momentum, as his engine had done.



HAMEL'S BLERIOT RACER

A curious point about the accident was this. Had the airman been strapped into his seat, according to the custom of many pilots, he would certainly have been crushed in the collapse of the framework. Being flung clear of the wreckage saved his life. Yet, in the fall I mentioned previously, that of Mr. Latham, it was the fact that he was secured to his seat which prevented him from being badly hurt. It only shows how much luck enters into these things.

The difficult situations one can get out of with an aeroplane, provided you sit tight and do not do anything foolish, is proved every day. Mr. MacArdle, an English airman who flew at the meetings of 1910, has told me, for example, of one very awkward predicament in which he

found himself. His engine failed him when he was flying across country near his ground at Beaulieu, in the New Forest. Descending in the only spot available, a small field near a farmhouse, he found himself charging a five-barred gate at the speed of an express train. There was nothing to do, as Mr. MacArdle said, but to " hold on tight and hope for the best."

And this he did. The Bleriot monoplane which he was flying simply dashed into the gate pell-mell. There was a fearful crash. The gate and the monoplane practically collapsed. When things had settled down a little, Mr. MacArdle found himself in the next field with his legs sticking through the bottom floor-boards of his machine. But he was not hurt.

I remember an experience of my own which should certainly be interesting in this connexion. I was flying in America, on my racing monoplane, when I had to make a descent upon rather rough ground. The machine landed heavily; then it leaped up into the air again, and turned completely over, falling back heavily to the ground, upside down. Some of my friends, who were watching my descent, said that it looked a very nasty accident indeed; and they came running across to the

overturned machine with the greatest possible anxiety. But before they had reached the spot, I was able to relieve their minds by wriggling out from underneath the monoplane. Directly the machine jumped up into the air so viciously, after first touching the ground, I had realized what was likely to happen, having seen monoplanes do a similar thing before. So I simply crouched down in my seat, and did not attempt to stand up or scramble out. The result was that when the monoplane fell over on its back, I was still in the hollow body, and escaped having a limb broken, or my head injured by being caught by one of the timbers in the side of the machine. If I had lost my presence of mind when the machine began to turn over, and had attempted to jump out, I might have been very badly injured. Experience, of course, is a great help at such times.

What confuses many pupils, in their first attempts at flight, is the speed at which an aeroplane moves, even when on the ground, and the deafening roar of the engine. Some, after listening carefully to the final instructions which are given them, forget everything when they find themselves actually in a machine and tearing across the aerodrome at high speed. Moving over a switch, to shut off the engine, would seem a simple operation even for a novice to perform; but it is by no means unusual for a pupil in the excitement of the moment to forget to do this—although he has been told time and again exactly how he is to proceed.

One very amusing case, showing the mental paralysis which may grip a pupil, occurred at the Brooklands flying school. The pupil in question was about to undertake his first "rolling" practice when in sole charge of a monoplane. He was taken to one end of the ground, and was instructed to run up and down the middle of the aerodrome, which was completely free from obstructions. Directly after he had started, however, his machine swerved a little sideways, as monoplanes will—and headed straight for the sheds which border the aerodrome.

His instructors expected the pupil either to straighten his machine with a movement of the rudder, or, failing this, to switch off his engine and so come to a standstill; but he did nothing of the kind. The unexpected swerve which the machine made robbed him, apparently,

of all initiative. He simply sat in his driving-seat, temporarily deprived of any power to act. The monoplane rushed towards a fence which extends round the sheds at Brooklands, and the petrified pupil made no move. It would have been the simplest matter in the world to switch off his engine, but he did nothing. With a vicious plunge, the unchecked monoplane drove bow first into the fence, breaking its propeller, and doing quite a lot of damage. Then, and not till then, did the pupil seem to awake from his trance. He stood up in his wrecked machine, and stared blankly about him. He confessed afterwards that he had altogether forgotten what to do. The noise, speed, and excitement had made his mind a blank.

A pupil who had made his first flight in quite good style at my own school, suddenly forgot his engine switch when he was about to descend. He was so engrossed with steering his machine down, in fact, that it did not occur to him that there was anything else to be done. Instead of slowing his engine down, or stopping it altogether, he allowed it to continue running at full speed. The result was that he shot down to the ground at a tremendous space. His landing chassis—he was flying a biplane—could not withstand the shock. It crumpled up, and the machine was very badly wrecked. The pupil's surprise at the accident was intense. He had altogether forgotten that his engine was running.

While speaking of a pilot's forgetfulness in switching off his engine, it occurs to me that there have been occasions when an airman has not been able to stop his motor, although he has tried to do so. When flying at the Wolverhampton meeting, which was held at Dunstall Park some years ago, Mr. Rawlinson, who was piloting a Farman biplane, descended towards the ground with the idea of landing, but suddenly found that his engine switch would not act. He tried again and again to make it work, but without avail. He landed very skilfully with his engine still running, but could not avoid a collision with a bank which passed across the end of the flying ground. The lower part of his biplane was badly damaged, but he managed to jump clear of the wreckage. People were astonished to see him go careering wildly across the aerodrome, and dash into this obstruction.

At Brooklands there is a sewage farm at one side of the aerodrome,

which provides a fund of amusement. It is supposed to exert some dreadful fascination over beginners. If they can cross near this sewage farm without falling in it they are considered to have achieved something quite remarkable. Time after time, after having steered round the aerodrome successfully, a pupil has experienced trouble with his engine just over the fatal spot, and has come unceremoniously to the ground.

Queer old machines sometimes occasion amusement at the flying schools. I had a weather-beaten monoplane at work for a long time at Hendon, which was nicknamed the " Blue Bird " on account of the colour of its wings. This machine became quite a laughing-stock, for rather a curious reason. It sturdily refused to be wrecked. One pupil after another maltreated it, but it survived all these ordeals. They descended at all angles in it, and in all positions; but the monoplane emerged with nothing worse than a broken wheel or a slightly buckled wing. It had more lives than a cat.

At Brooklands, another school machine caused a good deal of fun. After flying for a little time, it suddenly developed a queer, wailing sound when in the air. The woeful noise it made sounded very funny. It was not discovered for some time what caused this sound, which disconcerted all the pupils who handled the machine. Then it was found out that, when the aeroplane attained a certain speed through the air, the wind rushing through the radiators of the engine made the sorrowful, persistent whine which had perplexed every one.

In the very early days of flying, when everything was new and strange, there were, as can be imagined, any number of funny incidents at the flying schools. One particularly amusing occurrence comes to my mind.

After engaging a shed at one of the schools, a mysterious constructor kept his aeroplane, which was understood to be an experimental and highly interesting one, most carefully under lock and key. Days and weeks passed and the machine did not appear outside its shed. There was great speculation as to what it was like, and what it would do. Then, quite unexpectedly one morning, the sound of an engine in motion was heard inside the shed. Suddenly the doors were opened. The inventor was seen in the driving-seat of his machine, which was a

monoplane of distinctly light construction. It was evidently his intention to run his air-craft from its shed under its own power.

While the onlookers stood expectant, the inventor waved his hand. Two mechanics released their hold of the machine. It shot forward at a great speed, and emerged from its shed. Then the pilot sought to make a quick and daring turn. He swung his monoplane abruptly round, but, unfortunately for the success of the manœuvre, the under-carriage of this experimental machine would not stand the strain. There was a painful sound of ripping and tearing. All the lower part of the machine collapsed. Then it stood pathetically on its head, with its tail-planes flapping in the air.

The inventor sat perched at an awkward angle in the driving-seat, striving very hard to retain his dignity, and not to look scared. All those standing by felt sorry for him, but they found it extremely hard to refrain from laughing. The machine had shot out so dramatically, and had come to grief so ridiculously, that the humour of the situation was irresistible.

This reminds me of another really funny moment that occurred at a flying school in the early days of aviation. A rather pompous individual who had a strange machine of his own invention, but who was more inclined to talk about flying than play any active part in the sport, made arrangements with a photographer to come to the school and take a picture of him seated in his apparatus.

The day arrived, and the photographer appeared. The would-be airman, donning an elaborate flying kit, proceeded to take his seat in the machine; but directly he allowed his weight to rest upon the framework there was an ominous creaking sound. Then the aeroplane parted ignominiously in the middle, and the mortified owner found himself sitting on the ground. Needless to say, this photograph was *not* taken.

A favourite trick with pupils at a flying school, and a very disastrous one so far as the aeroplanes they pilot are concerned, is to jerk their machines quickly off the ground, and then—perturbed by finding themselves rising rapidly—to bring them back to earth again with equal abruptness. Such accidents are not serious as a rule; it is merely a

case, perhaps, of a broken landing-wheel, or a fractured propeller-blade.

Pupils are prone to make this mistake because they move their elevating lever too much either forward or backward. As a matter of fact, the control of an aeroplane is effected by the most delicate movements of the levers. Instead of jerking them backwards or forwards, a foot at a time, as some excitable pupils are apt to do, all that is necessary is to shift them a matter of inches. An aeroplane responds instantly to the slightest alteration of its controlling levers.

But this quiet, easy touch is just what the beginner finds it difficult to acquire. He feels that he must do everything in a hurry. That is because he has no confidence in himself. When he decides he will leave the ground, he tugs his controlling lever back nervously. The machine jumps off the aerodrome like a restive horse. Then the pupil feels he is at an awkward angle, and gets nonplussed. The reverse action of his lever is made almost automatically. The result is that the aeroplane hovers in the air for an instant, and then dips down at a speed which the worried airman may or may not be able to check.

It happens occasionally that a particularly energetic novice will tilt his machine so violently into the air that all its forward momentum is taken away from it. It stands still for an instant, to his own consternation, and then drops back upon its tail, damaging itself severely.

Many pupils, unlike those I have just been mentioning, pick up the rudiments of flying with absolutely astonishing ease, and make their instructors tremble by the ambitious flights which they attempt, long before they are supposed to be sufficiently skilled for anything except practice over the aerodrome.

In this connexion, I remember a pupil who gave us all a terrible fright one evening. He was told before he began a trial flight—I think it was only his second attempt—that he must not get away from the aerodrome. But, to our astonishment, he set off over some fields, leaving the aerodrome far behind. In his joy at being in control of a machine and flying well, he went right out across a neighbouring road, and passed quite close over a tram-car, whose passengers were amazed at the sudden apparition. Then he came coolly back, sweeping between

a couple of trees in a way that made us hold our breath. He seemed quite surprised, and a little hurt, when I remonstrated with him, and told him that such tricks would not be attempted by any save the most experienced airmen.

Another precocious pupil, I remember, was not at all satisfied with the propeller fixed to his machine. He accordingly arranged with an ingenious inventor to fit a new and extremely powerful one. Ascending with this, he found that he " climbed," as it is called, with an astonishing and even disconcerting rapidity. He slowed down his engine a little, but still he rose. Again he tried to check his ascent, but without result. The new propeller was exercising an altogether amazing pull.

At length, when he was far higher in the air than he had ever been before, he had to stop his engine entirely, or he would have gone on mounting almost indefinitely. Then he was faced with a long glide down to the ground—a feat which he had not attempted before. He managed it all right, however, but he was a distinctly scared man, and the first thing he did was to take this phenomenally powerful propeller off his machine. It was too much for him altogether.

One last word is necessary in regard to flying schools. It is that there is a certain type of man who makes the apt pupil, and afterwards the ideal airman. What he must have is sound judgment. Without this, the airman is always in danger. If his judgment is bad, he is often led to attempt flights in unsuitable weather conditions, or to ascend with a machine which is not properly adjusted. Good judgment, in fact, saves the pilot from making the mistakes that sometimes bring a man to grief.

A quickness and delicacy of touch—having good " hands " is what it is called—is another essential for the successful airman. A clumsy impatient man never makes a good pilot.

Then a man's enthusiasm and daring must be tempered by discretion. He must think out his flights carefully. He must not be over-bold; and at the same time, of course, he must not be fussy or nervous. The cool, quiet, determined man, who uses his head, and never gets worried or anxious—he makes the ideal airman.

From *With the Airmen.*

THE JOYS OF SEA-ANGLING

By E. LE BRETON-MARTIN

When, many years ago now, I first thought of becoming a sea-fisherman, I believed that all that was necessary was for me to hire a boat, row out some distance from the shore, throw down an anchor, bait my line and proceed to haul up fish galore. I soon found out my mistake, just as I discovered in good time that there were plenty of fish to be caught if only one knew how to set about it.

A successful sea-fisherman is not made in a day, and by sea-fisherman I do not mean the person who sits on pier or quay all day and occasionally hauls up a diminutive flat-fish or what not, but he who sets to work to find out where the big fish are to be caught, how best they are to be caught, learns how to handle a boat properly, and thus get the best enjoyment out of a delightful pastime.

There are all sorts of ways of fishing in the sea, just as there are all sorts of fish. You can bowl along merrily in a sailing-boat and trail for mackerel; you can fish with a hand-line or a rod and line from pier, promontory or quay, you can use a fly for bass or pollack, pull crabs and lobsters out of rock crevices with a crab hook, catch shrimps and prawns with a net. But if you really want the best fun you will fish with a rod and line.

And there are no fishing-licences to worry you. The sea is free to all, neither need your gear cost you very much. Ten shillings well expended will set you up with rod, line and sufficient tackle, while any handy fellow will make a gaff-hook for himself, and numerous accessories to meet special requirements.

But to go back to my first experiences, those of a raw young landlubber.

The summer holidays had come and off we went to a small seaside village in Cornwall. My father had given me a sea-rod and an outfit, and I was desperately keen on trying my new tackle.

I knew how to manage a rowing-boat, I had caught fish in the river near my home, and I knew the rudiments of sailing a boat, that was all.

It was a lovely, calm day. Accompanied by the chum who had come to share my holiday with me I approached an old fisherman and asked him to let us have a boat. He smiled at our rods.

" So you young chaps be goin' to fish with poles, are ye? " he said. " Well, that do seem strange. Yes, you can have my boat. But don't 'ee go too far to leeward. Always row out to windward, so as to have an easy row back "—a piece of advice that is well worth taking to heart—" and when you anchor, see as how you throws out plenty o' slack, and make the grapnel fast so as ye can haul 'em up easy. D'ye know how to do that? "

I said " No," whereupon he proceeded to instruct me.

The great consideration to bear in mind when anchoring at sea is this : see to it that you don't get " stuck up " by your anchor fouling so that you can't pull it up again. For if you want to catch big fish at sea you generally fish over rock, and you must remember that there is then a chance of the flukes of your anchor catching in a crevice. First of all then, pass the end of your rope along the ring, not through, at its top, and fasten it just above the flukes by a clove hitch, a knot you will probably know; if you don't you must get a sailor to show you.

Then tie a small piece of fine, easily breakable string round cord and top of anchor ring. Then, when you want to pull up your " graper " as the Cornish fisherman call the anchor, if by any unforeseen chance the flukes should have caught in anything, a sharp jerk will snap the piece of string, and you will be able to draw up the grapnel the reverse way.

Also when anchoring take a small mizzen-mast and sail with you. This will keep the boat's head to wind and contribute to your comfort.

Well, my chum and I rowed out to sea, we anchored, we baited our three-hook paternosters with tasty bits of pilchard, and waited for the fish to come and be caught. But never a fish caught we, except one dogfish, or " piggy " as the Cornishmen call him. Our friend the fisherman was on the quay as we came alongside.

" Well, young fellers," said he, " have ye caught 'em all? "

" We've only caught a dog-fish," I replied ruefully.

" What mark was you on? " he inquired.

I had not the faintest idea what he meant and told him so. Then

he explained to me that it was a great mistake to suppose that fish were to be found everywhere at sea. A great part of the ocean bed was sand, but here and there were patches of rock, covered by ten, twelve, fifteen, eighteen fathom of water, and it was in the neighbourhood of the rocks that the fish were to be found.

"I'll give ye a mark to-morrow," he said.

How are you to find a patch of rock out at sea with nothing to guide you? This was the direction given us by our friend next day.

"Ye must row out opposite the white cliff, until ye can just see the top of the flagstaff showin' over the point at the mouth of the harbour. That's your westerly mark. To the east you must have the tall mine chimney of Tregennis just clear of Criggas Point. If you're then opposite the white cliff you'll be over a patch o' rock that is a good mark for all kinds of fish."

We followed his directions implicitly, cast anchor when we had got our marks right, not forgetting to make every allowance for drift of tide and the way of the wind, and started to work. As bait we had strips of pilchard—the Cornish sardine—and the best bait procurable, though only to be got off the Cornish coast; and in a very short time we had begun to catch fish. Thus we learnt one very valuable lesson, the necessity of having a good "mark" to fish on. You may be quite sure we made friends with all the fishermen we could and so learnt many a good "mark."

BRINGING UP ON THE "MARK."

AFTER MACKEREL.

We also discovered that it is always best to start fishing on a rising tide. For when the tide starts running inward the floor of the sea is stirred up and the fish feed much more readily. Sea-fish, as fresh-water fish, have their regular times for feeding. Evening and night or early morning, are the best times for catching the biggest fish.

As regards tackle, the three-hook paternoster, which you can get at any tackle-shop is, to my mind, the best to use, while a big, wooden Nottingham check-reel, well vaselined to prevent warping by the constant moisture, is, of course, a necessity furnished with fifty or even a hundred yards of stout, undressed sea-line.

Suppose, then, that you have found a good "mark," that you have provided yourself with a boat and bait, that the conditions are quite favourable, it may be as well to describe a typical day's boat-fishing.

It is a golden summer morning. Only the faintest breeze ruffles the surface of the calm sea. Our stout boat is bumping lazily against the quay steps.

First of all, have we got everything? Rods, hooks, weights, a knife for cutting up the bait, the bait itself and a board to cut it up on—any old bit of packing-case will do for this—a gaff-hook for the monster we hope to drag inboard, spare tholepins in case of accident, mizzen-mast and sail, a hamper to put our catch in and keep the bottom of the boat from becoming a mass of slimy fish, the grapnel and plenty

of rope, oars, a stone for knife sharpening, rags for wiping the hands, and last, but by no means least, a hamper of provisions and half-a-dozen bottles of ginger-beer to satisfy the inner man.

But stay, we have forgotten the bait-bag. Any old flour bag will do for this. In it you place fish-guts and any oily substances you can think of, a few stones for weight, and then sink it beneath your boat when you are at anchor. Of course you see why: in order to attract the fish to the banquet provided by your hooks and bait. The oil that oozes out from the bag will help to attract the fish round you. And once they are round the fun will begin.

It doesn't take long for us to make everything ship-shape in the boat. All that remains now is to fix up a mackerel-line, unless one is already fixed, and trail for a mackerel *en route* for the fishing-ground. For although we have three-penn'orth of pilchards, some mussels and a few rag-worms for bait, a mackerel or two will come in handy. For when once the fish are round the boat it is advisable to bait with mackerel instead of pilchard, since the last-named, though the best bait going, will not stick on the hook as mackerel does.

If you go into a tackle-maker's shop and ask for a mackerel-line the shopman will, as likely as not, offer you one with a three-pronged hook on the spinner, or even more. It is far better to make up your own line and use a single-hook spinner, with a strip of mackerel-skin, called the laske, on the hook. Your fishermen friends will soon teach you how to cut a laske.

We catch two mackerel on our way out to the mark. At last we have reached the fishing-ground, pick up our "marks", throw over the "graper" and "clear the decks for action."

The grapnel holds beautifully, and yes, we are on the "marks" to a nicety. So we first of all hoist our little mizzen-mast and sail and pull it tight. The boat soon swings round head to wind.

The lunch is stowed away under the thwart, bait-board is got out, knife sharpened preparatory to cutting up bait, the hamper put amidships to take the fish if we catch any, rods put up, paternosters adjusted with three sizes of hooks, a large one for any monster on the prowl, a medium sized hook, and a small one lowest of all. Then we scrape a

YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK AT SEA.

pilchard or two carefully, so as to remove the scales, cut the fish in half on each side, from tail to head, throw away the back-bone and cut the "steaks" into neat strips. All we need do now—the baitbag being already overboard—is to bait our hooks and wait for the fish to bite.

We haven't long to wait before there comes a sharp twick-twick at my line. Instantly I strike and begin to reel up. In another moment I have landed a silvery whiting, and hardly have I unhooked him and put on another piece of bait before my chum catches one too. Soon the fun is waxing fast and furious. Whiting, an occasional mackerel, even a John Dory or two. The hamper soon begins to get uncomfortably full.

And then my chum gives a shout. I look towards him. His rod is bending almost double. He is trying to reel in, but for some few seconds he can do nothing. Slowly, however, he gets in line. I put down my rod and get ready with the gaff. "It's a whopper," he gasps. "Must be a shark or a whale."

Phew! How the rod bends! At last, however, we are able to see

what it is, something that writhes furiously and lashes the water. A big conger, as I live, for although the best conger-fishing is to be had on dark and moonless nights, you do sometimes catch the eels in the day-time.

He manages to hold him on the surface, while I dab at him—the eel, I mean—with the gaff. At last we drag our prize inboard, a respectable conger just over eight pounds.

We lash him to the thwart and put an end to his struggles, and then are ready for lunch. How good the food tastes out there on the smiling sea! And while we eat our sandwiches and drink our ginger-beer we go on catching whiting and what not.

So the day slips by, and we return home with our hamper full of fish, overfull indeed, for there are many on the bottom-boards of the boat.

Thus ends an altogether memorable day, and there is still the joy of landing at the quay-steps, of showing off our prizes to our friends the fisher-folk, of carrying the pick of the catch up home for supper and breakfast.

That is only one of many jolly days we had. Then there were evenings when we went out with our friend the fisherman to some famous bream or conger "mark", to stay there till midnight or later, and catch big bream of six or seven pounds, pollack, wrasse, great conger—one was over twenty pounds—while once I was broken by a mighty ray that must have been over a hundred pounds in weight.

One last tip: be sure you make friends with the fisher-folk. They will teach you more in a day than you can learn from books in a month. They will tell you all about "marks" and tides and baits, how to tie tricky knots, how to sail a boat, and in the intervals of fishing will tell you strange yarns about their own lives that may or may not be true.

When once you have learnt how to catch fish in the sea you will never forget it, while each year you will add more and more to what you already know. A sea-fishing holiday is one of the finest in the world. Those of you who know all about it will agree with me at once—that goes without saying. Those who have still to taste the joys of saltwater angling have a treat in store.

"LUCKNOW KAVANAGH"

An Indian Mutiny Exploit

THE relieving force under General Havelock entered the Residency at Lucknow on the 25th September, 1857. Their appearance was the signal for general rejoicings; cheers rent the air; anxious defenders crowded round exhausted, travel-stained deliverers, shaking them by the hand and pressing refreshments on them; fierce, bearded Highlanders, who, during the past few days, had lived in an atmosphere of fire and bloodshed, seized the children from their mothers' arms and hugged and caressed them. They had fought twelve battles in order to enjoy this moment, and their delight at finding the little ones safe was not to be restrained.

But when the first burst of enthusiasm was over, the realities of their position soon claimed the attention of the reinforced garrison. It had been intended that all should leave at once for Cawnpore, but that was now deemed impossible. Only with the greatest difficulty, and at the cost of many lives, had Havelock's army been able to fight its way into Lucknow. The enemy, recovered from their first surprise, were in possession of the town, and had again assumed the offensive. To attempt to force a way through, encumbered with women and children, could only result in disaster. Inquiry elicited the fact that the provisions of the garrison, which Havelock had believed to be nearly exhausted, were in reality sufficient to maintain the whole force for two months. In the circumstances, it was decided to sit tight and wait for the arrival of more troops from England.

Sir James Outram, General Havelock's superior officer, and the newly appointed Chief Commissioner for Oude, had accompanied the relieving force from Cawnpore. Unwilling to usurp the credit of operations conceived and partly carried through by Havelock, he had generously refused to take his place at the head of the army until Lucknow was reached; but he now, as a matter of course, assumed command. His first concern was to provide for the safety of the detachment which

had been left at the Alum Bagh, about four miles to the south, and with this object he endeavoured to open communications by the Cawnpore road. The attempt was unsuccessful, as a large mosque, strongly occupied by the enemy, stood in the way; but luckily the detachment at the Alum Bagh proved able to look after themselves.

Attention was now turned to the defences of the Residency and the surrounding buildings, against which the attacks of the enemy were chiefly directed. New defence works were thrown out and the old ones improved, volunteers were appointed to assist the Engineers, and both Europeans and natives were enrolled as miners, to construct defensive or listening galleries for the protection of the advanced posts. Even so, the situation of the garrison was precarious in the extreme. Armed men swarmed into Lucknow from every part of Oude, until there were over a hundred thousand quartered in the city; while a strong contingent of Mutineers from Gwalior was daily expected. Repeated attacks were made on the garrison, and the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry never ceased from day to day.

On learning that the relieving column under Havelock had found it impossible to retire from Lucknow, Sir Colin Campbell, the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in India, determined to go himself to their assistance. The Crimean and Persian Wars had now come to an end, and the troops thus released were available for service in India. Sir Colin concentrated his forces at Cawnpore, from which city he marched, on the 9th November, for Lucknow. News of the approaching relief reached the beleaguered garrison on the same day, and Mr. T. H. Kavanagh, a civilian who had taken a prominent part in the defence, at once volunteered to make his way to the Commander-in-Chief's camp and guide the troops to Lucknow. It was a very dangerous enterprise, as he had to pass right through the heart of the city, and every outlet was strictly guarded by the enemy's posts and pickets. Kavanagh, however, accomplished his mission in safety, as he tells in the following pages. For his services he was rewarded with the Victoria Cross and a grant of £2000; on the suppression of the Mutiny he was appointed Assistant Commissioner in Oude. Among English people he was afterwards known as "Lucknow Kavanagh."

Although my place in the garrison was very humble, the measures necessary for its defence, and for our succour, gave me as much concern as anybody in it. I was constantly reviewing in my mind the circumstances of our position in Lucknow, and imagining the probable state elsewhere. Mine is a temper that is little disturbed by the ordinary affairs of life, and my best energies were evoked by the amazing events of the time. It was a period when the power and glory of England were maintained by individual exertion more than by a combination of strength, and it will hereafter be proudly pointed to as affording the most remarkable evidence of the zeal and devotion of Britons when separately tried.

On the morning of the 9th November, 1857, I was apprised of the arrival of a spy, who had effected an entry during the night, with a dispatch conveying intelligence of a force coming from Cawnpore. I had some days previously witnessed the drawing of plans by my young friend, Mr. James May, which were prepared by direction of Sir James Outram, to assist the Commander-in-Chief in his advance upon the Residency. It then occurred to me that some one of intelligence, with the requisite local knowledge, ought to attempt to reach His Excellency's force beyond, or at, the Alum Bagh, because the plans would be of little use without some one to explain them.

I learnt from the spy that His Excellency's force was not large, and conjectured that the caution which that would oblige, combined with imperfect information, might delay the relief which the movements of the Gwalior troops rendered urgent. If they succeeded in surrounding the little entrenchment at Cawnpore, or if his communication over the river Ganges were imperilled before he could be rescued, what was the Commander-in-Chief to do? Our supplies were nearly exhausted; our sick and wounded were perishing for the want of absolute necessaries; and every day added to our calamities and endangered our position. One failure anywhere would have destroyed us, we were so greatly outnumbered. It was not improbable that a leader might suddenly be found, with the required spirit and influence to conduct the rebels and mutineers to victory; for the valour of the defenders was not so great a security as the cowardice of the besiegers.

Swayed by these reflections, I imparted to the spy, Kunuji Lal (who before the outbreak had been a Nazir, or Bailiff, in one of our courts in Oude), my desire to venture in disguise to the Alum Bagh, where he was to return in the night with a dispatch for Sir Colin Campbell. I had not seen him before, but his shrewd intelligence and previous good service as a spy at once secured my confidence. He made no attempt to frighten me by exaggerating the dangers of the road, but at first positively declined to incur the additional risk to which the company of a second person, and he a European, would expose him. A couple of hours afterwards I persuaded Kunuji Lal to run that danger, by holding out to him the prospect of an unusually good reward, and explaining to him the great public service he would thereby render to the British garrison. He then strongly urged that we should leave the defences by different roads, and meet outside the city; but he gave it up on learning that I knew too little of the intricacies of the city to venture alone, and on hearing a specimen of my Hindustani, which, though good, might not have stood the test of a long examination.

Having settled matters with Kunuji Lal, I deliberated in my mind, and at two o'clock in the afternoon volunteered my services through Colonel Robert Napier. The Colonel at once pronounced the attempt impracticable, his features relaxing into a smile as he said so, for he evidently considered the proposal absurd. He was, however, so much pleased with this further evidence of the zeal of his protégé, that he went in to the Chief Commissioner to mention it, followed by me. Sir James Outram listened as I disclosed my reasons for wishing to go out, figuratively placed them in one hand, and my life in the other, and asked whether the advantages were weighty enough to overbalance his scruple to adventure a single life. He was not less astonished than Colonel Napier, but, in the true spirit of chivalry, he at once appreciated the motives of my proposition, and reasoned with me upon the probability of success. He frankly confessed that he thought it of the utmost importance that a European officer, acquainted with the localities and buildings intervening between the Dilkushah and the Residency, should be provided to guide the relieving force, should its commander determine on advancing by that route; but that the impos-

sibility of a European escaping through the city undetected, had deterred him from ordering any officer to go, or even seeking volunteers for such a duty. He observed that my services as a guide would be very valuable and that he with difficulty resisted the temptation to accept my disinterested offer, of which he thought he ought not to avail himself. I was, however, so earnest in my entreaties to be allowed to go that he yielded, provided he was satisfied with the disguise, and I was of the same mind when the hour for departure arrived. After Sir James had explained to me his plans and the course which he advised Sir Colin Campbell to follow, he pressed me not to hesitate to abandon the adventure, if I wished to do so on further consideration.

I was satisfied that the matter had so far progressed well. I had secured an active guide, had made up my mind to die, and obtained the sanction of the General to go. The most difficult task that remained was to part from those who were dearest to me in the world. I lay down on the bed with my back towards my wife, who was giving her children the poor dinner to which they were now reduced, and endeavouring to silence their repeated requests for more. I dared not face her; for her keen eye and fond heart would have immediately detected that I was in deep thought and agitated. She called me to partake of a coarse cake, but, as I could no more have eaten it than have eaten herself, I pleaded fatigue and sleepiness, and begged to be let alone. Of all the trials I ever endured this was the worst! The most kind and affectionate of women had been my companion for thirteen years, through which she had patiently and courageously endured much trouble and discomfort for my sake. The efforts I made to suppress all outward signs of distress swelled my heart, and so pressed on my brain that I had suddenly to leave the room, pretending I was wanted at the mines.

I endeavoured, without exciting suspicion, to discover whether a permanent dye was procurable in the entrenchment, and luckily for my little beauty, there was none. I obtained a complete Oriental suit by borrowing each article from separate natives; and tying them in a bundle, took them home. I remained quite composed till six o'clock in the evening, when, as was customary with me, I kissed the family, and left, pretending that I was on duty at the mines, and that I might

be detained till late in the morning. I carried my bundle to a small room in the slaughter-yard and was there dressed by a young man whom I enjoined to keep my secret for the present. I was amused at my own ugliness as I surveyed each feature in the glass to see that the colouring was well spread. I did not think the shade of black was quite natural, and I felt somewhat uneasy about it, till we talked over the chances of detection, and came to the conclusion that the darkness of the night was favourable to me. Kunuji Lal now joined us, and seemed to chuckle at the ridiculous appearance of the metamorphosed Sahib, as we walked over together to the quarters of Sir James Outram.

Natives are not permitted to go into the house of a European with shoes on, nor to take a seat uninvited. In order to draw particular attention to myself I did both, and the eyes of the officers who sat at the General's table were at once turned angrily and inquiringly upon me. Questions and answers were exchanged without the disguise being detected, although my plain features were known to every one of the outraged officers. They called in the General, and even he took some time to recognize me.

I regarded this first step in the adventure as presaging success, and was glad to lay hold on any little thing to keep up my confidence. I was daubed once more by the General himself, and, considering where I was going to, there was a hilarity in the whole proceeding which was most beneficial to my nerves. My turban was readjusted; my habiliments subjected to a close inspection; and my waistband adorned with a loaded double-barrelled pistol, which was intended for myself should there be no possibility of escaping death at the hands of the mutineers, who would have killed me in their own particular way.

At half-past eight our gaiety ceased, for that was the time appointed to leave. The kind-hearted and chivalrous Sir James, and my good friend, Colonel Napier, pressed my hand, with a few encouraging words; the rest, with many earnest prayers for my success, shook hands; and I started with Kunuji Lal in the company of Captain Hardinge, who came down to the picquet on the river Gumti to pass me out. As I parted from him he tightly squeezed my hand, as if much affected, observing that he would give his life to be able to perform what I was doing.

The night was dark, the sky without a cloud, and there was nothing to guide us but the bright, mysterious stars, and a few lights flickering across the river. On our right the lines of the enemy extended past the palaces to the bridge of boats, and on the left they crowded towards the elegant iron bridge, and the old stone bridge beyond, over which we were to recross the river that flowed calmly and silently before us, dividing the two armies. I descended naked to the stream, with the clothes on my head rolled into a bundle. The first plunge into the cold water chilled my courage immensely, and if the guide had been within reach I should, perhaps, have pulled him back, and given up the enterprise. But he waded quickly through the river, and reaching the opposite shore, went crouching up a trench to a grove of low trees on the edge of a pond, where we paused to dress. We were interrupted for a few minutes by a man coming down to wash, but he went away without observing us.

My confidence now returned, and with my sword resting on the shoulder, we advanced into the huts in our front, where we met a

matchlockman. I thought it prudent to be the first to speak, and remarked as we approached that the night was cold; on his repeating that it was cold, I passed on, observing that it would be colder by-and-by.

Proceeding six or seven hundred yards further, we reached the iron bridge over the Gumti, where we were stopped and called over by a native officer who sat in an upper storied house, and seemed to be in command of a cavalry picquet whose horses were saddled. My guide advanced to the light, and I stayed a little back in the shade. We said that we had come from Mundeon (our old cantonment, then in possession of the enemy) and that we were going into the city to our homes. We continued on along the left bank of the river to the stone bridge (about eight or nine hundred yards from the iron bridge), passing unnoticed through a number of sepoys and matchlockmen, some of whom were escorting persons of rank in palanquins, preceded by torches. There was more light than I cared for, and I would have given much to have had perfect darkness throughout the city. Recrossing the Gumti by the stone bridge, we glided by a sentry (who was closely questioning a dirtily-dressed native) into the *Chauk*, or principal street of the city of Lucknow, which, to my great relief, was not illuminated so much as it used to be previous to the siege, nor was it so crowded. I shuffled and jostled against several armed men without being spoken to, and only met one guard of seven sepoys, who were amusing themselves in the street.

Kunuji Lal made several attempts to leave the *Chauk*, and wander through the dark and narrow turnings; but I resisted his wish to avoid the crowd, feeling sure that our safety lay in courting inquiry. When about to issue into the country, we were challenged by a watchman, who merely asked what we were. The part of the city traversed by us that night seemed to have been deserted by at least a third of its inhabitants, and I did not hear a single reference to the English the whole way!

I was in great spirits when we reached the green fields, into which I had not been for five months. Every plant was fragrant, and the smell of the fields refreshing. I greedily sniffed it all as I devoured a delicious fresh carrot, and gave vent to my feelings in a conversation

with Kunuji Lal, who joined in admiring the luxuriance of Oude, and lamented with me that it was now in the hands of wretches whose rapacity and misgovernment were ruining it.

The environs of the city were beautifully wooded, and planted with fruit and flower trees, through which we could scarce see our direction. But we went onwards in high spirits, and accomplished four or five miles without suspecting the trouble before us. We had taken the wrong road, and were now quite out of the way, in the Dilkushah Park, which was occupied by the enemy! As this was the route we were to return, I thought I ought not to lose the chance of examining the position; and leaving Kunuji Lal seated in the shade of a large tree, I walked round it. On rejoining the guide I found him in great alarm; the thought had occurred that I would distrust him because of the mistake, which, he urged, was occasioned by anxiety to take me away from the picquets of the enemy. I bade him not to be frightened, for I was not annoyed, as such accidents are not infrequent in the dark, even when there is no danger to be avoided.

It was now about midnight. Near a village we saw a cultivator watching his crop, and endeavoured to persuade him to show us the way for a short distance, but he urged old age and lameness. Another whom I peremptorily told to come with us, ran off screaming, and alarmed the dogs of the village, which made us run quickly into the canal flowing under the Charr Bagh. I fell several times in our flight, owing to wet and slippery shoes, and sore feet. The shoes being hard and tight, had rubbed the skin off my toes, and cut into the heels. We crouched in the bed of the stream till the alarm subsided, when we entered another village for a guide. The whole ground was so cut up by ravines and barred by garden walls that we made no progress through it; and there was reason to fear we might stumble on one of the many parties of troops in the neighbourhood, which, the old cultivator told us, had been that day withdrawn from the front. I entered a wretched hut, and groping in the dark for an occupant, pressed against a woman, who started, but heeded my earnest whisper to be quiet. The good-natured creature woke her mother and both put us on the right road, and blabbed all they knew of the proceedings of the enemy, who seemed to be bragging greatly after the retrograde movement.

About one o'clock we reached an advanced picquet of sepoys, who told us the way, after asking where we had come from and whither we were going. I thought it safer to go to the picquet than to try to pass unobserved. Kunuji Lal now begged that I would not press him to take me into the Alum Bagh. He described it as surrounded by rifle pits and mutineers, who were sure to arrest us if detected passing over to the English garrison; and he urged that as he had not been there, it would be hazarding too much to attempt to reach it. I was tired and in pain; but as he feared it, I desired him to go to the camp of the Commander-in-Chief, which he said was on the Cawnpore road, near Banni, a village eighteen miles from Lucknow.

By three o'clock we reached a grove of mango trees, situated on a plain, in which a man was singing at the top of his voice. I thought he was a villager, but he got alarmed on hearing us approach, and astonished us by calling out a guard of sepoys, all of whom asked questions. It was an anxious moment. Kunuji Lal lost heart for the first time, and threw

away the dispatch entrusted to him for Sir Colin Campbell. I drew their attention to his fright, and begged that they would not terrify poor travellers, unaccustomed to be questioned by so many valorous soldiers; they ceased their chatter, and we replied to the inquiries of the officer that we were going to Amrula (a village two miles this side of the Commander-in-Chief's camp) to inform a friend of the death of his brother by a shot from the British entrenchment at Lucknow. They were greatly relieved on discovering that they had been falsely alarmed, for their terrible foe was only a few miles distant.

We took the direction indicated by them, and after walking for half an hour disappeared in a jhil, or swamp, which are large and numerous in Oude. We waded onwards up to our waists, and sometimes to our necks, in water, checked at every step. Before we found that we were in a jhil, we had gone too far to recede. It was a long and tiresome struggle, and we were doubtful whether we should ever get out of it. The mud and high reeds clung to us, sometimes holding back a shoe, a stocking, or the scabbard of my sword, and now and then drawing the scarf round my shoulders. My guide being a little man, had occasionally to be held by the neck to keep his head above water. Indians rarely give expression to their feelings, and the good fellow bore the interruptions more patiently than I did. Indeed, he was once or twice disposed to laugh at the vehemence with which I abused every mutineer, every weed, every bit of mud, and every drop of water in the province. The colour was gone from my hands, and I feared there would be little left upon my face, which would then have been the death of me. After two hours of intense labour and anxiety, we landed, and despite the remonstrances of Kunuji Lal, I rested for a quarter of an hour.

Being again doubtful of the road, we entered a village and went on to the Chabutra, or village office, where several men were sleeping outside on cots. Kunuji Lal woke one, but he refused to go with us, and spoke contemptuously of the enemy, on hearing we were sent by Raja Man Singh to ascertain the strength and whereabouts of the English dogs.

"Have you not heard that from the fellows who ran from them? Go away! and do not disturb our rest."

We departed from the angry man in haste, dreading that further perseverance might involve us in trouble by waking the other sleepers.

The moon shone brightly, and the firmament sparkled with stars as we pressed forward over an extensive plain. We came on two more guards, about three hundred yards apart, seated with their heels to fires. I did not care to face them and passed between the two flames unnoticed, for the careless men had no sentries thrown out. A little later we met several villagers with their families and chattels mounted on buffaloes, and we learnt from them that they were flying for their lives from the English, who, they said, were murdering and plundering all around them. The frightened creatures were in such a hurry that they would not stop to tell us more, for we would have asked a thousand questions in our great joy.

By drawing lines on the sand we settled the probable whereabouts of the troops, and then started off in the wrong direction and were only stopped going over to the enemy again by missing the bustling noise of the camp, for which we listened. It was about four o'clock in the morning when we stopped at the corner of a grove, where I lay down, fatigued, to sleep for an hour. Kunuji Lal entreated that I would not do so, but I thought he overrated the danger and desired him to go into the grove to see if there was any one there who could guide us. He had not gone far when I was startled by the challenge, in a native accent: "Who comes there?"

Kunuji Lal started too on hearing the challenge, for we had not the remotest idea that there was a guard within a few paces of us. I listened attentively to catch the words that fell from the sentry and the replies of my companion, who adroitly tried to discover to which army the picquet belonged, without compromising his own safety. The entire guard turned out, and so many voices soon disclosed to him that we had reached the British lines. He informed them that he was accompanied by an English officer, which increased their suspicion, and it was not till I shook the Sikh commander heartily by the hand that Kunuji Lal was believed. I could scarcely realize the fact that I was safe, for my mind having been at full stretch, and tuned, as it were, to a

particular chord the whole night, it could not readily resume its usual tone.

The native officer gave me an escort of two sowars, after many expressions of wonder at my temerity, and I started for the advance guard. Midway a horseman who rode at full speed, turned to stop us; and I had the pleasure to make myself known to Lieutenant Goldie of the 9th Lancers, who took me to his tent, gave me dry stockings and trousers, and a glass of brandy, which my shivering body greatly needed. Cold and fatigue vanished under its generous warmth, but it did not compose my thoughts, which were still striking on the night strings. The officer who commanded the infantry of the advance guard put me on a fine Burmah pony, and walked by my side to within a quarter of a mile of the camp, where I dismounted.

It was five o'clock and the sun rose majestically in a beautiful clear sky. It shone that morning on as strange a looking creature as ever met the eye of a naval officer, and it was not singular that Lieutenant Vaughan should stare at him through his glass as he asked the way to the tent of the Commander-in-Chief. But on hearing whence I came, he unhesitatingly stepped before me, as I often afterwards saw him step before the enemy, and in a couple of minutes the tent was reached. As I approached the door, an elderly gentleman with a stern face came out, and going up to him I asked for Sir Colin Campbell.

"I am Sir Colin Campbell," was the sharp reply. "And who are you?"

I pulled off my turban and opening the folds, took out a short note of introduction from Sir James Outram.

"This, sir, will explain who I am, and whence I come."

It was impetuously read, his piercing eyes being raised to my face almost at every line.

"Is it true?" he asked.

"I hope, sir, you do not doubt the authenticity of the note?"

"No, I do not! But it is surprising! How did you do it?"

I was tired and anxious to be left alone to my thoughts, and I begged of Sir Colin to excuse my telling the story then, and to put me to bed.

I was put into the bed of Sir David Baird; the tent was carefully

darkened, and, away from all but the eye of the Almighty, I knelt and returned most heart-felt thanks for my escape from the dreadful perils of the night. I was greatly indebted to my intelligent guide, who let me speak as seldom as possible, and throughout evinced amazing wit and courage. I should not have succeeded without the assistance of this faithful man ; and I grieve to say that his good services upon this and upon several other occasions have been inadequately rewarded.

Before I left Sir James Outram, it had been agreed that my arrival should be announced by hoisting the flag of the semaphore in the Alum Bagh. When retiring to the bed of the aide-de-camp, I prayed Sir Colin Campbell to have that done as soon as possible, lest my wife should hear of my absence before she heard of my safety. The fear that she and my children might be left destitute by my death had distressed me throughout the night, and it was a relief to know now that if I were killed in the hazardous duty of guiding the troops to the relief of the garrison, I had done enough to secure a provision for them.

From *The Romance of India.*

THE OLD NAVY

By CAPTAIN MARRYAT

The Captain stood on the carronade: "First Lieutenant," says he,
"Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me;
I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons—because I'm bred to the sea;
That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.
And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained the victory!

"That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take *she*,
'Tis a thousand bullets to one that she will capture *we;*
I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys; so each man to his gun;
If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each mother's son.
For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gain'd the victory!"

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had enough;
"I little thought," said he, "that your men were of such stuff;"
Our Captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made to *he;*
"I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur, but polite I wish to be.
And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gain'd the victory!"

Our Captain sent for all of us: "My merry men," said he,
"I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be;
You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his gun;
If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have flogged each mother's son.
For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm at sea,
I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the victory!"

THE STORY OF AN AEROPLANE RACE

BY
HERBERT STRANG

It was the day of the Port Darwin sports. Palmerston was *en fête*. The town and port had given themselves up to holiday-making, and the streets were thronged, not only with the residents, but with people from up country—settlers, miners, stock-raisers, men, women and children, who had come in by rail, buggy, wagon and other vehicles from places as far distant as Daly Waters. It was an oddly variegated crowd. You might see staid and solid merchants, sporting white ducks and cummerbunds in emulation of the officers of the garrison; sailors from the warships and merchant vessels in the harbour; red-shirted miners; soldiers in khaki; clerks in flannels and sun hats; hundreds of Chinamen in loose jackets and baggy trousers; and a multitude whose attire defies description.

On this occasion the throng was more numerous than had ever been known before. For the first time in the history of the sports the programme included an aeroplane race; and though the aeroplane was no longer the rare and mysterious thing that it had once been, there were still a considerable number of out-back folks who had never seen one, and an even larger number who had never witnessed a race. The prize offered, £500, was not large enough to attract world-famous

airmen from Europe; but there were entries from the great towns in the south, as well as the few local men who had taken up, more or less enthusiastically, the new sport.

Among the competitors were Tom Noble and Gerard Callender. Noble was an Australian born, and since leaving school at the age of fifteen, he had worked hard on his father's station. His chief interest in life was aeroplaning. His theoretical knowledge was small, for Tom had never shown much inclination for books; but he had a sort of instinct for mechanical work, and was never happier than when pottering about among engines. He had one ambition: to win the prize for flight given at the annual sports at Port Darwin. He was a lieutenant in the Palmerston Rifle Corps, and only grumbled at having to attend his drills because there seemed to be no prospect of actual fighting.

His cousin, Gerard Callender, was a fellow of a different stamp. He was a year older than Tom, and had only recently arrived from England. Gerard was a public-school boy who, possessing more than average ability, had yet somehow managed to disappoint his masters and friends. Tall and well set-up, good-tempered and frank, he was popular with his schoolfellows; an indifferent bat, but on his good days a dangerous bowler; the best three-quarter his house had ever known; strong in Latin, but weak in Greek, a good mathematician, and better at science; a capable N.C.O. in the cadet corps: such was Gerard Callender. He had left school without having arrived at any determination about his career; and the death of his father leaving him with a little capital and no near relatives, he had come out on a visit to his uncle, with a half-formed intention of joining him in stock-raising if he liked the life.

The monoplane with which Noble and Callender had made their first experiments in flying was a familiar object in Palmerston, whither they had several times made trips from their home. The machine had, however, become old and almost past service; and when Captain Bannerman of the Palmerston Rifles heard that the boys had entered, he coughed, and offered bets to the whole of his club against them. No one seemed inclined to take him, for " Noble's

rattler" had become a butt among the officers, and it was the general belief that the engine would not stay the course.

But there was a surprise in store for the Captain. A few weeks before, Mr. Noble, senior, had received a visit from an old friend, a well-known citizen of Palmerston, Peter Porter by name. Now Mr. Peter Porter had lived all his life in Palmerston, and had a finger in every pie. He owned a steam tug, warehouses, stores; he dealt in cattle, ore, grain and wool; he planted cotton and bred pigs; he *ran* the municipality of Palmerston. He was rolling in money, but lived with his old sister in a plain unpretentious bungalow. He was always busy, yet always had time to spare. If any one found himself in a difficulty, commercial, financial, or domestic, he went, as by natural attraction, to Mr. Peter Porter, who, no matter what he might be about, would always listen patiently and at the end would slap his visitor on the shoulder, crush his hand in a cordial grip, and say, "Well, lad leave it to me, leave it to me." No one ever "left it" in vain.

Mr. Porter had watched Tom and Jerry manœuvring in their aeroplane, and had been duly impressed. He did his best to allay the fears of Mr. Noble, who, as he said, had the blue shivers whenever the boys went aloft. He also listened attentively to the lament of the young airmen that their engine was getting beyond repair, and that they stood practically no chance of winning the aeroplane race in the approaching sports. And Mr. Porter, who thought their enthusiasm deserving of encouragement, and was never at a loss to find a practical way of showing his appreciation, had told them not to worry, but to leave it to him.

The upshot of it was that three weeks later a well-packed case arrived at Bemerton. An accompanying note read simply: "Go in and win.—PETER PORTER." The boys broke the case open with feverish eagerness, and shouted with delight when they saw the contents: a natty, spick-and-span engine of the Gnome type. They lost no time in getting it up in a new framework, and at its first trial they were highly elated to find that it promised to achieve a speed thirty or forty miles an hour greater than their previous maximum. But they found also that a good deal of work was still required to accommodate

their new monoplane to the new engine; and having only three weeks before the race, they persuaded Mr. Noble to put them on half-time for their ordinary work, so that they might devote themselves more closely to the machinery.

During those weeks they were very careful not to let any information about their new machine filter through to Palmerston. They themselves did not visit the town; Mr. Noble only made the journey once, and he promised not to breathe a word of their secret. It was known to Mr. Porter, of course; but that worthy, after he had heard from them that the new engine was a "clinker," got much enjoyment out of holding his tongue and listening to what was said around him. He smiled broadly when Captain Bannerman, meeting him one day on the street, offered him ten to one against Tom Noble.

"No, no, Captain; I'm an old bird, I am," he said. "I know nothing about aeroplanes, and I'll take your word for it, you know. No one should wager without full information—and not then, no!"

Captain Bannerman did not at all understand Mr. Porter's chuckle of amusement as they parted; but in the club smoking-room, after the race, he declared with emphasis that "Peter" was a "dashed honest old buffer."

Thus it happened that there was no special excitement in Palmerston when, on the evening before the race, the two young airmen alighted at the spot allocated to them in a field near the railway works north of the town, and placed their machine in the hangar for the night. They had timed their flight so as to arrive just after dark; only the attendants were on the ground; and though one of them remarked to Tom, "You've got a new machine, I see, Mr. Noble," no one had reason to suspect that it was superior to the aeroplane that everybody knew.

Having seen the machine safely housed the boys went down to the club. Their entrance was hailed with an outburst of good-natured chaff.

"Enter Tom and Jerry," cried Captain Bannerman, "noble pair. Welcome, boys."

"Wasn't John Gilpin's friend a calender?" asked Tony Wilson, who, after a few years' schoolmastering in England, had come out to try his luck in wool. "And Gilpin won the race, Bannerman."

"Did he, begad? Well, I'll back Venables and Martin, and Biedermann too, against the Noble and the Callender. Your machine would win a prize for noise, Noble."

"How many have entered?" asked Callender.

"Six: one from Sydney, one from Melbourne, our two, Biedermann, and your noble selves. I don't know what the strangers can do; they came in by train to-day, and we haven't seen 'em fly yet. I have advised Venables to give you fellows a wide berth, for if your old machine behaves no better than it did last time I saw it, he'll have to 'ware fouling."

"Well, you see," said Noble, "we've got a sort of conscience, and as we didn't want to run amuck we've chucked the old machine, and are trying a new one."

"Oh, by George!" said Captain Bannerman. "And what's she like?"

"That's to be proved," replied Noble. "She was put together in a bit of a hurry, and we haven't had time to test her thoroughly."

"Do you give the same odds, Bannerman?" said Wilson.

"Oh well, you know I was counting on their flying the old machine, and as old Porter said to me, one oughtn't to bet without information—and not then, says the old boy. Still, I'm sportsman enough to stand the racket: I'll give you ten to one, Wilson, against the noble pair."

"I don't bet, as you know. I was merely asking for the benefit of the company."

Next morning all Port Darwin was assembled on the sports ground, from the Governor, Sir Andrew McNaughtan, and his wife, down to the youngest son of the drayman of the Chinese laundry—and he was an unconscious infant of four months, tied up in a bundle on his mother's back. Brigadier-General Roper was there, among all the officers of the garrison and the Palmerston Rifles, except Lieutenants Venables and Martin, competitors in the race. Mr. Peter Porter was there, in panama hat and loose grey suit, smiling on everybody. The company included the harbour-master, officers and men from the cruiser *Paramatta*, anchored off the jetty, the skippers and crews of steam and sailing vessels, merchants, clerks, stockmen, miners—indeed, to enumerate the crowd would be almost like summarizing a directory. Every one was in high spirits and gala array, for Port Darwin is a busy place, and the day of the annual sports is a red-letter day to the whole community.

Among them all there was perhaps only one person whose mood was the reverse of cheerful. Mr. John Noble was restless and uneasy. He stood beside Mr. Peter Porter on the grand stand, tapping the floor every now and then with his stick, and smoking pipe after pipe without realizing how many times he refilled. He had come because he could not stay away; he wanted his boy to win, and yet dreaded possible accidents; he wished in his heart that the sports committee had been satisfied with the flat races, hurdle races, and other competitions that might be safely conducted on *terra firma*. Mr. Porter noticed his nervousness.

"Come now, Noble," he said, wagging his finger, "you're an antiquarian—a fossil, you know. The world must move on; you wouldn't go back to the days when we were boys?"

"Indeed I would," rejoined his friend. "Those were the happy

days, Porter; none of these new-fangled things then; and we didn't lack opportunities of breaking our heads and legs either. How I'll get through the next three or four hours I don't know."

"Put 'em out of your mind, man, and tune yourself up. I could wish myself young enough to frisk with the youngsters, and 'pon my word I'd try my luck in the air."

There was a stir among the crowd as the six competing aeroplanes were brought from the hangars on to the broad green expanse roped off and guarded by police and military. They were all monoplanes—the biplane had fallen almost into desuetude, at least for racing—and there were not two alike. The ground was wide enough to allow of their being placed in line at intervals of eighty yards, and they were to start simultaneously at a pistol-shot fired by the Governor. The course was to Pine Creek and back, a distance of nearly three hundred miles. Each monoplane was to carry two men. Alighting during the race was not forbidden, but the improvements which had been made in the aeroplane since the first long-distance flights rendered it improbable that any of the competitors would find descent necessary.

The crowd could hardly contain its impatience as the machines, after being wheeled into line, were overhauled by their owners and inspected by the judges. The air was filled with the buzz of excited conversation. Every individual selected his favourite, whose chances he was prepared to back, though not one in a hundred knew anything about it. Captain Bannerman, loyal to the corps, backed Lieutenant Venables of the Rifles for winner, and Martin of the garrison artillery for second place. Some of the out-back folk pinned their faith to Herr Biedermann—generally called "old Biedermann" in the fort, not because he was old, but because every one liked him.

Among the more youthful section of the spectators Tom Noble was first favourite. He had always been very popular in the town, as every good fellow and keen sportsman is sure to be. It was seen that he had a new machine, and some doubted his wisdom in using it for this race before he had thoroughly tested it; but his friends gave him a cheer, and wished success to "good old Tom."

At last, after what seemed an interminable delay, the small group

of judges was seen moving towards the stand, and the competitors stood by their machines. A hush fell upon the throng. One of the attendants signalled to the Governor that all was ready. There was half a minute's breathless stillness; then the crack of the pistol; and a great roar burst from the spectators as five of the six monoplanes sped forward over the ground, starting with scarcely a perceptible interval of time between them.

The roar merged in good-humoured laughter when it was seen that the sixth aeroplane, which had not moved, was the German's. "Just like old Biedermann!" said one to another. Herr Biedermann was nothing if not methodical; without haste he had been carefully examining every part of his machine, and had still not satisfied himself when the signal for starting was given. Then he straightened himself, gazed into the air, and seeing his competitors well on their way, placably ordered the attendants to wheel his aeroplane back to the hangar, amid the laughter and cheers of the crowd. "I vin ze long chump," he said, "and perhaps ze hurdles also."

The five aeroplanes had started almost simultaneously, but they were not so well together as they rose into the air. Four soared aloft, and flew humming across the railway line, the crowd hailing each as it passed with a cheer. All were anticipating that the fifth would follow, when there was a roar of another kind.

"It's broken down; it's stopped! What's wrong?"

There was a rush towards the ropes, and but for the promptitude of Captain Bannerman, who shouted to the soldiers and police to form up across the field, the whole throng would have surged around the monoplane. Excited comments were made as the airmen were seen to spring out.

"It's young Noble and his cousin."

"Rough luck!"

"Bannerman makes a scoop!"

"There's no chance for 'em, though they're working like niggers. Look! the others are almost out of sight."

"That's the worst of these petrol engines; you can never depend on 'em."

There were jocular calls for Biedermann.

"You've still got a chance."

"You won't be last."

But Biedermann at the door of the hangar shook his head and smiled.

"Zey ought to have vell examined, chust like me," he said.

Mr. Noble looked cheerfully at his friend.

"That's all right," he said. "I'm sorry for their disappointment, but they can't smash up now. They're out of it."

"Well now, I don't know," said Mr. Porter. "It won't be like 'em to give it up altogether, you know, like Biedermann. They'll run over the course if I know 'em."

"Sheer folly," said Mr. Noble. He saw that the two boys were busy with the engine, and a look of anxiety came over his face.

The boys were indeed busy. The monoplane had not run a dozen yards over the field before they became aware that something was wrong. They did not immediately stop the engine, hoping that it would right itself; but in another few seconds the power gave out. They brought up the machine with a jerk, and at once set to work methodically to examine the engine. First the wires: they were sound. Then, unscrewing the plugs, they started the engine.

"Bad sparking," said Tom. "Buck up, Jerry, we're not done yet."

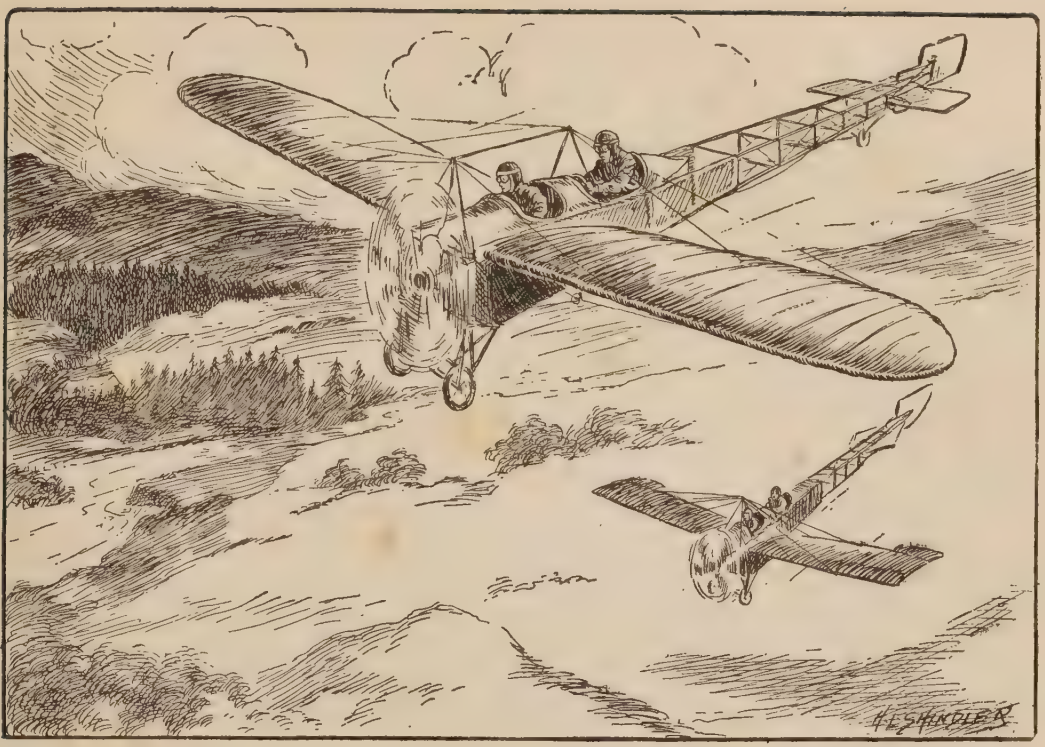
"Some grit, I suppose," said Callender. "I thought we cleaned the plugs well, too."

With rags moistened with petrol they began to clean.

"How long start can we afford, Tom?" asked Callender.

"Don't know. Half-an-hour or more to Venables, but I don't know about the other fellows. They all got away smartly. Let's try the spark."

"Rotten bad luck, you fellows," said Captain Bannerman, coming up with several of the stewards. "Pity you didn't find out the trouble before the pistol was fired: we could have waited for the start, you know."



"And made everybody sick," said Noble. "I say, do you mind clearing out? We shall be off again in a minute or so."

"What's the good, man? They've had a good quarter of an hour start of you, and——"

"I say, man, *will* you get out? You're hindering us. How is she, Jerry?"

Callender started the engine. The spark was strong.

"Now for the plugs!" cried Noble. "You'll be murdered if you don't get out, Bannerman."

The plugs were quickly replaced, and as Bannerman and the stewards fell back, the boys vaulted to their places, and waving their hands, restarted. This time all was well. The machine ran a few yards, left the ground as lightly as a bird, and was a hundred feet in air before Captain Bannerman thought of taking out his watch.

"Twenty minutes late," he said; adding with a smile: "It's plucky, begad; but mad."

"They're going strong," said one of the stewards, following the course of the aeroplane through his glass. "I tell you what, Bannerman, I'll give you three to two they're not last."

"Done!" cried the Captain.

A great roar of cheers broke from the spectators when they saw the aeroplane ascend. Herr Biedermann let forth a resounding "Hoch!" Every one was astonished that the young airmen should persevere after so long a delay; none supposed that they would catch up the other competitors; but a sporting spirit always touches a chord of sympathy in a British crowd, and there was not a man but wished them well.

It was a hot windless day, but the rush of the monoplane through the upper air was so swift that the young airmen felt as though forcing their way against a cool breeze. They had no doubt about their course; but their familiarity with it gave them no advantage over their competitors: by the conditions of the race all had to follow the railway. Their machine was capable, they knew, of covering a hundred miles an hour; Venables had accomplished eighty, Martin a little less; so that by a simple calculation they were aware that, in spite of the delay, there was just a possibility of their overtaking and passing these competitors on the return journey. But they knew nothing of the speed of the other aeroplanes; the probability was that the two airmen from the south of the continent possessed better engines than the Palmerston men.

They had rigged up a sort of telephone by means of which they could converse, without straining their voices, in spite of the noise made by the engine.

"Tell me as soon as you see a speck in the sky ahead," said Noble.

"That's not likely at the best until we come within a few miles of Pine Creek," responded Callender. "Engine going well?"

"Spiffingly. I don't mind how we come in so long as we beat Venables: Bannerman was so cock-sure."

"He quizzed our engine: did you see?"

"Yes; but he couldn't get any idea of our capacity from a squint

at the outside. My word! it's a beauty, Jerry. We owe something to old Porter."

They sped along at an even altitude of about a thousand feet. They had performed the journey often enough to be able to recognize, even from that height, the features of the country and the various settlements scattered at long intervals on both sides of the line. In half-an-hour they dashed over Mount Barton; another fifteen minutes brought them among the cluster of heights about the Virginia Mine: an hour after the start they were flying parallel with the Hawley river.

"No sign of them yet?" said Noble.

"Not a speck. Drop a little; if one of them has broken down we shouldn't see it at this height."

Coming within five hundred feet of the line, they flew along, past Fountain Head station, where they caught sight of a group of railway men waving their caps, past Mount Saunders, past Mount Devine—and then——

"There's a speck to our right, Tom," cried Callender. "And by Jove," he added, a few seconds later, "it's coming this way! and there's another, and two more a little behind. I believe they've all turned the Creek."

"We can't go any faster," gasped Noble. "We're doing well over a hundred."

By the conditions of the race, on rounding the mark the aeroplanes were to return on the west side of the line, to avoid all danger of collision with machines that might still be making the outward journey. Both the boys now saw that the four competing aeroplanes were fairly close together; but being at a distance of half-a-mile from them, and the pace being terrific, they were not able to distinguish their order.

"Can we do it?" said Callender, as they came within sight of the heights above Pine Creek.

"We'll beat Venables, or I'll be shot."

At Pine Creek station a crowd of men waved their hats excitedly as the aeroplane, obeying the pilot's skilful hand, made a wide sweep without checking its pace. It came into a gust of wind, and as it

rocked for a moment or two the boys felt a qualm. But the machine came into the straight without mishap, and now it was a question of speed and endurance, and nothing else.

Back they flew. Near Prince's Bluff Callender gave a shout.

"One of 'em's down!" he cried.

"Hurray!" exclaimed Tom; but there was no time to see what aeroplane it was that lay in a field five hundred feet below them. "Hope nobody's hurt," he added, and by this time the hapless machine was half-a-mile behind them.

Height and valley, bluff and gorge, flew by in unnoticed panorama behind them. As they flashed over Hawley Reef Callender gave another shout, and this time it had a note of jubilation.

"I see one of them: it can't be more than three or four miles ahead: a mere speck, Tom."

"Only one?"

"Yes; we're catching up."

"Another lame duck, let's hope. But I wish you could see the others."

The speck grew larger and larger in the sky, but they had flown another fifteen miles before they overtook it. And still there was no sign of the others. They did not hear the encouraging shout of their competitors fifty feet below them; but they saw that the aeroplane was not Venables's, and began to think their chance was gone. More and more anxiously they peered through their goggles. Would they never catch sight of the remaining two? The minute divisions of the clock were their milestones; at every sixth they knew they were at least ten miles further on their way. If they did not catch sight of their rival within fifty miles of home their last chance was gone.

Here was Rum Jungle station: a train was passing through it, crawling like a procession of snails.

"It's all up," said Noble.

"No, by George!" shouted Callender. "I see them both, two specks one above the other. Can't you squeeze a little more out of her?"

"Not an ounce. But we'll make a good third."

They were quivering with excitement. The leading aeroplane could not be more than four or five miles away; less than fifty miles of the course remained : was there a possibility that within half-an-hour they could gain enough to win? For some minutes the specks did not grow perceptibly larger; but then it seemed to the boys that one of them had increased a little. They hardly dared to hope that they were right; and when, after a few minutes more, there could be no doubt about it, they were too intent upon watching the other to utter a word of satisfaction. Moment by moment both the dark spots in the sky were enlarging. The boys were conscious of nothing else. They might have been merely parts of the machinery. Here was the Elizabeth river; but they did not notice it. Here the line curved, with Packard's Nob on their right; but they gave it never a glance. Here was Knuckley's Lagoon, and if they had looked they could have seen the blue waters of the harbour stretching out but a few miles ahead. But they saw nothing but the two monoplanes, one behind the other, sailing on, surely less than a mile in front of them.

The shapes grew larger : they distinguished the forms of the airmen : and now they felt as the coxswain of a college boat feels when he perceives that foot by foot he is creeping up to the boat ahead. "Shall we do it?" was the unspoken thought of each. It came upon Noble with a sudden shock that if he did not plane upwards the machine would crash into the one immediately in front. He moved the control; the monoplane flew aloft; in five seconds it was skimming over the machine thirty feet below, as an express train passes a local. The other led now by a bare quarter-mile. And there, three miles ahead, was the sports field, crammed with spectators tingling with excitement.

"Who are they?" says Tony Wilson to Captain Bannerman, gazing through his binocular.

"Can't see," growls the Captain hoarsely.

Mr. Porter is looking steadily through his glass; Mr. Noble by his side is perspiring with nervousness.

The flying forms become clearer to the view. The hum of the engines grows louder and louder. A breathless "Ah!" bursts from the crowd as they see that one aeroplane has overtaken the other.

The vast concourse sways this way and that; hundreds of glasses are directed skywards. Captain Bannerman looks a little blue. The leading aeroplane is swooping; the hum of the engine ceases; a roar breaks from a thousand throats; and with a graceful *vol plané* the machine alights in front of the judges' box.

"Hurray! Hurray! Hip! Hip! Hurray!"

The crowd is frantic. Men laugh and cheer themselves hoarse; women wave their handkerchiefs: children dance and scream; the band strikes up "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." Scarcely any one notices the second aeroplane that descends half-a-minute after the first. What is the good of the police and the soldiers? The ropes are broken, and the seething mob surges in a wild rush towards the victors. For the last to start is the first home; the winner is Tom Noble.

"By George!" ejaculates Captain Bannerman, as he shuts his glass. Venables has just descended, third in the race, five minutes after the winner, and half-a-mile away to avoid the crowd.

"Well now," begins Mr. Porter, turning to congratulate his friend.

But Mr. Noble is no longer at his side. He is running, at a pace very creditable to a man of fifty, among a horde of yelling urchins, and there is nobody calm enough to notice that he is shouting as loudly as any of them.

Mr. Porter smiled at his old friend's enthusiasm. Lighting a cigar, he took his more leisurely way towards the scene. There Noble was surrounded by an enthusiastic group of admirers, who were patting him on the back, and wringing his hand, and at last hoisted him on their shoulders and bore him towards the stand.

"Colossal!" said Herr Biedermann, following close. "You did marvellous!" he shouted, to be heard above the cheers.

"Sorry you didn't get off," Noble shouted back.

"Ach! No matter. I von ze long chump *and* ze hurdles."

"A grand race, Porter," said the Governor as Mr. Porter passed his seat.

Mr. Porter halted and turned his beaming face on the speaker.

"Well now," he said, "there's something in those youngsters, you know. We thought we were pretty go-ahead in our young days,

The Winner

MacNaughtan, but we weren't equal to this. Don't it warm your heart, now? Don't you feel proud we can breed such fine young chaps?"

The Governor smiled at the artless old bachelor.

"We must do something to mark our appreciation of them," he said. "What do you suggest?"

"Ah! well now, as to that—leave it to me, Andrew, leave it to me."

From *The Air Scout.*

"A WAKE! A WAKE!"

Telling of the First Battle of Aldreth and one of the Exploits of Hereward

By CHARLES KINGSLEY

I

When William heard that Hereward and his men had withdrawn into Ely, he at once marched his army upon that place as an easy prey.

With him, too, was a great army of mercenaries, ruffians from all France and Flanders, hired to fight for a certain term, on the chance of plunder or of fiefs in land. Their brains were all aflame with the tales of inestimable riches hidden in Ely. There were there the jewels of all the monasteries round; there were the treasures of all the fugitive English nobles; there were there—what was there not? And they grumbled when William halted them and hutted them at Cambridge, and began to

feel cautiously the strength of the place—which must be strong, or Hereward and the English would not have made it their camp of refuge.

Perhaps William rode up to Madingley windmill, and saw fifteen miles away, clear against the sky, the long line of what seemed nought but a low upland park, with the minster tower among the trees, and between him and them a rich champaign of grass, over which it was easy enough to march all the armies of Europe, and thought Ely an easy place to take. But men told him that between him and those trees lay a black abyss of mud and peat and reeds. The old Roman road to Stretham was sunk and gone long since under the bog, whether by English neglect, or whether (as some think) by actual and bodily sinking of the whole land. The narrowest space between dry land and dry land was a full half-mile, and how to cross that half-mile no man knew.

What were the approaches on the west? There were none. Beyond Earith, where now run the great washes of the Bedford Level, was a howling wilderness of meres, islets, reed-banks, and floating alder-beds, through which only the Fen-men wandered, with leaping-pole and log-canoe.

What in the east? The dry land neared the island on that side. And it may be that William rowed round by Burwell to Fordham and Soham, and thought of attempting the island by way of Barraway; and saw beneath him a labyrinth of islands, meres, fens, with the Cam, increased by the volume of the Ouse, spreading far deeper and broader than now between Barraway and Thetford-in-the-Isle; and saw, too, that a disaster in that labyrinth might be destruction.

So he determined on the near and straight path, through Long Stanton and Willingham, down the old bridle-way from Willingham ploughed field—every village there, and in the isle likewise, had and has still its "field," or ancient clearing of ploughed land—and then to try that terrible half-mile, with the courage and wit of a general to whom human lives were as those of the gnats under the hedge.

All his host camped themselves in Willingham field, by the old earthwork which men now call Belsar's Hills: and down the bridle-way poured countless men, bearing timber and faggots, cut from all the hills, that they might bridge the black half-mile.

They made a narrow firm path through the reeds, and down to the brink of the Ouse, if brink it could be called, where the water, rising and falling a foot or two each tide, covered the floating peat for many yards, before it sank into a brown depth of bottomless slime. They would make a bottom for themselves by driving piles.

The piles would not hold, and they began to make a floating bridge with long beams, say the chroniclers, and blown-up cattle-hides to float them. Soon they made a floating-sow, and thrust it on before them as they worked across the stream, for they were getting under shot from the island.

Meanwhile the besieged had not been idle. They had thrown up a turf rampart on the island shore, and overhanging "hoardings," or scaffolds, through the floor of which they could shower down missiles. And so they awaited the attack, contenting themselves with gliding in and out of the reeds in their canoes, and annoying the builders with arrows and cross-bow bolts.

At last the bridge was finished, and the sow safe across the West-water, and thrust in, as far as it would float, among the reeds on the high tide. They in the fort could touch it with a pole.

The English would have destroyed it if they could, but the Wake bade them leave it alone. He had watched all their work, and made up his mind to the event.

"The rats have set a trap for themselves," he said to his men; "and we shall be fools to break it up till the rats are safe inside."

So there the huge sow lay, black and silent, showing nothing to the enemy but a side of strong plank, covered with hide to prevent its being burned. It lay there for three hours, and the Wake let it lie.

At last the army was in motion, and Willingham field opposite was like a crawling ants' nest. Brigade after brigade moved down to the reed-beds, and the assault began.

And now advanced along the causeway, and along the bridge, a dark column of men, surmounted by glittering steel; knights in complete mail; footmen in leather coats and jerkins; at first orderly enough, each under the banner of his lord: but more and more mingled and crowded, as each hurried forward, eager for his selfish

share of the inestimable treasures of Ely. They pushed along the bridge. The mass became more and more crowded; men stumbled over each other, and fell off into the mire and water, calling vainly for help: but their comrades hurried on unheeding, in the mad thirst for spoil.

On they came in thousands: and fresh thousands streamed out of the fields, as if the whole army intended to pour itself into the isle at once.

"They are numberless," said Torfrida, in a serious and astonished voice, as she stood by Hereward's side.

"Would they were!" said Hereward. "Let them come on, thick and threefold. The more their numbers, the fatter will the fish below be before to-morrow morning. Look there, already!"

And already the bridge was swaying and sinking beneath their weight. The men, in places, were ankle deep in water. They rushed on all the more eagerly, filled the sow, and swarmed up to its roof.

Then, what with its own weight, what with the weight of the laden bridge which dragged upon it from behind, the huge sow began to tilt backwards, and slide down the slimy bank.

The men on the top tried vainly to keep their footing, to hurl grapnels into the rampart and to shoot off their arrows.

"You must be quick, Frenchmen," shouted Hereward in derision, "if you mean to come on board here."

The French knew that well: and as Hereward spoke, two panels in the front of the sow creaked on their hinges, and dropped landward, forming two drawbridges, over which reeled to the attack a close body of knights, mingled with soldiers bearing scaling ladders.

They recoiled. Between the ends of the drawbridges and the foot of the rampart was some two fathoms' breadth of black ooze. The catastrophe which the Wake had foreseen was come, and a shout of derision arose from the unseen defenders above.

"Come on, leap it like men! Send back for your horses, knights, and ride them at it like bold huntsmen!"

The front rank could not but rush on, for the pressure behind forced them forward, whether they would or not. In a moment they were wallowing waist deep; trampled on; disappearing under their struggling comrades, who disappeared in their turn.

"Look, Torfrida! If they plant their scaling ladders, it will be on a foundation of their comrades' corpses."

Torfrida gave one glance through the openings of the hoarding upon the writhing mass below, and turned away in horror. The men were not so merciful. Down between the hoarding beams rained stones, javelins, arrows, increasing the agony and death. The scaling ladders would not stand in the mire; if they had stood a moment, the struggles of the dying would have thrown them down. And still fresh victims pressed on from behind, shouting, "Dex Aie! On to the gold of Ely!" and still the sow, under the weight, slipped farther and farther back into the stream, and the foul gulf widened between besiegers and besieged.

At last one scaling ladder was planted upon the bodies of the dead, and hooked firmly on the gunwale of the hoarding. Ere it could be hurled off again by the English, it was so crowded with men that even Hereward's strength was insufficient to lift it off. He stood at the top, ready to hew down the first comer; and he hewed him down.

But the French were not to be daunted. Man after man dropped dead from the ladder top,—man after man took his place; sometimes scrambling over each other's backs.

The English, even in the insolence of victory, cheered them with honest admiration. "You are fellows worth fighting, you French!"

"So we are," shouted a knight, the first and last who crossed that parapet; for, thrusting Hereward back with a blow of his sword-hilt, he staggered past him over the hoarding, and fell on his knees.

A dozen men were upon him: but he was up again and shouting—

"To me, men-at-arms! A Deda! a Deda!" But no man answered.

"Yield!" quoth Hereward.

Sir Deda answered by a blow on Hereward's helmet, which felled the Wake to his knees, and broke the sword into twenty splinters.

"Well hit!" said Hereward, as he rose. "Don't touch him, men! this is my quarrel now. Yield, sir! you have done enough for your honour. It is madness to throw away your life."

The knight looked round on the fierce ring of faces, in the midst of which he stood alone.

SIR DEDA AND HEREWARD

"To none but the Wake."

"The Wake am I."

"Ah," said the knight, "had I but hit a little harder!"

"You would have broke your sword into more splinters. My armour is enchanted. So yield like a reasonable and valiant man."

"What care I?" said the knight, stepping on to the earthwork, and sitting down quietly. "I vowed to St. Mary and King William that into Ely I would get this day; and in Ely I am; so I have done my work."

"And now you shall taste—as such a gallant knight deserves—the hospitality of Ely."

It was Torfrida who spoke.

"My husband's prisoners are mine; and I, when I find them such gallant knights as you are, have no lighter chains for them than that which a lady's bower can afford."

Sir Deda was going to make an equally courteous answer, when over and above the shouts and curses of the combatants rose a yell so keen, so dreadful, as made all hurry forward to the rampart.

That which the Wake had foreseen was come at last. The bridge, strained more and more by its living burden, and by the falling tide, had parted,—not at the Ely end, where the sliding of the sow took off the pressure,—but at the end nearest the camp. One sideway roll it gave, and then, turning over, engulfed in that foul stream the flower of Norman chivalry, leaving a line—a full quarter of a mile in length—of men drowning in the dark water, or, worse still, in the peat and mud.

Thousands are said to have perished. Their armour and weapons were found at times by delvers and dykers for centuries after; are found at times unto this day beneath the rich drained cornfields which now fill up that black half-mile; or in the bed of the narrow brook to which the Westwater, robbed of its streams by the Bedford Level, has dwindled down at last.

William, they say, struck his tents and departed forthwith, "groaning from deep grief of heart." Eastward he went, and encamped the remains of his army at Brandon, where he seems to have begun that castle, the ruins of which still exist in Weeting Park hard by. He put a line of sentinels along the Rechdyke, which men now call the

Devil's Ditch, and did his best to blockade the isle, as he could not storm it. And so ended the first battle of Aldreth.

II

They of Ely were now much straitened, being shut in both by land and water; and what was to be done, either by themselves or by the king, they knew not. Would William simply starve them; or at least inflict on them so perpetual a Lent—for of fish there could be no lack, even if they ate or drove away all the fowl—as would tame down their proud spirits, which a diet of fish and vegetables, from some ludicrous theory of monastic physicians, was supposed to do. Or was he gathering vast armies, from they knew not whence, to try, once and for all, another assault on the island—it might be from several points at once?

They must send out a spy, and find out news from the outer world if news were to be gotten. But who would go?

So asked the bishop, and the abbot, and the earls, in council in the abbot's lodging.

Torfrida was among them. She was always among them now. She was their wise woman, whose counsels all received as more than human.

"I will go," said she, rising up like a goddess on Olympus. "I will cut off my hair, and put on boy's clothes, and smirch myself brown with walnut leaves, and I will go. I can talk their French tongue. I know their French ways; and as for a story to cover my journey, and my doings, trust a woman's wit to invent that."

They looked at her, with delight in her courage, but with doubt.

"If William's French grooms got hold of you, Torfrida, it would not be a little walnut-brown which would hide you," said Hereward. "But it is like you to offer—worthy of you, who have no peer."

"That she has not," quoth churchmen and soldiers alike.

"Nevertheless—to send you would be to send the Wake's praying half, and that would be bad religion. The Wake's fighting half is going, while you pray here as well as watch."

"Uncle, uncle!" said the young earls, "send Winter, Gery, Leofwin

Prat, any of your good men : but not yourself. If we lose you, we lose our head and our king."

And all begged Hereward to let any man go rather than himself.

" I am going, lords and knights; and what Hereward says he does. It is one day to Brandon. It may be two days back; for if I miscarry —as I most likely shall—I must come home round about. On the fourth day, you shall hear of me or from me. Come with me, Torfrida."

And he strode out.

He cropped his golden locks, he cropped his golden beard; and Torfrida wept, as she cropped them, half with fear for him, half for sorrow over his shorn glories.

And Hereward put on filthy garments; and taking mare Swallow with him, got into a barge and went across the river to Soham.

He could not go down the Great Ouse, and up the Little Ouse, which was his easiest way, for the French held all the river below the isle; and, beside, to have come straight from Ely might cause sus-

picion. So he went down to Fordham, and crossed the Lark at Mildenhall; and just before he got to Mildenhall, he met a potter carrying pots upon a pony.

"Halt, my stout churl," quoth he, "and put thy pots on my mare's back."

"The man who wants them must fight for them," quoth that stout churl, raising a heavy staff.

"Then here is he that will," quoth Hereward; and, jumping off his mare, he twisted the staff out of the potter's hands, and knocked him down therewith.

"That will teach thee to know an Englishman when thou seest him."

"I have met my master," quoth the churl, rubbing his head. "But dog does not eat dog; and it is hard to be robbed by an Englishman, after being robbed a dozen times by the French."

"I will not rob thee. There is a silver penny for thy pots and thy coat—for that I must have likewise. And if thou tellest to mortal man aught about this, I will find those who will cut thee up for dog's meat; but if not, then turn thy horse's head and ride back to Ely, if thou canst cross the water, and say what has befallen thee; and thou wilt find there an abbot who will give thee another penny for thy news."

So Hereward took the pots, and the potter's clay-greased coat, and went on through Mildenhall, crying, after the manner of potters, in the English tongue, "Pots! pots! good pots and pans!"

But when he got through Mildenhall, and well into the rabbit-warrens, he gave mare Swallow a kick, and went over the heath so fast northward, that his pots danced such a dance as broke half of them before he got to Brandon.

"Never mind," quoth he, "they will think that I have sold them." And when he neared Brandon he pulled up, sorted his pots, kept the whole ones, threw the shreds at the rabbits, and walked on into Brandon solemnly, leading the mare, and crying, "Pots!"

"There goes a bald swaggerer enough, to be selling pots abroad," said a passer-by, noticing his erect figure. The Wake slouched his shoulders, and looked as mean a churl as ever. Next he cast about for a night's lodging, for it was dark.

"A WAKE! A WAKE!"

Outside the town was a wretched cabin of mud and turf—such a one as Irish folk live in to this day; and Hereward said to himself, "This is bad enough to be good enough for me."

So he knocked at the door, and knocked till it was opened and a hideous old crone put out her head.

"Who wants to see me at this time of night?"

"Any one would, who had heard how beautiful you are. Do you want any pots?"

"Pots? What have I to do with pots, thou saucy fellow? I thought it was some one wanting a charm." And she shut the door.

"A charm?" thought Hereward. "Maybe she can tell me news, if she be a witch. They are shrewd souls, these witches, and know more than they tell."

So he knocked again, till the old woman looked out once more, and angrily bade him be off.

"But I am belated here, good dame, and afraid of the French. And I will give thee the best bit of clay on my mare's back—pot—pan—panshin—crock—jug, or what thou wilt, for a night's lodging."

"Have you any little jars—jars no longer than my hand?" asked she; for she used them in her trade, and had broken one of late: but to pay for one she had neither money nor mind. So she agreed to let Hereward sleep there, for the value of two jars. "But what of that ugly brute of a horse of thine?"

"She will do well enough in the turf-shed."

"Then thou must pay with a panshin."

"Ugh!" groaned Hereward, "thou drivest a hard bargain, for an Englishwoman, with a poor Englishman."

"How knowest thou that I am English?"

"So much the better if thou art not," thought Hereward; and bargained with her for a panshin against a lodging for the horse in the turf-house, and a bottle of bad hay.

Then he went in, bringing his panniers with him with ostentatious care.

"Thou canst sleep there on the rushes. I have nought to give thee to eat."

"Nought needs nought," said Hereward; and threw himself down on a bundle of rush, and in a few minutes snored loudly.

But he was never less asleep. He looked round the whole place; and he listened to every word. The floor was mud, the rafters unceiled; the stars shone through the turf roof. The only hint of the witch's trade was a hanging shelf, on which stood five or six little earthen jars, and a few packets of leaves. A parchment, scrawled with characters which the owner herself probably did not understand, hung against the cob wall; and a human skull—probably used only to frighten her patients—dangled from the roof-tree.

Hereward was very much frightened. He believed devoutly in the powers of a witch.

So he trembled on his rushes, and wished himself safe through that adventure, without being turned into a hare or a wolf.

"I would sooner be a wolf than a hare, of course: but—who comes here?"

And to the first old crone, who sat winking her bleared eyes, and warming her bleared hands over a little heap of peat in the middle of the cabin, entered another crone, if possible uglier.

"Two of them! If I am not roasted and eaten this night, I am a lucky man."

But his heart leaped for joy when the two old women commenced to talk to each other in French, which language Hereward understood perfectly.

"Well, how have you sped? Have you seen the king?"

"No; but Ivo Taillebois. Eh? Who have you lying there?"

"Only an English brute. He cannot understand us. Talk on: only don't wake the hog. Have you got the gold?"

"Never mind."

Then there was a grumbling and a quarrelling, from which Hereward understood that the gold was to be shared between them.

"But it is a bit of a chain. To cut it will spoil it."

The other insisted; and he heard them chop the gold chain in two.

"And is this all?"

"I had work enough to get that. He said, no play no pay; and

he would give it me after the isle was taken. But I told him my spirit was a Jewish spirit, that used to serve Solomon the Wise; and he would not serve me, much less come over the sea from Normandy, unless he smelt gold; for he loved it like any Jew."

"And what did you tell him then?"

"That the king must go back to Aldreth again; for only from thence would he take the isle; for—and that was true enough—I dreamt I saw all the water of Aldreth full of wolves, clambering over into the island on each other's backs."

"That means that some of them will be drowned."

"Let them drown. I left him to find out that part of the dream himself. Then I told him how he must make another causeway, bigger and stronger than the last, and a tower on which I could stand and curse the English. And I promised him to bring a storm right in the faces of the English, so that they could neither fight nor see."

"But if the storm does not come?"

"It will come. I know the signs of the sky—who better?—and the weather will break up in a week. Therefore I told him he must begin his works at once, before the rain came on; and that we would go and ask the guardian of the well to tell us the fortunate day for attacking."

"That is my business," said the other; "and my spirit likes the smell of gold as well as yours. Little you would have got from me if you had not given me half the chain."

Then the two rose. "Let us see whether the English hog is asleep."

One of them came and listened to Hereward's breathing, and put her hand upon his chest. His hair stood on end; a cold sweat came over him. But he snored more loudly than ever.

The two old crones went out satisfied. Then Hereward rose and glided after them. They went down a meadow to a little well, which Hereward had marked as he rode thither, hung round with bits of rag and flowers, as similar "holy wells" are decorated in Ireland to this day.

He hid behind a hedge, and watched them stooping over the well, mumbling he knew not what of cantrips.

Then there was a silence, and a tinkling sound as of water.

"Once—twice—thrice," counted the witches. Nine times he counted the tinkling sound.

"The ninth day—the ninth day, and the king shall take Ely," said one in a cracked scream, rising and shaking her fist towards the isle.

Hereward slipped back to the cabin, and lay down again; and as soon as he had seen the two old crones safe asleep, fell asleep himself, and was so tired that he lay till the sun was high.

He paid his lodging, put the panniers on the mare, and went on crying pots.

On the next day, when he came to the outer gateway of the court, he tied up the mare, and carried the crockery in on his own back boldly. The scullions saw him, and called him into the kitchen to see his crockery.

A man of rank belonging to the court came in and stared fixedly at Hereward.

"You are mightily like that villain Hereward, man," quoth he.

"Anon?" asked Hereward, looking as stupid as he could.

"If it were not for his brown face and his short hair, he is as like the fellow as a churl can be to a knight."

"Bring him into the hall," quoth another; "and let us see if any man knows him."

Into the great hall he was brought, and stared at by knights and squires. He bent his knees, rounded his shoulders, and made himself look as mean as he could.

Ivo Taillebois and Earl Warrenne came down and had a look at him.

"Hereward?" said Ivo. "I will warrant that little slouching cur is not he. Hereward must be half as big again, if it be true that he can kill a man with one blow of his fist."

"You may try the truth of that for yourself some day," thought Hereward.

"Does any one here talk English? Let us question the fellow," said Earl Warrenne.

"Hereward? Hereward? Who wants to know about that villain?" answered the potter, as soon as he was asked in English. "Would to heaven he were here, and I could see some of you noble knights and earls paying him for me; for I owe him more than ever I

shall pay myself. He came out of the isle ten days ago, nigh on to evening, and drove off a cow of mine and four sheep, which was all my living, noble knights, save these pots."

"And where is he since?"

"In the isle, my lords, well-nigh starved, and his folk falling away from him daily, from hunger and ague-fits. I doubt if there be a hundred sound men left in Ely."

"Have you been in thither, then, villain?"

"Heaven forbid! I in Ely? I in the wolf's den? If I went in with naught but my skin, they would have it off me before I got out again. Ah, if your lordships would but come down and make an end of him once for all; for he is a great tyrant, and terrible, and devours us poor folk like so many mites in his cheese."

"Take this babbler into the kitchen and feed him," quoth Earl Warrenne; and so the colloquy ended.

Into the kitchen again the potter went. The king's luncheon was preparing, so he listened to the chatter, and picked up this, at least, which was valuable to him: that a great attack would be made from Aldreth: that boats had been ordered up the river to Cotinglade, and pioneers and entrenching tools ere to be sent on that day to the old causeway. But soon he had to take care of himself. Earl Warrenne's commands to feed him were construed by the cook-boys and scullions into a command to make him drunk likewise. To make a laughing-stock of an Englishman was too tempting a jest to be resisted, and Hereward was drenched with wine and beer, and sorely baited and badgered. At last one rascal hit upon a notable plan.

"Pluck out the English hog's hair and beard, and put him blindfold into the midst of his pots, and see what a smash we shall have."

Hereward pretended not to understand the words, which were spoken in French; but when they were interpreted to him, he grew somewhat red about the ears.

Submit he would not. But if he defended himself, and made an uproar in the king's court, his life would be worth little purchase. However, happily for him, the wine and beer had made him stout of heart, and when one fellow laid hold of his beard, he resisted sturdily.

The man struck him, and that hard. Hereward, hot of temper, and careless of life, struck him again, right under the ear.

The fellow dropped for dead. Up leapt cook-boys, scullions, "lécheurs" (who hung about the kitchen to "lécher," lick the platters), and all the foul-mouthed rascality of a great mediæval household, and attacked Hereward with forks and flesh-hooks.

Then was Hereward aware of a great broach, or spit before the fire; and recollecting how he had used such an one as a boy against the monks of Peterborough, was minded to use it against the cooks of Brandon; which he did so heartily, that in a few moments he had killed one, and driven the others backward in a heap.

But his case was hopeless. He was soon overpowered by numbers from outside, and dragged into the hall, to receive judgment for the mortal crime of slaying a man within the precincts of the court.

He kept up heart. He knew that the king was there; he knew that he should most likely get justice from the king. If not, he could but discover himself, and so save his life, for that William would kill him willingly, he did not believe. So he went in boldly, and up the hall, where, on the dais, stood William the Norman. William had finished his luncheon, and was standing at the board-side. A page held water in a silver basin, in which he was washing his hands. Two more knelt, and laced his long boots; for he was, as always, going a-hunting.

Then Hereward looked at the face of the great man, and felt at once that it was the face of the greatest man whom he had ever met.

"I am not that man's match," said he to himself. "Perhaps it will all end in being his man, and he my master."

"Silence, knaves!" said William, "and speak one of you at a time. How came this?"

"A likely story, forsooth!" said he, when he had heard. "A poor English potter comes into my court, and murders my men under my very eyes for mere sport. I do not believe you, rascals! You churl," and he spoke through an English interpreter, "tell me your tale, and justice you shall have or take, as you deserve. I am the

HEREWARD AND THE SCULLION

King of England, man, and I know your tongue, though I speak it not yet, more pity."

Hereward fell on his knees. "If you are indeed my lord the king, then I am safe; for there is justice in you: at least so all men say." And he told his tale manfully.

"Splendeur Dex! but this is a far likelier story, and I believe it. Hark you, you ruffians! Here am I, trying to conciliate these English by justice and mercy, whenever they will let me: and here are you outraging them, and driving them mad and desperate, just that you may get a handle against them, and thus rob the poor wretches and drive them into the forest. From the lowest to the highest—from Ivo Taillebois there, down to you cook-boys—you are all at the same game. And I will stop it! The next time I hear of outrage to unarmed man or harmless woman, I will hang that culprit, were he Odo my brother himself. . . . Thou smilest, man?" said William quickly, to the kneeling Hereward. "So thou understandest French?"

"A few words only, most gracious king, which we potters pick up, wandering everywhere with our wares," said Hereward, speaking in French; for so keen was William's eye that he thought it safer to play no tricks with him.

Nevertheless, he made his French so execrable, that the very scullions grinned, in spite of their fear.

"Look you," said William, "you are no common churl; you have fought too well for that. Let me see your arm."

Hereward drew up his sleeve.

"Potters do not carry sword-scars like those; neither are they tattooed like English thanes. Hold up thy head, man, and let us see thy throat."

Hereward, who had carefully hung down his head to prevent his throat-patterns being seen, was forced to lift it up.

"Aha! So I expected. There is fair ladies' work there. Is not this he who was said to be so like Hereward? Very good. Put him in ward till I come back from hunting. But do him no harm. For"—and William fixed on Hereward eyes of the most intense intelligence

—" were he Hereward himself, I should be right glad to see Hereward safe and sound; my man at last, and earl of all between Humber and the fens."

But Hereward did not rise at the bait. With a face of stupid and ludicrous terror, he made reply in broken French.

" Have mercy, mercy, lord king! Make not that fiend earl over us. Even Ivo Taillebois there would be better than he. Send him to be earl over the imps in hell, or over the wild Welsh who are worse still; but not over us, good lord king, whom he hath polled and peeled till we are——"

" Silence! " said William, laughing, as did all round him. " Thou art a cunning rogue enough, whoever thou art. Go into limbo, and behave thyself till I come back."

" All saints send your grace good sport, and thereby me a good deliverance," quoth Hereward, who knew that his fate might depend on the temper in which William returned. So he was thrust into an outhouse, and there locked up.

He sat on an empty barrel, meditating on the chances of his submitting to the king after all, when the door opened, and in strode one with a drawn sword in one hand, and a pair of leg-shackles in the other.

" Hold out thy shins, fellow! Thou art not going to sit at thine ease there like an abbot, after killing one of us grooms, and bringing the rest of us into disgrace. Hold out thy legs, I say! "

" Nothing easier," quoth Hereward cheerfully, and held out a leg. But when the man stooped to put on the fetters, he received a kick which sent him staggering.

After which he recollected very little, at least in this world. For Hereward cut off his head with his own sword.

After which he broke away out of the house, and over garden walls and palings, hiding and running, till he got to the front gate, and leaped upon mare Swallow.

Then he shook up mare Swallow, and with one great shout of " A Wake! a Wake! " rode for his life, with knights and squires (for the hue and cry was raised) galloping at her heels.

Who then were astonished but those knights, as they saw the ugly

potter's garron gaining on them, length after length, till she and her rider had left them far behind?

Who then was proud but Hereward, as the mare tucked her great thighs under her, and swept on over heath and rabbit-burrow, over rush and fen, sound ground and rotten all alike to the enormous stride, to that keen bright eye which foresaw every footfall, to that raking shoulder which picked her up again at every stagger?

Hereward laid the bridle on her neck, and let her go. Fall she could not, and tire she could not; and he half wished she might go on for ever. Where could a man be better than on a good horse, with all the cares of this life blown away out of his brains by the keen air which rushed round his temples? And he galloped on, as cheery as a boy, shouting at the rabbits as they scuttled from under his feet, and laughing at the dottrel as they postured and anticked on the mole-hills.

But when he got through Mildenhall, he began to think how he should get home to Ely.

The hue and cry would be out against him. The ports and ferries to the east of the isle as far south as Cambridge would be guarded; and all the more surely on account of the approaching attack. True, he knew many a path and ford which the French could not know; but he feared to trust himself in the labyrinth of fens and meres, with a mob of pursuers at his heels. A single mistake might pound him among morasses, and force him, even if he escaped himself through the reeds, to leave the mare behind And to do that was shame and loss intolerable. No. Mare Swallow, for her own sake, must do a deed that day.

He would go south by the Roman roads. He would go right round the fens; round Cambridge itself; into the western forests. There he could lie hid till some friend at Somersham or Earith should ferry him over to the western side of the isle. The distance was great; well-nigh fifty miles: but the land was light and sound, and the going safe and good. It must be done. It should be done.

He gathered the mare together, as he rose the slope of Kennet Heath. She was going steadily and soundly, breathing like a sleeping child. His pursuers were two miles behind; black dots among the

barrows on Barton Hill. He had time to rest her; and trotted on steadily, keeping to the uplands and the high road, from whence he could see far and wide over the land.

On by Newmarket Heath—nameless and desert then—over smooth chalk turf; through glades of fern and thorn; past barrows where slept the heroes of old times, Briton, Roman, Saxon, Dane; forefathers of his own, perhaps, among them. Ay—that was the place for a hero to sleep in—out under the free sky, with his weapons round him, his horse, his dog, the antlers of his game; where he might come up out of his barrow on moonlight nights, and stare at the flying clouds, and scent the rushing breeze. Ah, that he could be buried there: but then Torfrida—he should like to lie by her.

He was at the Rech-dyke now: and warily he looked eastward, as he led the mare up the steep bank, for French scouts between him and the fens: but none were within sight.

He paused upon the top of that great earthwork. Dangerous as it was to stop in that exposed height, making himself a beacon against the sky, he could not but look down, and back, at all which remained of free English soil.

He looked down over Swaffam, Quy, and Waterbeach, and the rest of the tree-embowered hamlets which fringed the fen, green knolls on the shore of a boundless sea of pale-blue mist; and above that sea, to the far north, a line of darker blue, which was the sacred isle. As the sun sank lower, higher rose the mist; and the isle grew more and more faint, vaporous, dreamy, as fen-distances are wont to be. Was it not about to fade away in reality; to become a vapour, and a dream, and leave him alone and free? Earls, knights, housecarles, monks, seemed all becoming phantoms, fading with their fading cause. Was it worth while to fight, to die, for them, for anything? What was William to him? What was England? Why play out the lost game to the last? Why not leave all behind, and ride down south—to the sea—the free sea, and the wild joys of the Viking's life? And he led the mare down the Rech-dyke, and up again on to the down, faltering, stopping, his head sunken on his breast, his heart sunken within.

But Torfrida—Torfrida and the little girl. They at least were not

phantoms. They could not vanish, could not even die—to him. His they were for ever. What fiend had been putting boy's dreams into his head?

And he sprang hastily into the saddle, as one that flees from a temptation. "Home, mare! Home to prison again! We have been out far too long, old lass, too long."

He held on over the Fleam-dyke: but he feared to turn downwards into the Cambridge flats, and kept his vantage-ground upon the downs, till he struck the old Roman road, which men call "Wort's Causeway" at this day. Down that he turned, short to the right, toward the green meadows, and the long line of mighty elms, and the little village which clustered, unconscious of its coming glories, beneath the new French keep, beside the Roman bridge.

The setting sun gilded the white flints of the keep, and Hereward looked on them with a curse. But it gilded, too, the tree-tops of the great forest beyond; and Hereward uttered something like a prayer to St. Etheldreda and her ladies three. For if he could but reach that forest, he was safe.

The Wake was, of course, too wise to go through Cambridge street, under the eyes of the French garrison. But he saw that the Roman road led straight to a hamlet some miles above the town; and at the road end, he guessed, there must be either a bridge or a ford. There he could cross the Cam. And he rode slowly downward, longing for it to grow dark, and saving the mare, in case she should be needed for a sudden rush.

And a rush was soon needed. For on the hill behind him he saw armour glitter in the red light, and a brace of knights. They paused for a moment, and then espied him. One galloped down the road toward him; the other spurred to the right, straight for Cambridge.

"I shall have the whole pack of wolves out, and on me, in half an hour," thought Hereward; and struck spurs into the mare.

Into the ford—by Chaucer's after-famous mill—he dashed, making more splash than ever did geese in Shelford Fen; and out again, and on to the clay wold, and away for Coton and Madingley rise, and the black wall of oak, and ash, and elm. And as he entered the forest at

Madingley, he rose in his stirrups, with a shout of "A Wake! a Wake!" which was heard, for aught he cared, in Cambridge Castle: and then rode on leisurely toward the Draytons, and the ferry over the Ouse at Holywell; for well he knew that they who could not catch the Wake in the field, were still less like to catch him in the wood.

And so through the forest, by a clear moonlight (says the chronicler), he came in the early morning to the Isle of Somersham, which was then all deep wood (as the names of Woodhurst and Somersham Parks still testify), and was ferried over at Earith by one of his many friends into the Isle of Ely. And of all those knights that followed him, none ever saw or heard sign of him, save one: and his horse came to a standstill in "the aforesaid wood," and he rolled off and lay breathless under a tree, looking up at his horse's heaving flanks and wagging tail, and wondering how he should get out of that place before the English found him and made an end of him.

Then there came up to him a ragged churl, and asked him who he was, and offered to help him.

"For the sake of God and courtesy," quoth he, his French pride being well-nigh beat out of him, "if thou hast seen or heard anything of Hereward the Wake, good fellow, tell me, and I will repay thee well."

"As thou hast asked me for the sake of God and of courtesy, sir knight, I will tell thee. I am the Wake. And in token thereof, thou shalt give me thy lance and sword, and take instead this sword which I carried off from the king's court at Brandon, and promise me, on the faith of a knight, to bear it back to King William; and tell him that Hereward and he have met at last; and that he had best beware of the day when they shall meet again."

So that knight, not having recovered his wind, was fain to submit, and go home a sadder and a wiser man. And King William laughed a royal laugh, and commanded his knights that they should in no wise harm the Wake, but take him alive, and bring him in, and they should have great rewards.

Which seemed to them more easily said than done.

From *Hereward the Wake.*

"INJUNS"

A Story of the Fight for Canada

By HERBERT STRANG

I

Somewhere about noon, on a hot August day in the year 1757, a party of three were seated on a small pebbly beach at the bend of a little rivulet flowing from a spur of the Alleghanies into the Hudson river. It was a spot that, serving them now for shade, might have served equally well for concealment. Two huge elms spread leafy arms over the little bay, itself not a dozen yards across; and all around stretched the mighty forest, which, a hundred and fifty years ago. extended almost unbroken from the Hudson to the Ohio and the Missouri. The stream rippled musically over the pebbles, shining white in the sunlight: but the sward at the edge was shaded by the canopy of foliage, and there the three men lazily reposed.

They had just finished a meal, washed down by the limpid water of the brook. One sat up, his hands clasped about his knees; the others lay on their backs, resting their heads on their hands, and gazing up into the mass of green. Now and again one of these two would address the other in low tones, but their conversation was disjointed

and fitful, and it never included the sitting man, who remained silent, motionless, like a figure of wood.

"Seems to me," said the elder at length, "we might jest as well lie snug to-night and fetch Edward in the morning."

There was the hint of a question in the remark, but his companion merely grunted. The speaker, it was clear, was not so much asking for an opinion as avoiding the appearance of discourtesy. They lay in the easy attitude of men who had travelled far and were accustomed to make the most of casual opportunities of repose. Side by side they presented a strange contrast. The elder man was thin, wiry, somewhat undersized, clad in a garb half Indian, half backwoods—a fringed frock of buckskin, scarlet leggings, and beaded moccasins. His face was almost hidden by a thick and ragged growth of black hair streaked with grey; shaggy eyebrows formed dark arches above his blue eyes. He might have been any age from forty to fifty-five. His companion was much younger—a slim, tall youth of perhaps seventeen, his clean-cut, hairless face bronzed by sun and wind, alive with the alert and self-reliant look that comes to those who have dwelt much in the backwoods, trusting to the protection of a quick eye and a ready hand.

Different as these two were, the third member of the party differed still more remarkably from either. His skin was red with the redness of nature; his high cheek-bones, arched nose, and black scalp-tuft decorated with plumes, proclaimed him an Indian. About his loins a half-yard of broadcloth was fastened by a girdle; his legs, from the knee down, were covered with tight leggings of leather ornamented with embroidery and porcupine quills curiously coloured; on his feet he wore moccasins of undressed buffalo hide. A hunting-knife was stuck into his girdle; a bullet-pouch hung from his waist; and heavy ornaments of brass wire dragged at the lobes of his ears. As he sat at the brink of the stream, his head bent forward upon his knees, his features solemn and impassive, he might have been taken to come between the two white men in point of age: in reality he was the youngest of the party.

No further word passed between the reclining men, and they were dozing into somnolence when a movement on the part of the Indian caused them to open their eyes and spring suddenly to a sitting posture.

They saw that he had raised his head in an attitude of intent listening. Both reached silently for the long muskets that lay beside them, and, all their senses alert, gazed fixedly at their coloured companion. For a minute or two all three were as motionless as statues; then the Indian rose to his feet, and, pointing in a direction which, from the position of the sun, was north-east of their resting-place, he uttered in a guttural whisper, the one word "Gun!"

"I didn' hear nothin'," whispered the elder man, turning to the boy, "but that ain't to say thar warn't a gun. Deerfoot's ears are quicker 'n ourn, I reckon."

Even as he spoke the Indian raised his hand.

"Two guns—big!"

"That so, eh? Wal, ayther they're practisin' at William Henry or the Frenchers are at 'em: and if that is the truth of it, we must have a middlin' care of our scalps—eh, Rob?"

"That's all right, Pete," returned the boy with a laugh. "But what are we to do?"

"Wal, seems to me 't'ud be safest, and most in keepin' with common sense, if we makes tracks immediate for Fort Edward. Gosh! The Mohawk is right: he mostly is; did ye hear that big un? 'Pears the Frenchers are havin' a rale set-to at William Henry: and if that's so, the woods 'll be thick with mounseers and redskins, and we couldn't get through 'em. Ain't that the common sense of it?"

"I don't know about common sense. Dad's in William Henry; and if there's fighting I ought to be there too. Risk or no risk, I ought to get in if it's at all possible. Can it be done, Pete?"

"That's accordin'. I've knowed the country all my life; the Redskin or Frencher as could keep me out would have to ha' bin born *very* early in the mornin.' And Deerfoot, too: he knows his way about. Me by myself, him by himself, course we could. But three together—no, it ain't common sense to think we could do it arm in arm, so to say; and you by yourself——"

He paused and shook his head.

"Oh, come now, Pete, you've often told me I'm a pretty good backwoodsman—thanks to you and Deerfoot. Why shouldn't you and I

chance it? If we *must* part, Deerfoot can make his way to Edward and then back to his village."

Hitherto the Indian, without relaxing his attitude of attention, had listened in stolid silence to the whispered conversation. Now he interposed.

"Where my brother goes, I go," he said. "That was my brother's word; will he break it?"

"He's right, Pete. We arranged to stick together before we started. I'm not going back on it."

"Jest like a pig; pull his tail and he goes for'ard! Wal, two's company and three's fun, as Caleb Blodget used to say, and if you will—— But I warn you thar's no common sense in it."

While this conversation was proceeding, the travellers had been packing into their wallets the remnants of their meal and the tin cans from which they had drunk. This done they obliterated all traces of their sojourn, and resumed their journey. Pete led the way; the others followed him in single file, Deerfoot bringing up the rear.

A spectator, had any been present, could not have witnessed their march without admiration. He might also have been surprised at the change in the mien and bearing of the men. The laxness of their siesta had given place to a keen alertness which nothing could escape. Bending forward, they trod so lightly on their moccasined feet that no sound betrayed their movements. As they cut into the undergrowth, and then into the thick woods, they avoided unerringly the innumerable twigs that beset their path, choosing soft places where there was nothing to creak or crackle beneath their tread. Pete dodged in and out among the trees with a rapidity only possible to the practised woodsman; and his two companions copied him with mathematical exactness, planting their feet where his had fallen, so accurately that none but the acutest Indian could have discovered that three men, not one, had passed.

Rather more than half an hour after they left the brook-side they came almost unawares upon a long narrow clearing, made, not by the careful axes of woodmen, but by the passage of a tornado. Uprooted trees lay here and there, felled, as it were, recklessly by the mighty

blast, some crossing the path that seemed to have been cut clean out of the mass of green, others piled confusedly on either side. True to the woodsman's instinct, Pete was just about to turn off and skirt the opening, so as to lessen the chance of being observed, when suddenly he raised his hand as in warning, and in the twinkling of an eye dropped down before a huge trunk that obstructed the path.

Rob Somers, three feet behind, was but a second in following Pete's example. Yet, quick as he was, he had been anticipated by Deerfoot, whose sharp ears had caught, at the same moment as his leader's, the faint sound which had so suddenly arrested his progress.

"What is it?" whispered Rob, wriggling noiselessly to Pete's side.

"Hush! Listen!"

And then Rob, the least experienced of the three, heard a slight crackling ahead, and knew that some living creature, man or animal, was moving rapidly over dry twigs. Pete ventured to raise his head and peep over the tree-trunk in the direction of the sound. He saw a man threading his way with all speed through the sparser trees on the farther side of the clearing. Almost at the same instant the runner swerved abruptly to the left, as though he too, like the trapper, was loth to cross the open space. But even as he did so a shot rang out through the silence of the wood, behind him, and also, it seemed, somewhat to his left, for he again changed his course, and now came, running fleetly as a deer, straight across the glade towards the party in ambush.

"Scuppered, for sure!" whispered Pete; and Rob, cautiously lifting his head, saw that the shot had indeed taken effect; the man stumbled as he ran, recovered himself with an effort, then after two paces, and before he had come half-way across the glade, pitched helplessly forward on to his face.

Once more the silence was broken. A yell of triumph hailed his fall, and the watchers saw several dusky figures emerging from various directions towards the fugitive. Pete heard an exclamation at his right, and flinging out his hand, was just in time to grip Rob's shoulder and prevent him from springing to the hapless man's assistance.

"Wait!" murmured the elder man; and Rob, recognizing that his movement had been imprudent, allowed himself to be drawn back.

The figures of the actors in this rapid drama could now be clearly distinguished. The fugitive was a white man, or at least a half-breed; he was clad in the semi-barbarous costume common with backwoodsmen, and but for his shaven face and a dash of bright colour in his coat might have been a copy of Pete himself. The pursuers, now emerging into full view, were Indians; but even Pete's keen eyes were as yet unable to distinguish, at the distance, the tribal marks upon their skin, or the tribal arrangement of their feathers. But Deerfoot, who had looked on hitherto with his habitual gravity, answered in a whisper the trapper's unspoken question.

"Abenakis!"

Pete nodded, and Rob, casting a swift glance round, saw the fire of race hatred in the Indian's fierce eyes: the Abenakis and the Mohawks were hereditary foes. It was but a moment since the wounded man had fallen. Deerfoot had scarcely whispered the name of his pursuers' tribe when he struggled to his feet and staggered forward; well he knew the deadly peril in which he lay! Hard hit as he was, he put forth amazing efforts; and, crouching low towards the ground, taking what cover it afforded, he gave no target to his enemy, and succeeded in reaching the tree behind which the three onlookers lay hidden before his strength again failed, and he once more fell forward upon his face. Scarcely twenty yards behind him six fierce Abenakis were bounding on, emulous for his scalp.

"First Injun 's yourn," whispered Pete to Rob. "Second yourn," he added to Deerfoot on the other side. "When you've fired, load as quick as winkin'."

Rob felt a passing wonder as to what Pete himself intended to do, but he had no time to think about it.

"Now!" whispered the trapper.

Two shots rang out as one; the two foremost Indians fell almost on the spot where the fugitive had first stumbled. The others halted in their tracks, and in an instant were gone. It was almost as if they had sunk into the earth, so swiftly did they disappear among the trees and bushes that lay on either side of the glade. But Pete was as quick as they. The moment after his companions fired, he leapt with extra-

FIRST INJUN'S YOURN," WHISPERED PETE TO ROB

ordinary agility over the fallen trunk, and, lifting the almost inanimate form of the fugitive in his arms, tumbled back with him into safety, narrowly escaping half a dozen bullets which struck the tree with sharp thuds. Then he coolly took up the musket which he had placed against the tree ready to his hand, and by the time the other two had reloaded Pete was kneeling by the trunk, resting on it his own weapon in readiness for the next move.

All this had happened within a few seconds; indeed, hardly a minute had passed since Deerfoot whispered the word "Abenakis!" Pete had but just resumed his position by the tree when the Indians, now fully recovered from their panic, fired from their concealment a second ragged volley that pattered against the trunk, ripping the bark and scattering splinters in all directions. One of the redskins incautiously peeped from behind a sapling to learn the effect of the shots. Pete's musket flashed; an instant after, the too curious Indian swayed, tottered, and fell forward.

"Surprisin' want o' common sense," murmured Pete as he quickly reloaded.

Learning caution from the fate of their companion, the Abenakis made no further movement. Except for the pungent smell of gunpowder, and a faint smoke that hung in the still air above the treetops, there was no sign of hostilities. Only at Pete's feet the wounded man lay groaning.

Pete flung a glance at the man he had rescued, then resumed his former position by the tree.

"Uncommon awkward fix," he muttered as his quick eye swept the glade. "In ten minutes, or less, the varmints will be all about us." The words were scarcely out of his mouth when, with a rapidity of movement that curiously contrasted with his slow deliberate utterance, he raised his long musket to his shoulder and fired. Fifty yards up the glade a dark form sprang into the air, fell, and lay motionless.

"Thought so," said Pete, proceeding coolly to reload. "Jest a little bit too near. 'Twill be higher up or lower down next time, but cross they will, and we can't keep 'em from it, the reptiles."

"How many are there, Pete?" asked Rob, who knelt fingering his musket in some excitement.

"More 'n enough for a scalp apiece, though they don't stand all of a row to be counted." He glanced again at the man who had unwittingly brought them into this predicament. "Say, friend," he said, "d'ye think as you could make a kind o' push for it?"

The man, rousing himself from a state of semi-stupor, answered feebly—

"I can try."

Though they made no remark, both the trapper and his white companion were conscious of a strangeness of accent in the man's speech. But it did not surprise them, for among the colonists of Albany there were many Dutch and Germans, as well as several families of French extraction. Keeping a wary eye on the glade the trapper continued—

"Five minutes is all I want. You boys can keep 'em off for that amount of time; then follow in our tracks—hard as you can: Deerfoot 'll lead the way. Five minutes by your chronometer."

As Rob took a big watch from his fob and laid it on the ground, Pete began to creep towards a clump of alder bushes some three yards to their left, his movements being screened from the Indians by the bushy portion of the tree. The wounded man, understanding with the readiness of a backwoodsman what was expected of him, crawled after him on hands and knees. Both went so quietly that the two left on guard were unable to follow their movements.

Side by side the Mohawk and the white boy kept a close watch on the ground beyond their lurking-place. The air was very still; the brooding silence indeed seemed ominous, for both knew that somewhere among the trees men of the wildest and most ferocious tribe in Canada were worming their way furtively towards them. It was foreign to the habits of the Abenakis, as of any other Red Indian warriors, to risk the perils of a direct attack in the open when they could gain their object with a little patience by working round the enemy. By this time, no doubt, several of them, under cover of the fallen trees dotted in the track of the storm, had crossed the glade to right or left, and were stealing through the wood to take the defenders in the rear.

Not a word passed between Rob and his Mohawk friend. Each was alert and ready. If Deerfoot knew better the ways of the red man, Rob was his equal in native courage, and had not been for nothing Lone Pete's pupil in the woods.

Rob glanced at his watch.

"Time's up, Deerfoot. Lead the way."

Crawling as the others had done towards the alder bush, the Mohawk disappeared without a sound. Rob followed him closely, and in a few seconds both were running at full speed through the wood, Rob finding it difficult to keep up with the other, who, nevertheless, bent almost double as he traced the trail of the trapper and the wounded man.

In spite of their five minutes' start, the forms of the two leading fugitives were soon descried among the trees. Pete was half-supporting, half-dragging the other man.

"Good. I said five," remarked the trapper, as Rob and the Mohawk came up with him. "We may cheat 'em yet. Deerfoot, take my gun and Rob's."

Signing to Rob to lift the wounded man's legs, he caught him beneath the arms, and pushed forward more rapidly through the wood, the Mohawk with the three guns bringing up the rear. They had gone but a few paces when a shrill yell behind announced that the flight had been discovered.

"'Tis desp'rate shaky to the bones," said Pete grimly, "and I'm main sorry for it, stranger; but thar ain't no common sense in goin' easy when thar's scalp-hunters have got their fingers in your hair."

The only answer was a groan. So they stumbled on for another two or three hundred yards, Deerfoot every now and then glancing back to see if the enemy had come into view. All was again silent. To find the trail would be the work of an instant, and all four fugitives knew that behind them, somewhere among the trees, the ruthless Abenakis were coming swiftly in pursuit.

"Knowed I was right," exclaimed Pete at last. They had emerged almost suddenly on a flat expanse thinly covered with reeds—a stretch of marshland draining into Lake George, but at this time dried up by

the heat of summer. It was less than half a mile across, and midway rose a steep grassy mound, some twenty feet above the flat, forming in the rainy season a little island in the midst of the swamp. Pete stopped and lowered his burden gently to the ground.

"Stranger, thar's your fort," he whispered. "Run or crawl. Do your best, we'll do ourn. Win to the top of yon promontory, and you'll be safe, leastways for a time."

The man staggered forward, half-dazed, but alive to the necessities of the moment. Taking his musket from Deerfoot's hand, Pete signed to the boys to seek cover among the osiers fringing the marsh. Here they would be secure from the observation of the enemy until these had come within a comparatively short range. Only a few seconds after they had posted themselves a dusky form emerged from the trees and looked cautiously around. He was in a moment joined by a second and a third; and, peering through the rushes, the fugitives saw more of the enemy at some distance to the right and left.

Mute signals passed between the three parties of Abenakis. One man in the centre, apparently the leader, extended his hand towards the fringe of osiers, pointing by accident exactly at the spot where the trapper lay. Pete glanced at Deerfoot to make sure that the young Mohawk's plume was not in sight. Deerfoot caught his look, and for a moment his grave features relaxed in a smile, as if to say: "Be at ease; a Mohawk is a match in wariness for any Abenaki."

The enemy halted for a few moments at the edge of the wood, suspecting an ambuscade in the osiers. Their quarry, meanwhile, the man they had pursued and wounded, was making the best of his painful way to the hillock. One of the Abenakis, more venturesome than the rest, in his eagerness stepped out from among the trees and tried a long shot at the fugitive. But the smoke had hardly cleared away when he fell like a log; Pete's musket had made account of him and his rashness. His companions instantly darted back within the shelter of the trees, and the hidden three saw them flitting from trunk to trunk, some going to the left, others to the right, in pursuance of their plan of enveloping the little party.

Lone Pete glanced over his shoulder anxiously, measuring the

progress of the wounded stranger. He had now covered half the distance to the grassy eminence, and was still in full view of his pursuers though, as the futile shot of the Abenaki proved, he was beyond range of their muskets. To all seeming, Pete was as cool and unperturbed as though engaged in no more dangerous occupation than rabbit-shooting; in reality he was calculating to a nicety, with real anxiety, the chances of one of the most difficult situations in which, practised woodsman as he was, he had ever been placed. At any moment the wings of the attacking party might break from the forest above and below, and then he, with his two companions, would certainly be cut off before they could join the stranger on the mound. On the other hand, if they left the security of the osiers too soon, they must overtake the fugitive while he was still at some distance from the mound; then, burdened by the disabled man, they must immediately be surrounded before they could gain such shelter as the hillock afforded. Rob indeed, for his part, wondered what object the trapper could have in making for a bare eminence, exposed on all sides to attack; but he had such faith in the wisdom and experience of his old friend that he did not worry about seeking a solution to what puzzled him, content to wait for the word which, he knew well, would indicate the best, the only course.

The waiting was not long. All at once Pete began to crawl backwards with infinite caution towards the further border of the osier bed, Rob and the Mohawk keeping pace with him. A moment's pause; then, at a sign from Pete, all three rose to their feet, turned about, and dashed at their topmost speed towards the grassy knoll. The wounded man, labouring and far spent, had just reached the base of the acclivity when the three came up with him. They carried him bodily with a rush up the slope, and had barely topped the crest when a chorus of yells broke out behind them, and the crack of a dozen muskets, discharged almost simultaneously, cut the air.

Pete gave a little chuckle, and Rob understood at a glance why the trapper had chosen this spot for their stand. The summit was about thirty yards across, but, as is frequently the case with isolated hillocks of this kind, it dipped somewhat deeply in the centre, forming a kind of cup.

A Dash for Safety

" Now, stranger," said Pete, when they reached the top, " lay down in this hollow; you'll be as safe thar as in your bed. Duck a bit, Rob; you bein' so well growed your head 's above the skyline, and one of they venturesome varmints may get your range. Deerfoot, my son, I speak to you as man to man, knowin' you well enough to be sure you'll act accordin'. You're the spryest of us, 'cos 'tis your nature. Fort Edward, thar 's no need to tell you, is ten mile or so away : are you ready to go and bring help ? "

The Indian gravely nodded in assent, his fine face absolutely inexpressive.

" Now, Rob, what did I tell you ? " broke in Pete. The boy was walking towards the edge of the mound.

" Well, to please you, Pete," he said, smiling as he dropped on all fours. " But you needn't be uneasy. Look ! "

More cautious than his young companion, Pete crawled up the slope and peeped over.

" That's sense ! " he ejaculated, with a quiet chuckle.

The Indians, who had entered the osier bed in pursuit of the fugitives, had halted when they came to the edge and were now scuttling back to cover. They recognized from the sudden disappearance of their quarry that they had been outwitted, and knew full well that before they could reach the top of the mound some of their number must fall to the muskets of determined men so strongly posted.

As they disappeared, Pete took a long shot at the rearmost, just as he was entering the sedge.

" 'Tis against common sense, not to say argyment, to waste good powder and shot," he remarked, when he saw the bullet fall short : " and in a general way I'd be the last to do it; but they reptiles understand the bark of a musket better 'n most ways of speechifyin', and I reckon 'twill keep 'em quiet, long enough for us to do a bit of consideration."

Pete had a trick of ending his little speeches now and then with a long word, which seemed to stretch beyond its natural length through his very precise and deliberate manner of utterance.

" Now, my son," he went on, turning to Deerfoot, " you are goin'

to make tracks for Edward. I will take charge of your gun. For why? 'Cos 't'ud only get in the way of your shanks, and thar's no time to undo tangles. 'Tis to be the hardest bit o' runnin' ever you did in your born days, and you must start at once, afore they varmints yonder make a ring o' roses round this promontory."

The Mohawk laid down his musket, saw that the fastenings of his moccasins were in order, and rose to his feet.

"And though I guess 'twill give a pang to your feelin's, I'll ax you to leave your feather too. 'Tis like axin' Minna Koop to go to chapel o' Sundays without her best flappers, but I know you'll do what I ax you, Deerfoot, special as you've got a sort of notion, I reckon, of my reason for wantin' the bit of ornamentation."

There was, in truth, a hint of reluctance in Deerfoot's manner as he slowly removed the drooping plume from his scalp-tuft. He handed it to Pete, addressed a guttural word of farewell in his own tongue to Rob; then, crawling to the further edge of the knoll, took a rapid glance at the features of the surrounding country.

The marshland extended for some distance on this side, dotted with clumps of bush, which grew more thickly as the swamp merged into forest like that which the travellers had previously traversed. The grass was parched and shrivelled by the midsummer heat, except where a narrow line of luxuriant green meandered across the plain, one of its bends approaching within a dozen yards of the foot of the mound. Though the long grass and reeds hid the water from his view, Deerfoot knew that the greenness indicated the course of a rivulet.

His inspection lasted but a moment; then he crawled for a few yards down the slope until he judged that, if he stood erect, his head would be below the level of the summit. He then rose, turned round, and, stepping cautiously backward, descended until he reached the brink of the stream, where he bent low to avoid observation by flanking parties of the Abenakis who might already be making their way round the knoll, and stepped into the water.

His movements had been watched by the two above, stretched on their faces. Pete gave a grunt of satisfaction.

"Trust a Injun for 'cuteness," he said to Rob; "if the varmints

come on his tracks, which is as sure as to-morrow's sun, they'll be puzzled in their heathen minds, long enough for Deerfoot to get out o' reach. Maybe they'll think one of us has gone down to fetch water, and afore they find out their mistake the boy 'll have got too fur for any of them Abenakis to run him down."

"D'you think we'd better get some water for the stranger?" asked Rob. The wounded man had lain during these few minutes motionless in the spot where Pete had placed him.

"Not by no manner of means, though I declar' I'd well-nigh forgot the critter. Give him a drop out of this gourd of mine, lad, and look to his hurt, while I keep an eye liftin' around for the Injuns."

Rob went to the man. He was lying on his side, his eyes closed.

"Take a sip of this, stranger," said Rob, putting the gourd to his lips.

The man opened his eyes, gulped a mouthful of the spruce beer,

and groaned. Rob saw that his head was covered with blood, and, lifting his matted hair with careful fingers, discovered an ugly scalp wound. But the man was in no apparent danger, and it seemed to Rob that his exhaustion must be due rather to the chase than to his injury. To dress the wound was impossible without water, and the boy went back to Pete and asked again whether he should run down the slope and moisten his handkerchief at the stream.

"No," replied the trapper decisively. "'Tis onsafe. I caught a glimpse of a redskin in among the trees yonder. The critter must bide. Has he got his senses?"

"I think so, though he didn't speak."

"Well, he must do something to lend a hand in this defence. He's too shaky, I reckon, to shoulder a musket, but he can load 'em when the shootin' begins. Tell him to crawl up here. He can load mine while I'm firing Deerfoot's, and t'otherways about."

"Have you seen any more of Deerfoot?"

"Not a bit. He's gone along the bed o' the stream, and by this time is safe in the woods. Inside of three hours we ought to get help from Edward. The question is, whether we can hold on here till the reinforcements come up."

"We'll do our best, Pete. There they are, look!"

He pointed to the woods south of the mound, towards the spot where the Mohawk had disappeared. Several dusky forms were skirmishing stealthily among the trees.

"I see the reptiles. Go to t'other side, Rob boy, and keep a sharp eye on them osier patches. They won't all be on this side, you may be sure; and send up the stranger."

Rob hastened away. In response to his message, the wounded man crawled towards Pete. None of the Abenakis were visible from the northern edge of the mound, and Rob, glancing back to see whether the stranger had done his bidding, saw why the trapper had asked the Indian to leave his feather behind him. Pete had stuck it in the muzzle of his musket, which he was holding so that it rose an inch or two above the crest of the hillock. Unless the enemy had already discovered the truth, they would suppose that the Mohawk was still with the

party. Rob was smiling at the ruse when a shot from the neighbourhood of the rivulet, the most accessible side of the mound, caused the feather to quiver in the still air.

"Thar's a good shot among 'em, that's clear," the trapper called softly to Rob; "and I reckon they think our Mohawk friend is a poor hand at the game to show his topknot like this. 'Tis like ticklin' trout, for sure. Let's give 'em another enticement."

He gently raised the musket until the feather projected slightly from the grassy level. But this time no shot followed the movement. All was silent. There was not so much breeze as even to set the osier reeds a-rustling. Pete looked almost shamefaced as he lowered his weapon.

"That's bad," he muttered, "'tarnal bad. Thar's more 'n ticklin' for some afore sundown, and what beats me through it all is, where on airth have I seen this stranger previous?"

II

Meanwhile, what of Deerfoot?

For half a mile or more the young Mohawk followed the course of the rivulet, although its direction scarcely favoured his mission. The little stream took its rise in a spur of the rugged hills between Lake Champlain and the Hudson, and to ascend it carried the runner many points out of his straight course. But it was important to conceal his tracks until all danger of immediate pursuit was passed, even though his pace was retarded by the care he took to avoid a splash that might bring the enemy upon his heels.

As soon, however, as he reached the shelter of the woods, he quitted the stream at a stony portion of its bank where his soft moccasins left no trace that would not soon be evaporated by the summer heat, and broke into a long, loping stride that carried him over the ground at the speed of a racer. Moving, it would seem, rather by the instinct of locality than by observation, he held his course almost in a bee-line through all the changing features of the rough country-side. Up hill and down dale, through spurs of the forest, across natural clearings, over little hill streams, many of them almost dry in this season of

torrid heat, he pounded along almost without a break in his gait. He had the surefootedness of a mountain goat, and the lightsomeness of an antelope; and his spare, sinewy form moved with the easy grace of a woodland creature.

Nearly twelve miles of rugged country lay between the mound where he had left his comrades in peril and his goal, and in these twelve miles there were two large bends of the Hudson river. A less enduring runner might have chosen to take the rough but practicable road that had been made for the passage of troops between the Forts Edward and William Henry, but this would have involved a détour of almost three miles from the direct line, and, in addition, there was the risk of meeting roving parties of hostile Indians. He knew that Montcalm, the French commander-in-chief in Canada, was leading an expedition against William Henry; the shots he had heard earlier in the day denoted probably the opening of the siege; and it was likely that the party of Abenakis recently encountered was only one of many bands of the Frenchman's native levies, which, little amenable to discipline, were ever ready to make raids upon their own account, and snatch scalps to prove their prowess when they returned to their wigwams in the north and west.

Coming by and by to the bank of the Hudson, Deerfoot fell on his knees, gulped a few mouthfuls of water, and plunged boldly in. The current flowed swiftly, but the Indian was as strong a swimmer as he had proved himself a fleet runner. He made no attempt to breast the stream, for its course was in some measure his own. Touching shore far down on the opposite side, he rose to his feet and sprang up the bank; but the exertions he had already made were telling upon his youthful frame; his breath came in gasps, his pace was less even, his gait more laboured, though his speed was as yet no whit slackened.

At last, coming to another bend in the river, he saw in midstream the island on which barracks had been erected for the British soldiers, and beyond, on the further bank, the ramparts and bastions of Fort Edward. He knew that, to reach the only direct entrance to the fort, he would have to make a long détour and cross by the bridge of boats. His eagerness could not brook such a delay. He plunged into the river.

A shout from the barracks greeted him as he rose to the surface. He was for making past the head of the island and swimming on to the further bank; but a redcoat cried that he would shoot if he did not instantly turn his head towards the shore. In a few moments, gasping, utterly spent, he was stumbling up the bank, stretching forth his hands to the soldier as if in mute appeal. Other soldiers joined the first.

"What be it, Injun? Where be coom from?" said one, haled from far-off Devonshire in the service of his King.

"The chief!—Yengeese chief!" gasped Deerfoot.

"He means the General," said a soldier in the uniform of the Jersey Blues. "Put him in a canoe, Giles; we'll row him to the fort."

A few minutes later they were admitted to the busy enclosure. The news of the arrival of an Indian runner had already been carried to General Webb, and he stood awaiting the messenger among a group of his officers.

Deerfoot's trembling limbs gave way at last when he stood before the General. Falling to the ground, he told his story in tones so low that the Englishman had to bend towards him to catch his words. His stock of English was scanty, and his distress was pitiful to witness as he strove with his weakness and his limited power of expression. But, eking out his vocabulary with emphasis and gesture, he succeeded in making his meaning clear, and when he had finished he closed his eyes and lay like a tired dog at the General's feet.

"Give him a mouthful of cordial," said Webb, turning to one of his officers. "I don't see what we can do for them," he added, with a perturbed air. "In an hour or so it will be dark. 'Twould be merely sending men into a trap to attempt to bring them off. Besides, he may be a decoy. We know too much of their tricks already. Does any one know the fellow?"

"That do I," cried a voice from the crowd of colonial volunteers, who, with a freedom unknown in the regular army, had gathered round. "He's Deerfoot, sure enough, and a decent lad."

"Ay, and bosom friend of young Rob Somers," said another. "'Tis a desperate fix for old Geordie's son to be in." Mr. Somers was well known and respected throughout the New England Colonies.

Webb looked still more worried: his manner suggested a hope that his suspicion of a trick might excuse him from further action. Hesitancy was his besetting sin, and already there was much murmuring among the colonial portion of his force at his delay in moving up to the support of the gallant Monro in William Henry.

"Mark you," said the General to the officer next him, "the place where they are said to be surrounded is closer to the French camp than to us: and I'd give long odds the twenty or thirty redskins who 're attacking 'em have now been reinforced by hundreds more. The woods are simply swarming with the reptiles, and the sound of firing will of a surety have brought 'em up from all points of the compass. 'Tis not in accordance with my duty to risk the lives of good men in a wild-goose chase. I can't ask the regulars to do it——"

"Some of us would do it without asking, sir," interrupted the officer.

"Can't allow it, Gadsby, can't allow it: and what I can't ask the regulars to do I won't ask the rangers."

"'Tis Somers's boy, sir; one would stretch a point for the old man's sake."

"We can't lose an army for one man, Gadsby, whoever he is. Besides, the Indian says that scout fellow is with the boy: if he's as cunning as our New York friends would have us believe, he'll probably be able to slip away in the darkness if they can hold out so long. If they can't, nothing we can do will save 'em. No: I'm sorry for 'em, and there's an end. Look after the boy, Gadsby; we'll give him a trinket or two, and he'll be perfectly happy."

Thus dismissing the matter he was about to return to his quarters when Deerfoot sprang to his feet and confronted the General.

"White man say no help white brother?" he asked, his voice resonant with emotion.

"The General says no," said Colonel Gadsby gently, Webb appearing too much surprised to speak.

"Deerfoot hears the evil bird scream," said the Indian. "Deerfoot goes into the black cloud."

And, turning on his heel, he made towards the gate by which he had entered.

" What does the fellow mean? " asked the amazed General.

" Says he don't think much of your decision, General," replied the blunt New Yorker who had already spoken; " and if you won't do nothing, he's going back to die with his friends."

" He's mad," ejaculated Webb. " Stop him, some one."

Deerfoot, as though he had gained new strength, was already almost at the gate. Several men ran after him, and held him in spite of his struggles.

" What's this 'tarnal rumpus? " asked a man who had just come up. He was clad in the fringed hunting-frock, moccasins, and leggings of a woodsman, and carried the smooth-bore musket employed equally in hunting and in frontier warfare. " Why, bless my bones, 'tis Deerfoot! Hands off, comrades: Deerfoot's a friend of mine, and I'll have a little converse with him."

Deerfoot turned eagerly at the hard drawling voice, and his eyes lit up as they fell on the gigantic frontiersman. Caleb Blodget was a

stalwart New Hampshireman, standing six feet two in his socks, and well known from Boston to Philadelphia as one of the wariest and doughtiest of the rangers who, under the orders of the adventurous Major Robert Rogers, performed prodigies of hardihood in scouting and reconnoitring. Speaking in the Mohawk tongue, Blodget obtained in a few seconds the gist of the eager lad's story. Then, bidding Deerfoot wait, he strode off towards the General.

" See here, General," he said, with the blunt, bluff freedom of address common to the sturdy backwoodsmen and not a little resented by the officers of the regular forces, jealous of their punctilio, " see here; this ain't oughter be. One of those white men fixed up yonder is the son of an old friend of mine—and of your army, by the token. T'other's a trapper who, more'n twenty year ago, saved my life in a tight hustle with the same murdering varmints, leastways their tribe, as be now set on lifting his scalp. 'T'ud be mortal shame to leave 'em without cocking a gun for their behoof, and, with your permission, General "—he gave a curious ironical emphasis to the word " permission "—" I'll lead a party of rangers to the rescue."

" 'Tis sheer midsummer madness, Captain Blodget," said the General, with angry impatience.

" I reckon 'tis the sort o' madness we're used to, and the redskins more so," replied Blodget grimly. " With your permission, I said, General—and by what I hear thar's no time to lose in making our toilet or such-like."

A cheer rose from the crowd. Webb's rubicund cheeks flushed a deeper shade : the indiscipline of these New Englanders was insufferable ! But he knew that the general feeling was against him; he knew too the value of the colonial soldiery; so, shrugging his shoulders and smiling without mirth, he said—

" Have your own way, then. Your own scalp is not easy to get at, at any rate."

Five minutes later, twenty men of the rangers were put across the Hudson in birch canoes, and, headed by Caleb Blodget and the young Mohawk, dashed north-westward along the trail the latter had already come. Having muskets to carry, their pace was the more easily

accommodated to the hardly recovered strength of Deerfoot. But the boy seemed to have gained new life and energy, and he bounded nimbly along, knowing that what white men could do in this errand of mercy these men, the pick of Rogers's unequalled corps, would surely do.

III

Lone Pete became more and more concerned as time passed and still the Indians he knew to be lurking in the woods gave no sign of their presence. Why did they not attack? Were they fewer in number than he had supposed, waiting until the sound of firing should have brought to their assistance such fellow-tribesmen as might be within earshot?

"If that's the case," he said to Rob, "I hope the critters 'll wait too long. When a kettle's on the bile it won't bile no more; 'twill only slop over."

But it was not Pete's way to sit down with crossed hands and blink at the sun. He went round the brow of the hillock on hands and knees, carefully scraping away with his knife a portion of the earth at various points of the irregular circle, thus enabling Rob and himself to get a better view of the Abenakis when they should appear, and to make any movement without the danger of exposing their heads above the crest. To some extent, it is true, these rough embrasures gave a mark to the Indians, but Pete had no very high opinion of Indian marksmanship in general; the man who had fired at the feather was a rare exception.

Presently Pete lay down on his face, and stared more than usually long at a spot to the south-west of the knoll, where a zigzag of rushes, saplings, and boulders would enable an approaching enemy to creep up more closely under cover than from any other quarter. He fixed his gaze upon the one spot for full five minutes before he beckoned Rob to his side.

"Cast your eye over yonder, Rob," he said quietly, "and tell me what you see."

Rob looked in the direction indicated, straining his eyes till they ached.

"I see nothing unusual," he said at length; "certainly nothing in the shape of a redskin."

"D'you see a big rock, with a young sycamore close beside it?"

"Yes, of course; 'tis quite plain."

"And a rock of goodish size, for sure?"

"Truly 'tis a pretty big one."

"Wal, it ain't. 'Tain't big, and 'tain't one, 'cos 'tis two little uns."

"Maybe you're right, but they're so precious close together that they might just as well be one."

"Ah, my lad, you'll larn better 'n to talk such nonsense when you're as old as me. Thar's room atween them two rocks for a Injun, leastways a bit of one, and if you look a little more careful you'll see the varmint thar—almost the colour of the rocks, to be sure, but a separate critter all the same."

Rob bent his eyes once more in careful scrutiny on the spot.

"Wish I'd your eyes, Pete. You're right; I see him now. Sure enough, there's something brown, a different colour from the rocks, wedged between 'em; but if 'tis an Indian, it must be a small part of him, and where's the rest?"

"I guess he's curled himself up like the reptile he is. And what for?—that's the p'int. He can't use his gun while he's stuck in the cranny, and if he moves out—wal, my boy, 'tis a goodish range, but I reckon he wouldn't move in again. 'Tis time for a little more trout ticklin'. Hand me your fuzee, lad. I'll just fix the Injun's feather in the muzzle, and when I give the word, you lift it tenderlike above this parapet of ourn."

The trapper transferred the feather from his own musket to Rob's, then again lay flat, covering the suspected position. At Pete's signal, Rob gently raised the feather a few inches above the crest, as he had seen his friend do previously. Immediately afterwards there was a movement of the darker brown between the two rocks, and Pete saw a musket barrel slowly elevated from the short grass in front of them.

The two weapons spoke almost at the same instant. A thin shower

of blue earth bespattered the little party on the summit of the knoll, and when the smoke below floated away, the greater part of the Indian's weapon could be seen lying obliquely in front of the boulders, while, except for the brown patch that still remained between them, not a vestige of the man was visible.

"I reckon thar's no more scalp-huntin' for him," said Pete with a grim chuckle, as he reloaded.

"But how can you tell you hit him?" asked Rob. "He may only have dropped his musket from fright."

"Eyes war give us for use," replied the trapper. "Use yourn. Ain't thar some difference atween the rocks?"

Again Rob looked closely.

"There is!" he said after a minute. "There's a jagged edge where I first thought it was a solid rock."

"Jest so. That's where the varmint's head was. But 'tis cur'ous none of the others are in sight. What their game may be beats me holler, the sun goin' down too. If they only knowed the feather had no scalp aneath it, and the owner miles away, I reckon they'd have risked a rush afore now. They lose time, we gain it; that's ekal, with a margin on our side, but a narrow one—jest as wide as the distance atween the sun and the horizon, and, as you see, that's narrowin' every second."

With the sinking of the sun a gentle breeze sprang up from the north, tempering the sultry heat of the early evening. The three waited and watched in anxious silence. Imperceptibly, yet surely, the sun dipped towards the horizon, the sky reddened, and a rosy glow lent romantic softness to the rugged countryside. Another half hour passed; the sun was no longer a perfect orb; and each of the men on that grassy knoll knew that, when it had wholly disappeared, darkness would swiftly follow on a brief twilight.

"They'll wait till dark, then rush us," said the trapper, his manner giving no hint of anxiety.

Rob merely nodded. He lay, propping his chin on his fists, gazing fixedly through one of the embrasures.

"What's that?" he exclaimed suddenly, raising his head with a start that exposed it for a second as a mark for the enemy.

"Down, boy!" cried Pete. "I thought as much. Wonder the varmints didn't think of it afore."

They had both noticed a thin spiral of smoke rising from among the rushes at the edge of the marsh.

"Quick's the word!" said Pete, now all activity. "Tear up the grass as fast as you can; you too, Frenchman."

All three set to work to pluck up the short dry grass within reach, Pete all the time keeping a sharp look-out around the position. When sufficient grass was collected, they plaited it together and rolled it into small bundles, placing inside them a few small stones and clods. Then Pete set light to them with flint, steel, and tinder, and threw them, burning, one after another, to windward as far as possible down the hill.

Falling twenty or thirty yards away, they set fire to the short grass on the slope of the mound. Fanned by the slight breeze, three or four rivulets of flame ran quickly up the hillside, spreading as they came through the sun-scorched herbage. Eddies of smoke curled up and floated across the mound, blinding, acrid, yet not thick enough to afford an effective screen to the Indians below.

At the top, the three men had stripped off their coats, and, as the lines of fire reached them, beat out the flames with desperate energy, without exposing themselves to the Indians, who, beyond the rushes, raised yells of rage and disappointment as they saw their plan baulked. By the time the fires they themselves had kindled reached the base of the mound, the grass above on the windward side had already been burnt, and there was nothing to feed the flames.

But though beaten out on the northern crest, the fire crept round the sides and, gathering force as it went, swept furiously down the opposite slope towards the forest. It blazed fiercely amongst the sedge bordering the marsh, licked up the bushes and saplings beyond, all parched with the summer heat, leapt the narrow stream along which Deerfoot had made his escape, and attacked with devouring fury the forest beyond. Now tall trees were in the monster's grip; columns of flame and smoke rose majestically into the air; and the watchers on the mound saw flocks of startled birds soar away, and here and there a small animal dash affrighted across the plain.

"That gives us another hour," said Pete, as he glanced with satisfaction at the result of his readiness. "If the varmints had started the fire where they had oughter, by this time we should have been either burnt out or forced to make tracks down the hill. And I bet thar's enough Injuns in the wood yonder, or was afore the fire took 'em, to make sure we never reached the bottom."

The sun had now quite vanished, his expiring glow rivalled by the conflagration. Straining his eyes into the gloaming, Rob fancied he saw the stealthy forms of Indians worming their silent way up the hillside. Once he fired.

"What now, boy?" said Pete.

"Did I hit him?" asked Rob, trembling with eagerness and nervous excitement.

"Fancies, my lad; shadders; idees of your own brain. Thar ain't

no Injuns yet. All the same, it won't be long afore the rush comes. Dark's on us. Thar ain't no real chance of escape—not for all of us: but if the Injuns wait till the dark's thick 't'ud maybe be worth your while to have a try at breakin' through. Go straight for the fire, lad. The reptiles 'll be too skeered to keep many on that side, and won't look for any mortal man to dash into the burnin' fiery furnace. You'll be safe enough. Forest fires don't burn reg'lar, and you'll find patches as the flames have left. You'll scorch your eyebrows and a bit more, but that's nothing."

"And what do you mean to do?"

"Wal, I've had a good long life—longer'n many as were my chums in the early days. Fifty years I've lived, and thirty-five on 'em a trapper. I've always had an idee I'd end up in a rumpus like this. Lone Pete they call me; and the name fits; many's the time I've bin alone in the woods with the beasts. Loneness don't skeer me. But bein' a backwoodsman, it kind o' goes against the grain to leave a poor critter to be scalped all alone." He spoke in a low voice, indicating the half-breed with a gesture. "In course, he ain't real white, nor to be considered as such; but all the same I s'pose he's got his feelin's, and thar's enough white in him to make him feel scunnered like at bein' desarted."

"Very well; I'll stay too."

"Thar's no call for you, Rob, lad. You ain't a backwoodsman, nor a trapper, nor called to act as such."

"You've done your best to make me one!"

"True, and 'tarnal proud I am as you've larned the ways of the woods so well. But you're young; you've a lot to larn yet, and a long life to do it in, so——"

"You may preach like a Quaker, Pete, but I'm not going. We're in for this together, and I won't listen to another word."

Rob gripped the trapper's hand, and felt the pressure returned. For a few moments Pete was silent and motionless, as though communing with himself, or maybe with the Almighty Power whose spirit he had often felt brooding in the mysterious stillness of the woods and waste places. Then, from a little bag hung around his neck, he took

a small, round, whitish object, Somewhat shamefacedly he held it, shining softly in the fading light, towards Rob.

" 'Tis not," he said, " what I'd call exactly common sense, but once upon a time I made a promise to use this whenever I was real downright hard-beset. And I don't see, for my life, how mortal men could be harder beset than we are now."

And he dropped the silver bullet into the barrel of his musket, and rammed it home.

" Look, Pete ! " said Rob, laying his hand on the trapper's sleeve.

The darkness clung about them, yet not so deep as to blot out the three figures that stood just without the fringe of trees to the north, engaged in conversation. After a few moments they parted, one going to the right, another to the left, leaving the third, a tall straight form, standing like a pillar and facing the mound.

" They've gone to fetch up the rest," said Pete quietly, cocking his musket. " The range is long, but——"

He lay on his face, and for a few seconds Rob held his breath. Then the musket spoke, speeding the silver bullet on its way. The smoke shut the Indians from sight. A long-drawn howl came from the wood, and, the smoke lifting on the breeze, Rob saw the warrior prone on his back, and a crowd of his comrades springing from the trees, leaping over the grass towards the mound, filling the air with their blood-curdling war-cry.

" Hold your fire, lad," said Pete, ramming another charge into his still smoking musket. " Wait till they are half-way up."

The Indians came on with the speed of a whirlwind. Nothing, it seemed to Rob straining his eyes in the gloaming, could stop the rush of the two-score yelling red men closing in upon the mound. Two or three were partly up the slope, the rest only a few yards behind, Rob's finger was about to press the trigger, when a scattering volley flashed from the sedge to the right below the mound, the air rang with the shout of white men, and a young Indian came bounding up the slope and fell panting and exhausted at the summit. There were gaps in the band of red warriors; dazed by the sudden attack, those who had not fallen wavered while one might count ten. Then, catching sight of

a dozen sturdy rangers dashing towards them, with a gigantic form at their head, the Abenakis turned tail and ran for their lives.

Only one seemed untouched by the panic. He stood, a solitary figure, facing the mound. Rob in his excitement had risen to his feet, and stood clear against the dying glow of the forest fire behind. Suddenly he felt a fiery pang tear through his shoulder. He staggered, his knees gave way, and he fell into the arms of Deerfoot. The Indian who had aimed so well shouted as he saw the effect of his shot, then bounded away into the darkness after his companions, untouched by the bullets of Pete and the rangers.

"Jest in time, my son," said Pete, looking up from his task of stanching Rob's wound as Caleb Blodget stalked over the crest; "another minute, and they'd have had our scalps."

"Ay, 'twas a close call, Pete, and we'd have been here afore 'cept for that blaze. I guess they tried to smoke you out! We had to go round about, which was lucky after all, 'cos it brought us on their flank, and the reptiles were too set on scalpin' you to notice us. Is the boy hurt bad?"

"Not so bad but what we can mend him."

"That's well, 'special for his old dad's sake. Well, I've paid you back, Pete. Always said I would. It has took me twenty year—twenty year I owe to you. I said I'd pay you back, and you can't deny as I've done it."

From *Rob the Ranger*

SCIENTIFIC DECEPTIONS

OR HOW OUR SENSES TREAT US

BY
V·E·JOHNSON·M·A

By our senses of sight, of hearing, of touch, of smell, and of taste we acquire our knowledge of all things external to us.

Of these five organs or senses that of sight is the most remarkable and the most important. The information afforded us by our other senses is comparatively limited. Touch and taste extend no further than the surface of our bodies. Our sense of smell is exercised only within a very narrow sphere. There are wild animals which can scent a man a mile or more off "down the wind." A white man could not scent a black man at even a small fraction of this distance—nor a black a white. Our sense of hearing is limited to the roll of thunder, or the crack of a gun. But the range of observation enjoyed by the eye is boundless, beholding as it does not only the other members of our own planetary system but of other systems of worlds infinitely removed.

As the eye is the most wonderful of our sense organs—the most marvellous in its exquisite and delicate mechanism and adaptation of means to an end—so it is in some respects the most imperfect and the most easily deceived. There is an old saying that "seeing is believing." Under certain conditions no saying could be more inaccurate. All our senses are constantly deceiving us if the conditions be such as to favour such decptions.

I propose in this article to deal with a number of such deceptions, experiments which can easily be performed by any one—experiments which *should* be so performed. There is an old saying that "he who thinks he cannot make any mistakes seldom makes anything else." Similarly, a person who thinks he cannot be deceived, is the person above all others most likely to be so.

Provide three basins of water : one hot, one cold, and one lukewarm. Place one hand in the hot water and one hand in the cold. After a lapse of half a minute to a minute dip both of them in the basin of lukewarm water. To the warmed hand the lukewarm water appears cold, but to the cooled hand it appears hot. The deception, so far as the person's estimate of temperature is concerned, is perfect.

Immerse the middle finger, say, of one hand in water at 106° F., and then plunge the whole of the other hand into water at 104° F. Although the latter is really two degrees colder than the former, it will be judged to be the warmer of the two; the intensity of the sensation of temperature depending not only on the relative degree of heat to which the parts of the body are exposed, but also to the extent of surface over which it is applied; it is from this cause that a hot bath which may appear none too warm when a few fingers are dipped in it seems scalding hot when a considerable portion of the body is immersed.

Our sense of touch, so far as temperature is concerned, is also equally faulty when required to ascertain which is the warmer of two substances, say a piece of wood and a piece of marble. Suppose the temperature the same, then the marble will feel the colder of the two because of its being a far better conductor of heat than the wood. Heat is thereby abstracted from the hand, and a corresponding feeling of cold produced.

Our sense of touch enables us, however, easily to distinguish between a slight difference of temperature when the different bodies are of the same material. The following is a very simple but very amusing experiment founded on this fact. The experimentalist, having placed his hat behind him, requests those present to place in it three or four pennies. The pennies are then shaken up in the hat; and he then asks some one to pick out one of the pennies and closely examine it. This person is requested to pass it on to the others, all of whom examine

it in turn, and the coin is finally pitched back into the hat, and the pennies are shaken up. The performer now places one of his hands behind him and picks out the penny which has been examined, although he has never seen it throughout the whole operation. Nor is there any confederacy. The penny, in being handled, has been slightly warmed, and the performer's sense of touch is sufficiently delicate to pick it out from the rest.

When we come to great extremes of heat and cold, our sense of touch utterly fails us. Frozen mercury, or carbonic acid snow, produces a burning sensation exactly similar to that produced by a bar of red hot metal.

A very curious and interesting experiment is the following: if we have two bodies of the same weight, but one hot and the other cold, the colder body will feel the heavier of the two. Possibly the cold body produces a slight numbing of the nerves and muscles, and the hot body a slight stimulating effect sufficient to produce this curious sensation. Dip a finger into a cup of mercury; there is a sensation of pressure only at the point where the pressure ceases, that is at the surface of the mercury. Move the finger up and down in the mercury, the sensation is exactly similar to that when a ring is moved up and down the finger. Cross the index and middle finger and run them over a marble on the table—with your eyes shut. It is extremely difficult to rid yourself of the idea that there are two marbles instead of one. The reason is because under ordinary circumstances the outer surface of the index finger and the inner one of the middle finger do not touch the same object, and experience has taught us that when these two surfaces are touched, there are two objects and not one.

An extremely interesting experiment is to take a pair of compasses (both legs having sharp points) and to prick (not sufficiently to draw blood, of course) the body of a blindfolded person and ask him to determine the smallest distance apart of the two points when the two pricks feel as two distinct pricks and not as one. On the point of the tongue this will be found to be about the one-twenty-second of an inch; back of the foot, nine-elevenths of an inch, and the skin over the spine, fifteenth-elevenths, etc.

Of all our senses the sense of taste is most dependent on assistance derived from the other senses. Blindfold a person and hold by means of a suitable spring clip his nostrils firmly; it will then be impossible for him to distinguish between the sensation produced by applying an apple or an onion to his tongue. He will be quite unable to distinguish between the taste of various meats such as beef, mutton, etc., or various puddings, jams, etc., etc. Many amusing experiments of this nature can easily be devised. A person smoking under such conditions is quite unable to tell whether his pipe, etc., is alight or not; he cannot tell whether he is actually smoking or not, save by swallowing the smoke (supposing there actually to be some), and thereby producing a choking fit of coughing.

Next to the eye not one of the five senses is more easily deceived than the ear.

Let us take the case of a single echo. You are walking, say, not far from the side of a high wall or large building, listening to a military band some little distance off. The sound appears to you to come from the wall or building, and you naturally look in that direction for the source of the music, whereas you ought really to have looked in a direction almost diametrically opposite. The deception is, of course, caused by the reflection of the sound from the wall or building, being precisely similar to the case of reflection of light from a mirror.

Blindfold a person and make a clicking or similar noise in different positions about his head. The blindfolded person cannot by any means always tell whence the clicking noise comes. Imagine a medial vertical plane passing through the centre of the forehead, nose, mouth, chin, etc., to divide the head into two symmetrical portions. All sounds produced in such a medial plane (or as the distance from the head increases within a certain angular distance of this plane) are apt to deceive, the person thinking the sound to be in front of him when it is really behind and vice versa. Similarly for above and below.

In judging of the distance of a sounding body we depend solely on the intensity of the sound. In this matter of distance it is very easy to see that the ear may readily be deceived, and the impression of a loud sound at a distance will be conveyed to the mind by a more or less

faint and possibly smothered sound close at hand. The highest stage of deception of this kind is reached in the art of ventriloquism, with which we are all of us familiar.

It is the aim of the ventriloquist to imitate as closely as possible every variety of sound as it reaches the ear, i.e. so regulating the different intensity of sound produced by him as to produce the idea of varying distance as well as any requisite individuality of sound. This deception is further assisted by suitable actions on his part. When imitating a man on the roof he naturally looks upwards; when a man in a well, downwards, and so on.

Last, but by no means least, we have deceptions in which our eyes play us false, i.e. optical illusions. From the earliest times such illusions have been part, and very often the chief part, of the stock-in-trade of the deceivers of mankind. In ancient times they were very often powerful instruments in the hands of the ruling classes for the overawing of the masses, who at times seemed incapable of being impressed by anything that did not appear to them—in their ignorance—to be supernatural. Now such illusions serve only for instruction and amusement. Let us take very briefly a few such simple cases.

Make two pin-holes in a piece of cardboard, the distance between them being not less than the diameter of the pupil of the eye. Hold a small object, a pin's head, not far from the eye and view it through the two pin-holes. Two pin-head images will be seen instead of one.

But few persons are aware that when they look with one eye there is some particular object before them to which they are absolutely blind. Place two small coloured disks or wafers upon a sheet of white paper at the distance of three inches apart and look at the left-hand wafer with the right eye at a distance of about a foot or slightly under, taking care to keep the eye straight above or in front of the wafer, and the line which joins the eyes parallel to the line joining the wafers. When this is done and the left eye closed, the right-hand wafer will no longer be visible. The same effect will be produced if we close the right eye and look at the right-hand wafer with the left eye. If we use a candle instead of a wafer, a faint, cloudy light is seen.

Put a little piece of white paper on a largish piece of green cloth,

and within three or four inches of it a narrow strip of white paper. At a distance of twelve or eighteen inches, fix one eye steadily upon the little bit of white paper and in a short time a part or even the whole of the strip of white paper will vanish as if it had been removed from the cloth. It will again reappear and again vanish, the effect depending greatly on the steadiness with which the gaze is maintained. This interesting experiment shows us how easy it is for the eye, when steadily occupied in viewing any particular object, to suddenly lose sight of or become blind to objects seen indirectly or upon which it is not fully directed. This illusion takes place whether we use one or both eyes.

If we gaze steadily at a letter, say a T, red in colour on a blue ground, and then gaze on a white surface, such as the ceiling, an image phantom-like in complementary colours will appear on the ceiling; namely, a bluish-green T on a yellow ground. Many such experiments can be made. Suppose we are so fortunate as to possess a carpet composed of two single patterns of different colours, one *red* and the other *green*, say. Let us direct our minds especially to the contemplation of the red one. The green pattern (the complementary colour) will sometimes vanish utterly, leaving the red alone visible, and by a similar process the red one may be made to disappear. The two patterns can, of course, be seen together, but if the very same portion of the retina is excited by the direct rays of an external object, when it is at the same time excited by a mental impression, it can no more see them both than a vibrating string can give out two different fundamental sounds simultaneously.

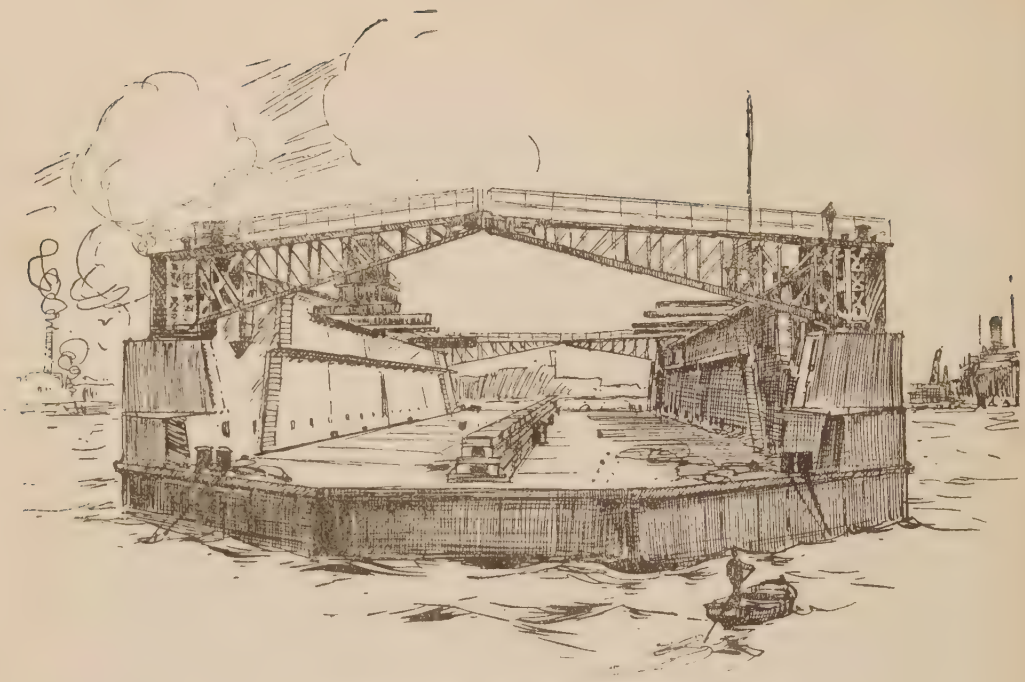
FLOATING DOCKS

By FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A.

One of the most remarkable and interesting developments of the shipbuilder's craft in recent years is the floating dock, which now bids fair, if not altogether to oust the graving or land dock, at all events to supplant the latter in many of the functions which hitherto it has discharged. Briefly, the distinction between the two kinds of dock is that whereas the graving dock is of fixed dimensions and position, the floating dock is mobile and capable of expansion to meet varied requirements. There are other differences, as will be seen, all of them in favour of the floating dock, but these are the main points of distinction. The graving dock is, as it were, a landward cavity from which the water can be expelled, so as to leave bare the ship introduced into it; whereas the floating dock is a sea-going contrivance by means of which a ship can be lifted clean out of the water.

It was only as recently as the latter half of the last century that the construction of floating docks began to receive scientific attention. The original floating docks in use consisted either of condemned hulls of old ships, into which a double bottom had been fitted, or simple rectangular wooden pontoons, fitted with sides like railings, of which the lifting power and accommodation were necessarily limited.

Small improvements were made from time to time, but in 1875 the final incentive to improvement arose out of the necessity of dealing with the circular Russian ironclads which were built about that time. These were considerably over 100 feet in diameter, so that naturally no dry docks in existence could accommodate them. It would, of course, have been possible to construct suitable dry docks, but only at enormous expense, and with the serious disadvantages of excessive and unwieldy gates. To cope with the difficulty a floating dock, known as a depositing dock, was designed by Mr. John Standfield, of the firm



GENERAL VIEW OF A FLOATING DOCK

of Messrs. Clark & Standfield, the specialists in this form of naval architecture. The value of this innovation was such that from the original design developments were rapidly made, and at the present time there are several types of floating dock in use.

Speaking very generally, for descriptive purposes, a floating dock is shaped like an ordinary land dock except that it has open ends, whereas a graving dock is permanently closed at one end and has a gate or gates at the other. Its fundamental principle, no matter to what type it belongs, is that it can be submerged below the surface of the water to a depth corresponding with the draught (i. e. depth from water-line to keel) of the ship to be docked. The ship having been warped into position between the enclosing walls, the sunken dock is made to rise, lifting with it the ship.

The submersible qualities of a floating dock are derived from the method of construction adopted in building up the pontoon, as the floor portion is called. This is divided up into a number of hollow compartments, into which and from which water can be admitted and expelled at will. The admission of water by the simple process of

opening valves causes the dock to sink; the expulsion of water by pumps causes the buoyant structure to rise. The various water-tight compartments, moreover, are separately under control, so that, not only can the degree of submersion be regulated, but, by simple manipulation, a tendency to tilt on the part of the dock, owing to uneven distribution of weight or other causes, can be remedied or an intentional tilt imparted. All that is necessary is to flood certain compartments and leave others empty.

The process of raising a ship in a floating dock is as simple as it is expeditious. The dock having been sunk to a suitable depth the waiting ship is moved into it by warps and capstans placed on the top of the dock walls. At the entrance of the dock great rollers are fixed vertically, so that, should the vessel happen to touch the sides, these fend her off without retarding her motion inwards. Directly the ship is inside it becomes necessary to "centre" her accurately, so that she will settle exactly in the middle as the dock is raised. This is done by means of telescopic "side shores" which project from the walls of the dock close to the top. These shores are massive baulks of timber marked in spaces of six inches. They are moved in and out from the walls by means of ordinary bevel gearing and a rack and pinion, just as the front of a photographic camera is moved in and out by a screw when it is desired to focus an object. The beam of the ship being known, these six-inch divisions enable the operator to decide when she is centred, and as soon as that is arranged the pumps are set to work to discharge the water in the various sections. Ship and dock then begin to rise together. Bilge blocks are rapidly inserted under the vessel's bottom and sides by means of tackle, and as soon as she is free from the water everything is secured and work may be begun.

The pumps for discharging the water are usually of the ordinary centrifugal type; they are in the bottom of the dock walls, and are worked by means of shafting from the steam engines in the little houses which are placed on the top of the dock walls. In some cases electric power is used, and, indeed, this is very common, as most ports and harbours have a central generating station, and the current supplied may be led by means of flexible cables to the dock. The little houses

referred to also contain the mechanism for opening and closing the valves in the compartments forming the pontoon. The centre house on the dock wall usually contains the valve control, and in it is a plan of the dock on which each section is depicted in a different colour. Ranged round the room are a great number of large wheels, each precisely like the steering wheel of a ship, and these are painted in colours to correspond with those on the plan, so that no confusion can possibly exist when a valve is to be opened to admit water. For instance, if it is desired to fill the section indicated in red on the plan, the red wheel is actuated. Under the eye of the operator there is fixed a spirit level, so that at a glance he can see whether the dock is sinking or rising perfectly plumb, and if there is need of correction he can effect it by attention to the wheels corresponding to the section of which the flooding or emptying will give the desired result. This extreme simplicity is very advantageous, since many floating docks have to be taken to remote parts of the world, where the labour for working them may be of the most unskilled type; in fact, in many parts, negroes without any previous training have to act as dockers.

The speed with which the whole process can be done is amazing, in comparison with an ordinary type of graving dock. In two and a half hours a 35,000 ton ship can easily be lifted, and the cost of fuel or electric power for the pumping machinery is very small, one to two tons of coal being ample to lift a 4000 ton steamer.

The vessel when in dock rests upon "keel blocks," and under her sides "bilge blocks" are placed. By means of ropes led through sheaves or pulleys to the top of the walls these bilge blocks may be moved to fit the varying shape of the ship's hull. The "keel blocks" are fixed in their steel casings, which are riveted to the floor of the dock.

The advantages of the floating dock over the land type of graving dock are enormous in every direction. Not only can the former be built very cheaply in comparison, but the actual cost can be accurately determined beforehand, which is rarely possible in the case of the latter. There are cases well known in which months of extra labour, and additional expenditure of thousands of pounds, have been made neces-

A Battleship in a Floating Dock

sary by unexpected contingencies—the discovery, for instance, of a spring or a flaw in the ground prepared for a dry dock. Numbers of lives have been lost in such cases by a sudden inrush of water or by a landslip.

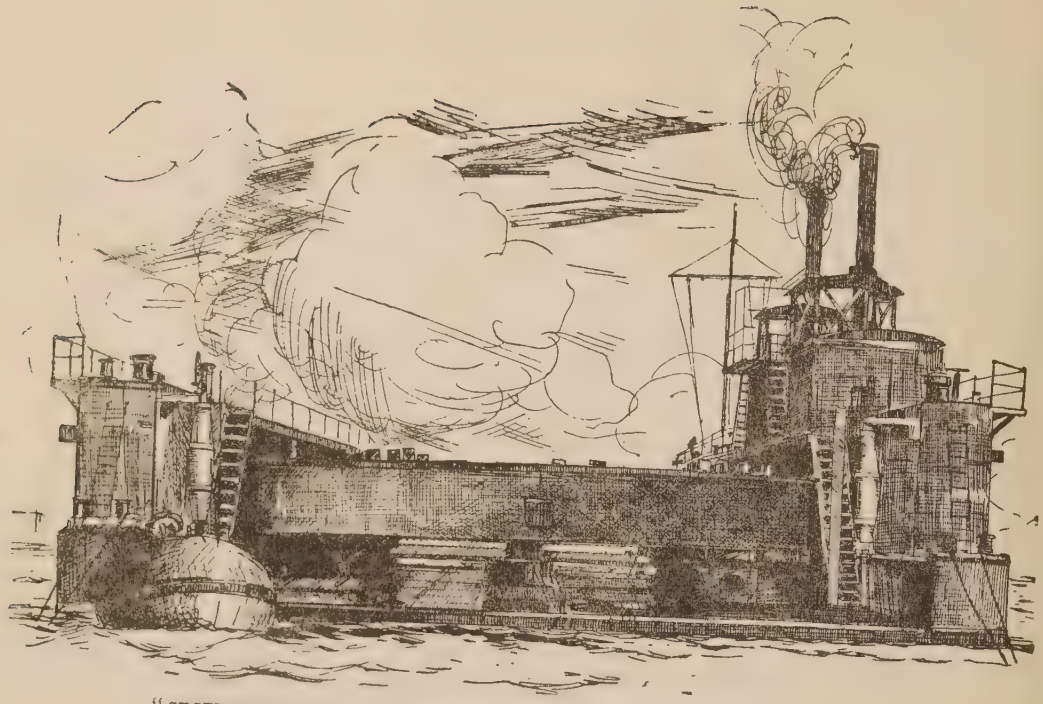
Further, most dry docks have to be built of considerable size, for they are most expensive structures, and therefore one dock has to do for many varying sizes of ships. But whether the ship be large or small, the dock has to be completely filled with water in order to admit her, and all of it has to be pumped out again at great expense before the work can be commenced. In the case of a floating dock the quantity of water used to submerge the dock is precisely in proportion to the displacement of the ship to be docked, and so there is no waste. Nor is there the leakage, which, in the case of the dry dock, with its imperfectly fitting gates, proves a serious matter, necessitating the provision of pumps in order to cope with it, and a consequent great increase to the expense of maintenance.

Perhaps the greatest superiority of the floating dock over the other kind lies in its ability to deal in emergency with vessels exceeding its normal capacity. For instance, if a ship be an inch or two longer than a dry dock, or have a draught a few inches deeper than the depth of water over the "sill" at the gate, it is absolutely precluded from entering, whereas a floating dock frequently takes ships of considerably greater length than itself, and of tonnage greater than its nominal lifting capacity.

Again, if the draught of a ship be greater than the height of water which the dock will ordinarily contain, it is usually possible to submerge the latter a foot or two in excess of the normal, or to arrange extra available depth by removing the top layer of keel blocks.

In cases of emergency with local damage, such as loss of propeller or damaged bows, if a floating dock were not powerful enough to lift the entire ship, it could be made to raise enough of the vessel's stern or bow to allow the repair to be effected. On the other hand, in the case of a graving dock, the ship would have to be docked completely and all the water expelled.

For the purpose of painting the floating dock is ideal, strange as



"SECTIONAL PONTOON," SHOWING ONE OF THE PONTOONS SELF-DOCKED

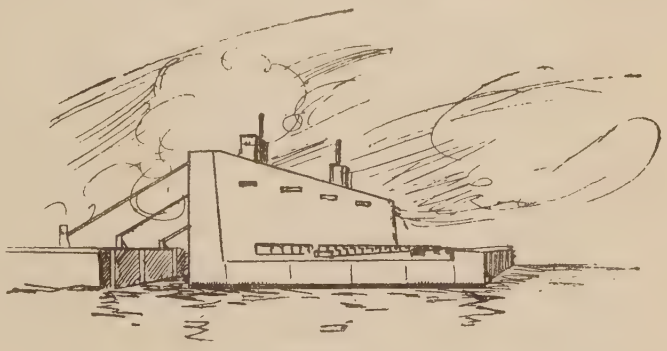
This, however, is really a simple matter, for here and there are provided large "lugs," through which a few bolts pass for securing the sections in place. These are situated outside, and, once they are accurately brought together and in register, a bolt or two will fix the structure so that all the other bolt holes throughout the structure are in line, a state of affairs difficult of achievement otherwise.

The "Sectional Pontoon" type of dock possesses precisely the same properties of self-docking, except that in this case it is only the floor or pontoon portion of the dock that can be floated out of the water, the walls remaining a continuous whole. To effect this the floor or pontoon is divided up into a number of sections, say six, lying transversely to the length of the dock, the continuous walls being built upon them: and thus it is possible to lift any section of the bottom out of the water, after unscrewing the bolts, and bring it endwise into the dock like a ship.

The "Sectional Pontoon" type is very suitable for vessels of moderate tonnage, and has a great advantage from the point of view

of construction in that it can be put together anywhere, and under circumstances that would preclude the construction of a large dock of the more usual type. The sections of the pontoon being small can be separately made, launched, and assembled, the walls, which are the biggest portions of the dock, being afterward erected upon the pontoons. In illustration it may be mentioned that a dock of the "Sectional Pontoon" class, built by the most famous builders of floating docks in the world, Messrs. Swan, Hunter & Wigham Richardson, at Wallsend-on-Tyne, was transported to the river Volga, and there put together practically without skilled labour being required.

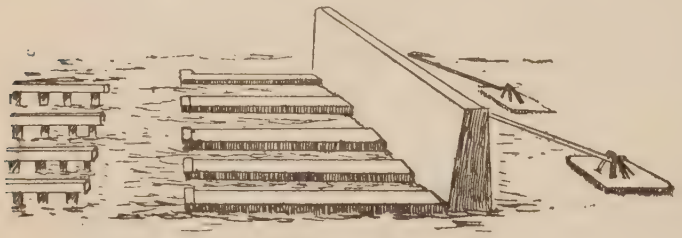
The "Off-shore," "Depositing," and "Havana" docks are all constructed on the self-docking principle, the last named being peculiar only in its combination of certain features of the "Sectional Pontoon" and the "Bolted Sectional." The floor pontoon is divided into sections, but the walls, which are continuous like the walls of the "Sectional Pontoon," are not built on top of the floor but are attached by bolts and lugs to the sides. Thus, to get at the under-water part of these, the dock is heeled over either way; the floor sections, however, can be docked as required.



OFF-SHORE DOCK

The "Depositing" and "Off-shore" types of dock call for some special description on account of certain decided peculiarities. The "Off-shore" type, L-shaped in section, was patented in 1884, and is an ingenious device of which several examples have been built at Wallsend ship-yard. The service this dock yields is most simple and effective. The floor is of the usual pontoon variety, but the dock has only one wall so that a ship in it is not enclosed. The dock is moored alongside a quay or the shore, its one wall being supported from the shore side by booms or girders hinged so as to allow the dock to be

sunk to the requisite depth to take a ship. When the dock is submerged, the ship can either be warped in from one end after the usual fashion, or be taken in broadside. It is carefully centred over the keel blocks after the manner earlier described, and the dock is then raised, lifting up the vessel, so to speak, in its lap.



DEPOSITING DOCK

Of the "Depositing" dock the chief characteristic is that there is practically no limit to the number of ships it can deal with provided suitable accommodation has been prepared for them near at hand. Like the "Off-shore" dock, it is L-shaped, and the whole floor pontoon is divided up into a considerable number of smaller pontoons, or "fingers" as they are called, between which are spaces. Near the shore are erected great timber structures, in the form of "piles" driven into the mud and supporting beams. These structures are termed "grid-irons," their tops being at the same level as the floor of the dock when the latter is raised carrying the ship. Thus when the "fingers" of the moving dock are pushed in between the spaces of the pile "grid-iron" and the dock then submerged, the ship is left high and dry on the timber beams. The dock in this way can deposit just as many ships as there are "grid-irons" to receive them.

It will be noted that the "Depositing" dock has to be mobile, as well as submersible. Stability is given it by means of booms hinged to a floating outrigger behind the dock wall, much in the way that stability is given to the one-sided "Off-shore" dock by means of booms hinged to the shore.

Enough has been said to show the striking advantages which the floating dock possesses over all other types, and its immense importance, in consequence, in maritime affairs. Its special significance, however, of the rapid development to which it has been subjected, lies in the fact that it provides the most likely solution of the problem how

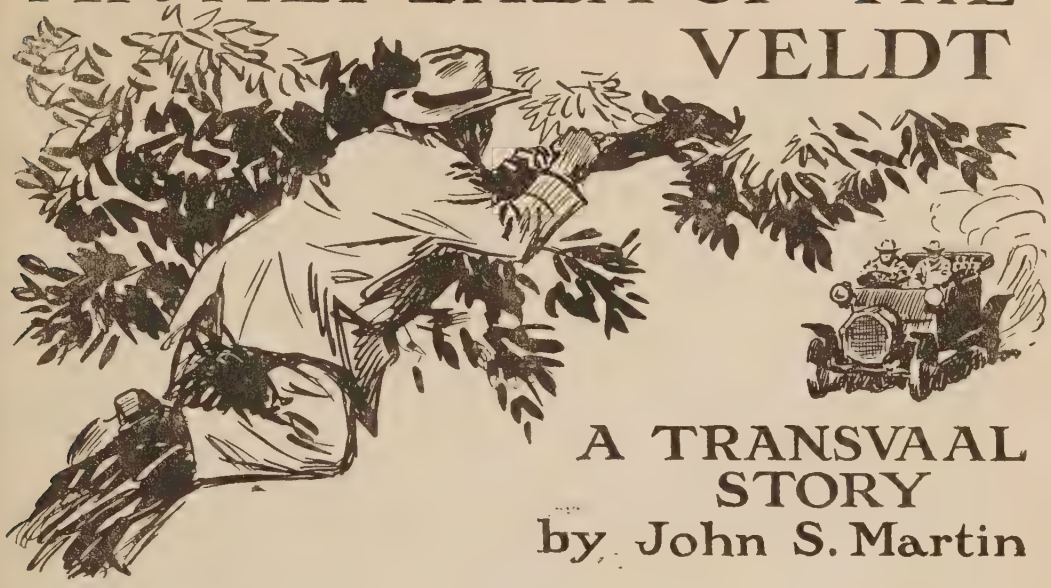
to deal with the mammoth warships and liners recently built. Much has been written about the docking of disabled battleships in time of war, and the very serious menace that exists in the lack of proper facilities for repairing. Hitherto discussion has generally turned upon the provision of graving docks, but it is highly probable that in a few years' time these will be found to be obsolete owing to some great increase in the size of ships, just as docks, which a few years ago were thought large enough for all time, are now incapable of accommodating the most modern ships. Moreover, dry docks are necessarily fixed in locality, and on this point the floating dock scores again in its ability to be towed from place to place so as to be at hand where most required. Furthermore, it can quickly and cheaply be expanded to suit any requirements. Should such increase of size be attempted in a dry dock, even presuming the extra land to be available and its position favourable for modern requirements, the dock must either be completely thrown out of action during the alterations, or a very costly temporary dam must be erected. All that is necessary to increase the size of a floating dock is to build further sections as required, and the actual dock may go on working all the time, a stoppage only being necessary to bolt the new section to it. The additional portion may be made at any distance convenient from the main existing structure and then launched and towed to its destination.

It is noteworthy that such progress has recently been made in the design of floating docks that one of 40,000 tons lifting capacity is actually being built at Kiel for the German Government. It was the writer's privilege recently to see another mammoth dock being constructed for naval purposes, capable of dealing with vessels of 32,000 tons displacement. A contemplation of this enormous structure leaves one with no idea of its peculiar properties; nor, indeed, can one readily perceive what it really is. At first sight it appears to be a monstrous steel warehouse raised high above the ground on a perfect forest of timber, from which it will ultimately be launched. One may walk under its expansive floor, two acres in extent, if one is careful not to be run over by the locomotives which rush about beneath it, bringing truckloads of steel to be built into the structure. Conversation is quite

impossible owing to the terrific clang of metal being slung into place, and with difficulty the ear survives the appalling din of riveting and of pneumatic caulking tools delivering blows at the rate of over 1000 to the minute. It is only when one is well away from the seven hundred odd feet of steel box that one begins to realize dimly that its shape and proportions are exactly those best suited to the ease and comfort of a hardly driven battleship or liner, in need of rest and repair.

Nothing capable of floating on water could well look less navigable than one of these gigantic docks, and the difficulties that attend the launching of one from the builder's yard might seem to justify a gloomy prophecy of the impossibility of transporting it to any distance. The surge that such a mass of metal causes as it enters the water from the slipway is terrific, for there is no sharp bow or stern to cut a passage and its blunt ends force up masses of water and foam. Yet once in its natural element, it can be easily controlled like a ship, and in addition possesses the advantage of greater buoyancy. In proof whereof it may be mentioned that floating docks of the largest size have travelled immense distances. Instances are furnished by the Admiralty dock at Bermuda, capable of accommodating a 17,000 ton battleship, which was towed some 4000 miles to its destination, and by the Natal Government's dock at Durban, which was towed over 8000 miles. What probably represents the finest achievement in ocean towage up to the present is the journey, a short while ago, of a floating dock with a lifting capacity of 7000 tons from the Tyne to Callao in Peru. This was built by Messrs. Swan, Hunter & Wigham Richardson, Ltd., and towed 11,000 miles to its destination by two large tugs through the very stormiest seas in the world. The story of the gales encountered, of the difficulties of keeping hold of and towing such an unwieldy inert mass of steel, nearly 400 feet long by 95 feet broad, of the navigation necessary to the final and amazingly difficult negotiation of the Straits of Magellan, would fill a book in itself; nevertheless, the journey was most successfully accomplished, and a long ocean towage of such a dock is now a usual occurrence.

AN ALI BABA OF THE VELDT



A TRANSVAAL STORY

by John S. Martin

I

"Richard Oliphant."

With this announcement, a tall young fellow of comely appearance, clad in a loose-fitting suit of grey flannels and holding in his hand a wide-brimmed, soft hat, was ushered into the private room of Mr. Ward, the secretary of the Wit Mine.

"Oliphant?" echoed Mr. Ward, with a pre-occupied air, pushing his spectacles up over his forehead and gazing underneath them at the floor. "Oh yes, yes," he continued abruptly, raising his face suddenly as if his angling mind had hooked its fish; "I asked you to call about that job." Mr. Ward spoke in rapid, jerky sentences.

Dick gravely inclined his head.

"Yes, yes, and what experience have you had?"

"None," slipped laconically from Dick's lips. And he could think of nothing to clothe the starkness of his reply. He had entered the presence of the secretary from a long walk in the hot sun, and his mind had not yet clarified itself.

The secretary sniffed suspiciously in his nose.

"And—er—do you know anything about business methods?" he continued in a sharp rush of words.

"No," murmured Dick, wishing himself a hundred miles from this inquisitorial little man with the iron-grey whiskers and the bandy legs.

Mr. Ward shook his head sadly, but the gloom quickly vanished from his countenance.

"Do you know," he said, with a grin of satisfaction, "that we are ahead of London in business methods?" Although put in the form of a question, this was really an introduction to his pet subject. "Method, you know!" He waved his hand around his head as if to display the method with which the room was adorned.

Dick followed the indicating hand with wide eyes; but, failing to observe anything extraordinary, turned a solid gaze to his mentor.

"With method nothing can go wrong," resumed the little man enthusiastically; "no waste, no loss. Learn to follow method, young man." By the time he had finished Mr. Ward was swinging eloquently in his revolving armchair.

But the secretary was not without bowels of compassion. He did not fail to note the disappointment in the face of his auditor. He rose, opened the door, and walked with him to the entrance of the offices.

"I am sorry you have nothing to recommend you to us," he said, not unkindly. "But we must have some one who has been trained in business methods."

Dick was tempted to retort: "Why on earth did you ask me to come? I made no pretence to these things in my application." But he checked himself.

"Fine young fellow, too," muttered the secretary, as he watched Dick's athletic figure recede in the distance. "Possibilities about him. No waste words. Everything there but the training. Unfortunate in his school—ahem. But even moderns—well, after all, perhaps it's better to learn right from the beginning than to unlearn what you think you know before you begin to learn." He smiled pleasantly at this feat of verbal gymnastics. "I am half sorry I turned him away," he resumed. "He took it in such a gentlemanly fashion. He is too far off to call back? Well, well, it can't be helped." He turned aside.

AN ALI BABA OF THE VELDT

The Wit was the most remote of the outlying mines on the Red Rand, and the nearest railway station was four miles distant. Dick trudged stolidly on, careless of the heat of the sun. But about a mile from the mine the sight of a little clump of trees by the wayside created in him a strong desire to rest in their cool shade. The Johannesburg train was not due at the station for two hours, and there was no need for hurry.

The grove turned out to be a deserted Boer orchard, watered by a little spruit that spread itself out to cross the road, expanding on the other side into a marsh that at one time had been a pond. The farm buildings had been destroyed during the war, and the materials had been taken to build a new steading about a mile from the road.

Dick made the discovery of the orchard with a pleasure that was increased by coming upon a fine mulberry tree laden with great luscious berries. He quickly climbed to the upper branches; and, as the rich juice ran in his fingers like blood, he gave vent to a little sigh of refreshment. For the first time since his arrival in the Transvaal, three weeks before, his grudge against circumstances was appeased. What was he doing in the country, anyway?—he reflected. He did not seem to fit into it; and the fault was his own. Hitherto, life had been easy for him, and he had come out to a world of hard business-men to make his way without considering what kind of way he intended to make.

Dick's was an artistic temperament, and it was with some joy that he looked around from his point of vantage upon the green veldt. The orchard stood at an angle of the way, and the mulberry tree formed the apex of the triangle. To his right, the hard-baked sandy track ran away across the veldt into the wild, the Wit Mine being situated behind the shoulder of a kopje and invisible. In like manner, to his left, a clear run reached almost to the railway station, which was hidden from view by a ridge that lay parallel to the line. Around little green kopjes cropped up, breaking the monotony of the veldt. Ribbons of trees and bushes marked where the spruit came and went.

A vulture was sailing overhead. As Dick gazed towards it admiringly, a puff of wind buffeted his cheek. He noticed clouds forming in the east and mounting silently to the zenith. With the rising of

the wind, little ripples of dust ran along the road or whipped suddenly into the air.

He was about to descend and pursue his way, when a motor brougham, travelling in the direction of the mine, stopped underneath the tree in which he was perched. It became stationary at an angle which partly blocked the thoroughfare. Dick felt reluctant to reveal himself, and quietly waited for the car to set off again. But it did not start. Instead four men, in motor coats, masks and goggles, stepped down; and, while two of the party entered the bushes, one on each side, the others drew from their pockets revolvers, which they carefully examined. Then from the tool kit one took a hammer and the other a spanner, and they made pretence to make some repairs underneath the car.

Dick was perplexed. These doings were suspicious and ominous, and he looked around his person to see if it was effectually concealed. Satisfied upon this point he waited with growing uneasiness. The air, too, took a strange quality that was, at the same time, stifling and aggressive with wind. Like the youthful King David, he heard "a going in the top of the mulberry tree," and he felt that strange things were at hand.

Then he saw, with apprehension, an open car approach from the quarter of the mine. It came rapidly nearer, but drew up on seeing the obstruction. The hammering and screwing, however, went on unabated underneath the brougham.

"Hello there!" sang out one of the two young men in the open car. "What is it? A breakdown? Can't you move to the side?"

The query went unheeded: the noise under the brougham was unabated.

"Jolly busy, these chaps," muttered the speaker to his companion.

He sprang lightly to the ground and approached the brougham.

One of the men came from beneath the car, and the other quickly joined him. With a nod of salutation, he who wielded the spanner stooped and pointed impressively to the rear axle. The new-comer bent to look at the spot indicated.

Just then from the open car there came the sound of a scuffle. The new-comer beside the brougham swung a little to one side in the first

movement to regain an upright position, but was borne to the earth and gagged and bound at the same time as his companion, who had been stealthily attacked from behind by the other motorists. A preliminary rap over the head stunned the victims sufficiently to make the binding operations easy.

The dastardly deed took place so suddenly that, in spite of his apprehensions, Dick could scarcely credit the testimony of his eyes. It was not until the felony had been accomplished that the full intent and meaning of the affair burned itself upon his brain. He surveyed the scene with the helplessness of one in a hideous dream, and this feeling held him until towards the close of the first act in the drama.

The four miscreants now ran to the open motor, and with their united strength hauled forth a heavy case. The last link was now complete in the chain that was being forged in Dick's mind. The case contained gold, and the whole affair was a carefully planned robbery.

One of the men now mounted the empty car, turned it towards the marsh, and, with opened throttle, sent it headlong over the bank. As if echoing the whizzing of the upturned car, the first thunder-peal of the storm rattled overhead, while the wind increased in violence and lashed clouds of dust along the road.

At the sudden sound of the thunder, Dick fancied he could see more than one of the men start almost guiltily; but they quickly regained their composure, and proceeded in a business-like manner to carry their bound victims into the bushes.

"Business methods with a vengeance," muttered Dick. "It is clear that I was never destined to succeed in this line."

The next move was towards their car; but ere the foremost reached it, the sickly atmosphere was rent by a vivid flash of lightning, and an appalling peal of thunder crashed overhead. In the same breath a blinding shower of hail beat a tattoo upon the roof of the brougham.

Dick could never afterwards tell whether his first step was involuntary or purposeful. At any rate, the thing happened; the movement was made. The thought came to him that he could reach the roof of the brougham from the tree. He threw himself recklessly along a branch. It bent beneath his weight; and, before he realized where he was, his

feet touched the roof of the car. He slipped and sprawled his length upon the smooth surface, only saving himself from tumbling to the earth by clutching the luggage rail. The released branch flew upwards with a swish. At that moment the car started forward. The noise of the hail had smothered the sound of Dick's movements.

II

The speed of the car increased, and the lot of the deck passenger was unenviable. The hailstones were of enormous size. As he lay half-stunned by their bruising blows he felt underneath him the corner of a luggage wrap. He hastily wormed himself underneath this cover, but even with his arms around his head and its protection he found it hard to keep himself from being beaten insensible.

Happily in a little while the hail shower ceased and rain took its place. At intervals great forks of lightning rent the yeasty atmosphere and the rain fell in enormous drops, but it was welcome after the hail fusillade.

The car was running at a terrific and dangerous speed, and he began to speculate as to its destination. He remembered that it had run straight ahead past the mine, and the cunning and audacity of the villains in thus rushing brazenly, as it were, in the face of the bereaved lion, filled him with amazement.

By and by the way became more uneven, and he judged they must be somewhere in the wild. At last the sunshine came upon his cover, and he unveiled his face, to find a blue rift in the sky and the storm rolling off to the westward. The scenery was much akin to that around the orchard, but the hills were higher and there seemed to be more water, as trees and bushes were more plentiful.

With the return of quiet in Nature, the thought of his own position was beginning to press upon him. He had expected adventure in Africa; he was having it. But it had come upon him with over-suddenness. He had been denied time to think. What was he to do now that he was in this mess? What could he do? He would have to see the thing through now; there was no help for it.

At last the speed of the car slackened, and it was turned into a side

track that ran through a gap in a closely linked chain of kopjes. When they had gone a little way behind the nearest kopje the car was stopped and turned as if to be ready to go back by the way it had come.

Dick crept softly to the side of the roof next to the kopje, flattened himself out beneath the wrap, and breathlessly awaited the development of events. He had not long to wait. The murmur of voices that had been going on below increased in volume and distinctness. The party below was emerging.

Half-way up the kopje a powerful spring welled out, and in its downward course, by age-long effort, had cut a narrow but deep ravine that extended in a deeply trenched furrow far beyond the footings of the hill. At the spot opposite to where the car stood there was an abrupt fall in the channel, and the tumbling water made a singing din that rendered it difficult for Dick to catch the whole of the conversation. But he gathered that the speakers were disappointed at the non-appearance of some fellow-conspirator who was to take off the booty in a cart and conceal it until a convenient season. He also learned that it was the intention to drive the car back past the mine and brazen out the affair, but whether the party was to remain unbroken he could not determine.

At last, however, Dick's nerves began to give way under the inaction and uncertainty. He cast his eyes towards the ravine; and, unable longer to stand the tension, let himself carefully down from his perch and commenced cautiously to crawl towards the waterfall. What he intended to do he could not have told. He felt the need for escaping from his awkward predicament, and his one idea was to get beyond observation.

The ground over which he had to pass was strewn with loose débris; and, as he wriggled painfully forward, he kept wondering at the unconcern of a sacabulla that spun close by on the pivot of its long tail. It seemed to him that everything with sentient life should be on the strain like himself and the brilliant-hued lizards that flashed out of sight among the boulders.

He crossed the thirty yards or so that separated him from the head of the waterfall without mishap, and was about to lower himself down

the bank when a shout arose from the car. He jerked his head over his shoulder. One man was running towards him, impeding his own movements by making frantic tugs at a revolver that had caught in a fold of his pocket. The others had taken alarm, and came straggling hurriedly in his rear.

With the return of certainty, Dick's nerves braced themselves like steel to a magnet, and his mind instantly flashed into a keen alertness. He had noted that the farther bank was much lower than that upon which he crouched; and, as is often the case at the neck of a waterfall, the sides of the ravine drew close in.

Without hesitation, he decided upon a course of action. He rose to his full height, stepped backwards to gain impetus, and jumped clear to the other side. Two more reckless leaps downwards from rock to rock, and he was at the edge of the water. Another bound took him back across the water in the bed; and he had scrambled up among some thick bushes at the top of the bank when the foremost of his pursuers came panting into view and sprang for the opposite bank as he had seen Dick do. The others were close up. As the leader alighted he pointed with his weapon to the prints made by the fugitive's feet on the sand. One by one the others hastily leaped after him. The leader looked keenly around. The bare rocks below had left no trace of Dick's further movements.

Suddenly, he stopped as if petrified, and as the eyes of the others turned questioningly upon him, the short, thick body of a puff-adder shot up. With a shriek, he staggered back, discharging his revolver at the reptile, which sank writhing to the ground.

The report stirred Dick. His time for further action had come. He cautiously gathered himself together, but unhappily a boulder gave way beneath his feet and crashed into the stream. A yell arose from the other bank and two shots rang out. Dick was, however, unharmed, and dashed in the direction of the car.

As he ran an idea came to him and fired him with a new determination. So far as the driving went, he was an efficient chauffeur. Why not run off with the car? At any rate, he would try. His blood glowed at the thought.

"With a breathless leap he was at the steering wheel."

He reached the car as two of his pursuers scrambled up to the edge of the gully. With a breathless leap he was at the steering wheel, his foot sought the clutch, his hand came to the brake, thence to the throttle. The car throbbed as if with conscious life; it moved!

Two more shots rang out and the car was struck, but Dick remained unhurt. The vehicle gained speed. Bullets were now flying more thickly around, but the aim of frantic, stumbling men is hardly calculated to be deadly. Had Dick's assailants refrained from shooting, and picked their steps, they might have caught the runaway; but first one, then the other, tripped and came crashing to the ground; and Dick, glowing with unexpected triumph, came to the road. For mile after mile he flew on; whither he scarcely considered. He only knew that if he kept to the road he must win his way back to the mine.

He thought little of his adventure. Now that he was safely through it, the whole affair was rather good fun. The thing that gave him the keenest delight was the thought of handing over the bullion to the little secretary. "By Jove!" he muttered to himself, as he thought of his oversight from the tree, "I've been a regular Ali Baba."

At last he came to the way that led off to the mine, and ran slowly on to the offices. Word of the robbery had but newly come, and he found the officials in the first stage of a consternation, that was increased to bursting point by the arrival of the brougham. They could scarcely comprehend the circumstance, as hatless, sodden and bruised from the storm and the struggle in the spruit, Dick handed over the valuable contents of the car.

"Well, well, to think of it!" breathlessly ejaculated Mr. Ward, as Dick modestly related his adventure. "You are a brave lad!"

"When I consider the matter," replied Dick, half ruefully and half quizzically, "there doesn't seem to have been much method in my actions."

"Never mind, lad, never mind!" cried the little man warmly, shaking him by the hand the while. "The stuff's there. It's the best recommendation. We'll train it. The Company won't forget this day's work." They didn't.

EVERYBODY, who knew him, regarded Jenkinson as the most egregious ass in the corps.

Mind you, he wasn't a slacker. He did his best; but his "best" was such a painfully feeble performance that the smallest kid of us all was a military genius in comparison.

He was perfectly hopeless, even in company drill. If the command was "Right-turn," Jenkinson slewed round to the left. "Two paces to the rear," and he invariably stepped forward. He was enough to break the heart of any chap. Indeed, one Instructor did have a sort of fit. The doctor called it "a touch of the sun," but we were pretty sure it was "too much Jenkinson."

It was just the same when we were scouting. He hadn't a glimmer of an idea as to taking cover. His red moon-face was always popping up over a hedge, while he made an invariable rule to get the wrong side of a haystack, no doubt to hide it from the enemy.

As for his shooting! Well, once in his life, he did find the bull; but it was on the wrong target.

The funny part of it was that, although Jenkinson so constantly made a fool of himself, he was as keen as mustard. He would rather miss his dinner than a drill. And a long field day, which many of us regarded as a bit of a swot, was to him something to dream about.

But if slow in getting hold of ideas, it was astonishing how they stuck when once they were driven into his head; and that, really, was where the fun came in.

The latest notion which had filtered through to his understanding was a firm belief that sooner or later—probably sooner—England would be invaded.

This idea had soaked right into him, and he would stick to it that, unless we kept our eyes wide open, we should all find " our necks under the yoke of a foreign invader "—a quotation, we supposed, from some paper or other.

Anyhow, he was in deadly earnest, and frequently became quite raggy because we took it as a joke.

Before long, his endless croaking proved a bit of a nuisance. Every week, during the summer term, Jenkinson propounded some new scheme, each one more futile than the last, as to how the enemy's fleet would wipe us all out.

Persuasion, argument, and chaff had no effect on him. Do what we could, he talked of nothing but the coming invasion, until there was a general feeling in the corps that, unless Jenkinson could be suppressed, life was not worth living.

" It seems to me that the foreign invader himself couldn't be a bigger infliction than Jenkinson," observed Ballinger, who had just been bored stiff with the latest theory.

" It's a pity we can't have an invasion and get it over," suggested Sargood, a remark at which we all laughed. " Oh, you chaps can grin," he went on, " but if the enemy would only capture Jenkinson——"

" Couldn't something be done in that way? " broke in Ballinger thoughtfully. " If we could only show him what an ass he was making of himself, he would dry up."

This casual suggestion of Ballinger's set us all thinking, and the result of it was, what is known in the school as " The Great Invasion Plot."

Hitherto, nobody had taken Jenkinson seriously; but now, to his great delight, we began to think there was more in his ideas than had been at first supposed.

Sargood was particularly impressed; and this was a great score for Jenkinson, because, as Sargood's father happened to be a major, retired, of the Artillery, anything that he didn't know about military matters wasn't worth knowing.

These two chaps became as thick as thieves. Information, obtained in some mysterious manner by Sargood, was told only to Jenkinson, who went about almost bursting with secrets, known only to his latest chum and the big bugs at the War Office. Every day Sargood fed him with fresh news of the enemy's movements, until it seemed as if, addlepated though Jenkinson was, it must be impossible for him to swallow all that he was told.

At last Sargood announced that the fateful night had arrived, and six of us, all, of course, cadets, received our instructions.

Like many other great soldiers, nothing ever kept Jenkinson awake. Although he quite believed that the enemy's fleet was waiting to pounce upon our unprotected shores, the other devoted defenders of the country, when they stole into his dormitory, fully dressed in their regimentals, found him sleeping like a log.

Having had his bolster removed and his ribs prodded with the butt ends of several rifles, he began to open his eyes. But it wasn't until Sargood touched the electric button, so to speak, that he became fully awake.

"They're here at last. Hardly a mile away," said he in a frightfully thrilling whisper—Sargood ought to go on the stage because he's so good at that sort of thing.

"Here! Who?" asked Jenkinson, blinking like a sleepy cat.

"Who? Why, the enemy! Pelling has just sent through a message." (Pelling, by the way, was a lieutenant in the local "Terriers.") "They've dodged the Channel Squadron, and have spread themselves along the coast. The plan is to land their men at different points, sweep the path clear to Bincester, and from there march on to London. We have to oppose the landing. Come, scramble into your things."

"Does the Head know?" asked Jenkinson, flopping out of bed, and scrambling into his khaki, which Sargood, thoughtfully, had brought to him.

"Of course not, you fool, and so don't make a row," snapped Sargood. "If he got wind of it, we should all be packed off like winking, without a chance of smelling powder. Come, look smart."

It took so little to muddle up Jenkinson's brains that he failed to notice several things which would have made most fellows suspicious. The others, however, let Sargood do all the talking, and when we were safely out of bounds and heading towards the cliffs, he precious soon made Jenkinson believe that, unless we did out duty, it would be all up with poor old England.

"Pelling promised we should have a finger in the pie if anything happened," Sargood explained. "Well, a message got through by wireless early this morning that an enemy's cruiser and two transports were heading for the bay. Colonel Mallard has called out every available Terrier, and is preparing to defend the cliff path—his chaps have been making wire entanglements here and there—and we've got to hold the invading force until the regulars arrive; and that won't be until long after daylight."

"Just as I always said," Jenkinson chimed in gloomily. "England caught napping. Asleep again."

"We're awake anyhow, and so is the Colonel," remarked Sargood cheerfully. "Directly he got wind of it he said to Pelling, 'We must throw out scouts, the smartest chaps in the regiment. See to it,' and Pelling promptly told him that if he wanted men he could rely upon, he'd back the Bincester School Cadets at the game against any lot breathing, and that's why we're here to-night."

Sargood kept on talking through his hat until we were all half dead from trying not to laugh. But Jenkinson took it all in, and grew more and more solemn the closer we got to the sea.

If he had any lingering doubts, they disappeared when, through a break in the cliffs, he could see the lights of a big liner, about a couple of miles out.

"There she is," said Sargood, in a state of great excitement. She

had dropped her anchors quite early in the evening, which, only Jenkinson didn't know it, was the reason why he had been lugged out of bed.

"Fancy showing her lights. They must be idiots," he observed.

"That's where their artfulness comes in," explained Sargood. "Every one not in the secret would take her for one of the 'Blue Star' line. They often anchor out there."

By the time we had settled Jenkinson behind a rock which commanded about twenty yards of the cliff path, he was, in his own opinion, the best part of the British Army.

"You'll be the first one to come in touch with the enemy," Sargood told him. "The cliffs are impossible. They must follow the path. Now don't forget. Any one who shows his nose below you is certain to be an enemy. At the first sign, blaze away as long as you can, and then run back upon your supports. Now, you understand?"

"H-how long before they come?" asked Jenkinson, who, now that he was to be left alone, began to feel the responsibility of his position.

"An hour. More, perhaps, or less. Now I'll post the rest of 'em above you. Don't forget the Colonel's message: 'Sharp ears, sharp eyes, and straight shooting.'"

With that we left Jenkinson safe and snug, his rifle handy, and with enough ammunition to settle half a company, only it happened they were dummy cartridges.

As though to carry out orders, the corporal led us back out of sight. Then, scrambling up on the other side, we turned to the left and again hit the path just where it curled over the edge of the cliff, and some distance below the spot where Jenkinson awaited the foe.

There was no moon, but the night was fine enough, with the wind off the sea, so that waiting for Jenkinson to get thoroughly funky was a slow and chilly business.

We were to give him a full hour of suspense, and then creep along the path and overpower him with a headlong rush, if there were enough of us left after his deadly shooting.

"By the way," remarked Ballinger, "you're quite sure there are no live cartridges among the lot you gave him?"

"Oh no, I was precious careful about that. Not that he would hit any of us; but the row would raise the neighbourhood."

"I expect he's getting jolly anxious by this time," chuckled Etherington, the youngest of us. "His eyes'll be dropping out of his head."

"Lying there watching would make any of us a bit restless,"argued Sargood. "The only thing I'm afraid of is that he won't be able to stand it. We shall be sold if he gets scared and tries to find his supports."

"Oh, he won't do that," Ballinger struck in. "He'll probably get into a blue funk, but he'll stick to his post."

We discussed matters generally in low voices, and ate chocolates until Sargood told us the time had come.

The path from the edge of the cliff to a point beyond the spot where Jenkinson lay trembling in his shoes was cut deeply in the rock, so that we advanced two deep along a narrow defile, which could not be scaled until we reached the bend which was covered by Jenkinson's rifle.

Here Sargood paused; and to get the solitary defender thoroughly "nervy," he first of all gave a low whistle, which was answered by a poor imitation of an owl's hoot from Ballinger.

Nothing happened, however. It was evident that Jenkinson didn't mean to waste ammunition on whistles. Then, with much caution, Sargood stuck his cap on the end of his rifle and pushed it gradually into sight, while we waited to hear the click of the hammer.

But there was no click, and we looked at each other with blank faces.

"As we can't draw his fire, we must rush the position," muttered Sargood.

Since nothing else could be done, we advanced stealthily to the spot above which the lonely defender guarded the pass, and then with grim but silent ferocity we clambered up the few feet of rock, prepared to revel at Jenkinson's fury at being hoaxed. But in this we were sold. Jenkinson was not furious, he wasn't even annoyed.

He was fast asleep.

There he lay, his rifle by his side, and his head resting against the rock, slumbering as peacefully as though no brutal invader were within a thousand miles of him.

It looked for the moment as if all our carefully arranged plans, and our loss of a night's rest, would be entirely wasted, until Sargood once more came to the rescue.

" Sickening sheep," said he, looking down with supreme contempt upon the placid countenance of Jenkinson. " Lying there like a blind puppy, instead of putting up some sort of a fight. And spoiling our fun, too. But I tell you what, you chaps, we'll scare him yet. Now do exactly as I tell you. And mind, not a ghost of a grin, or you'll spoil the whole show."

For the second time that night we woke up Jenkinson—and he bore the marks of it for a week afterwards.

At first he seemed inclined to resent his rest being broken, but as soon as he became fully awake and caught sight of Sargood's face, black with rage, he began to apologize.

" Oh, it's no good saying anything. Pelling is reporting the matter to the Colonel now," said Sargood in a most cutting tone. " You've disgraced the corps and the school. You've made a laughing-stock of us all. But that's nothing. It is what will happen to you. Pelling left orders that you were to be placed under arrest. You will know the Colonel's decision at daybreak; and until then no one is to answer any questions. Ballinger, inform Colonel Mallard that we are taking the prisoner to the shed behind the cricket pavilion, and that I shall come back for further instructions."

Ballinger saluted and bolted over the ridge of the downs, where the main body was supposed to be entrenched, while two others stepped to Jenkinson's side, and, at a signal from Sargood, led him towards the school grounds.

Nobody spoke except Jenkinson himself; but whenever he attempted any explanation, Sargood fired off a vicious " Silence," which shut him up instantly.

By the time we reached the cricket pavilion, the prisoner, judging from his looks, was feeling precious uncomfortable, and when we

opened the door of the shed, which was a stuffy sort of place where all the cricket tackle was stored, he became restive.

"Look here, Sargood; I'm not going to stick in there all night," he said.

But Sargood just nodded to the guards, who simply bundled him inside, shut the door, and dropped the staple into the socket.

"Brett and Conyers are on duty for the first two hours," were the Corporal's final orders. "If the prisoner is not quiet, tie him up and gag him. I must get back now and give a full report to Colonel Mallard."

We all managed to reach our dormitory without waking any of the masters, and each one took a turn at keeping awake to avoid any chance of prolonging Jenkinson's suspense.

As soon as it was fairly light, we once more sneaked out of the house, and made for the field.

The six of us formed up outside the shed and listened, but could hear no sound.

"Any report to make?" bawled Sargood.

"No, sir," said Brett, as if he had never stirred from the spot.

"Prisoner quiet?"

"Yes, sir. Quite quiet."

"Good! Fetch him out."

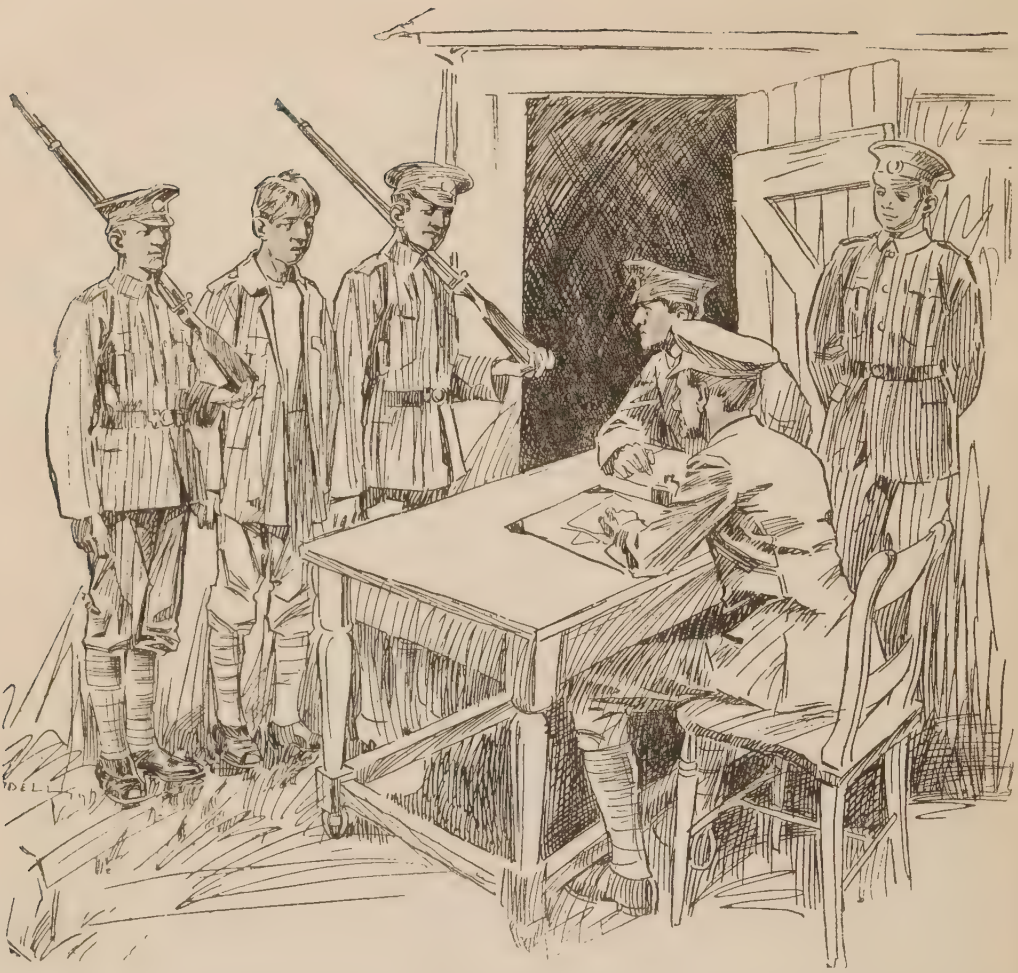
It is my opinion that Jenkinson had had a better night's rest than any of us, in spite of the fact that he shared a broken deck chair with various kinds of spiders and other horrid creeping things.

But he certainly did look pasty and a bit scared when we lugged him out and he caught sight of Sargood and Ballinger seated at the scorer's table with paper, pens, and a bottle of ink in front of them.

He tried to be huffy, however, and at once asked Sargood if the joke hadn't gone far enough.

"Joke!" and Sargood looked at him with a solemn face. "I'm afraid, Jenkinson, you don't grasp the awful position in which you stand. Just read that paragraph from the Articles of War, Ballinger, and Colonel Mallard's instructions."

"The Article says," Ballinger began in a choky sort of voice, making



a wild sort of guess at it, "That any one of an outpost found sleeping when in touch with the enemy, is to be instantly—shot."

"You hear that," broke in Sargood. "Now for the Colonel's instructions."

Once more Ballinger read very slowly: "As there is no doubt about Private Jenkinson's guilt, or the flagrant nature of his offence, no pardon can be granted. An example must be made, and, in spite of his youth, the sentence of death is to be carried out forthwith by Corporal Sargood's firing party.

(*Signed*) "PHILIP MALLARD."

Sargood looked as grave as a bench of Bishops, and the rest of us stood at attention and never moved a muscle.

Jenkinson eyed us all in turn, with a smile which gradually died away, as it dawned on him that, after all, the matter might be serious.

" When you're all done playing the fool," he said, " I should be glad of a wash and some grub. Suppose you stop it now ? "

" I'd give anything to stop it," Sargood burst out huskily. " I begged and prayed the Colonel to give you another chance. As the enemy drew off, having got news that their landing would be opposed, I pointed that out no harm had been done. But, as he said, had they landed, the whole force would have been wiped out owing to your neglect of duty. I said everything I could think of, but it was no good. He stuck to it, that an example must be made. It's no use, Jenkinson. It has to be. You disgraced the corps last night. But you can do something to save its reputation. You can face—the end without snivelling—without showing the white feather."

" But—look here—this is——" the prisoner was very white and worried by this time. " Hang it, Sargood. You can't mean——"

" It's a ghastly business and the sooner it's over, the better. Is there any message you'd like to send to your people ? The Colonel has promised to write and break it to them gently."

Now whether Jenkinson was really taken in, or whether he was not such an ass as we thought, nobody ever knew; but he gurgled something about his " love " and " cruel bad luck," and looked so near " blubbing " that we began to feel really sorry for him.

But Sargood meant to see the thing right through. He got up, wrung Jenkinson's hand, and turned away, as if to hide his emotion, and Ballinger did the same. Then Brett and Conyers placed the prisoner with his back against the pavilion, and tied a handkerchief over his eyes.

" Ten paces distant," sang out Sargood. " Load and wait for the word," but as he spoke he waved his hand towards the boundary hedge.

In answer to the signal, Etherington rushed through a gap and started yelling, " Stop ! stop ! " at the top of his voice.

" What is it ? " asked the corporal.

" A letter from the Colonel. Jenkinson—is reprieved," gasped the bearer, panting as though he had been running for miles.

There was a dead silence as Sargood tore open the envelope and carefully examined a blank sheet of paper. Then in a tone of tremendous relief he said, " Thank goodness ! It is a reprieve. Take off the prisoner's bandage."

A glance at Jenkinson showed us plainly that it was a frightful weight off his mind.

" The Colonel writes," Sargood went on, " to the effect that, as the enemy's fleet was never in sight, he will look over the offence. But if ever there is an invasion, he suggests that the best place for Jenkinson will be—in bed."

Jenkinson glared round as the yell of laughter went up, and for the first time, saw that he had been humbugged. He stood for a moment speechless, then shouting " Idiots " at the top of his voice, he bolted off towards the school.

Now, whenever he mentions the word " Invasion "—which doesn't often happen—somebody snores.

HAVING completely circumnavigated New Zealand, and being resolved to return home, Captain Cook considered it proper to take the opinion of his officers on the route to be pursued. His own wish was to go back by Cape Horn, and thus determine the question of a southern continent; but, to effect this, it would have been necessary to keep in a high southern latitude in the very depth of winter,—an undertaking for which the vessel was insufficient. The same objection was urged against proceeding directly to the Cape of Good Hope; and "it was therefore resolved," says our navigator, "that we should return by the East Indies, and that with this view we should, upon leaving the coast, steer westward till we should fall in with the east coast of New Holland, and then follow the direction of that coast to the northward till we should arrive at its northern extremity; but if that should be found impracticable, it was further resolved that we should endeavour to fall in with the land or islands said to have been discovered by Quiros."

With this view, at dawn of the 31st March, 1770, Cook put to sea with a fresh gale, and took his departure from a point which he named Cape Farewell. His course, which lay almost due west, between the latitudes of 38° and 40°, was nearly coincident with that of Tasman from Van Diemen's Land to New Zealand. On the 15th of April the voyagers observed an egg-bird and a gannet, and on the next day a small land-bird alighted on the rigging, but no bottom was found with 120 fathoms. A pintado-bird and two Port Egmont hens were seen on

the succeeding morning, and were considered certain signs of the vicinity of land, which indeed was discovered on the following day, the 19th, stretching from north-east to west.

The most southerly point, which received the name of Lieutenant Hicks, who first descried it, was estimated to lie in latitude 38° S. and longitude 211° 7′ W.; but Cook could not determine whether it joined Van Diemen's Land. He instantly made sail to the northward, and on the 28th was in latitude 34° S., when he discovered a bay, in which he remained eight days. The coast, so far as yet visited, was of a pleasing aspect, diversified by hills, valleys, and lawns, and almost everywhere clothed with lofty trees. Smoke arose from the woods in several places, and some inhabitants, four of whom carried a small canoe upon their shoulders, were observed walking briskly along the shore; but, owing to the surf which broke on every part of the beach, it was impossible to approach them. On entering the bay, a few huts and several natives were seen; four small canoes were likewise discerned, with one man in each, so busily occupied in striking fish with a long spear that they scarcely turned their eyes towards the ship, which passed them within a quarter of a mile.

The anchor being cast in front of a village, preparation was made for hoisting out a boat; during which an aged female, followed by three children, issued from a wood. They were loaded with boughs, and on approaching a hut, three younger infants advanced to meet them; but though they often looked at the ship, they expressed neither fear nor wonder. The same want of interest was shown by the four fishermen, who hauled up their canoes, and began to dress their food at the fire which the old woman had kindled. A party were sent out to effect a landing; but no sooner had they approached some rocks than two of the men, armed with lances about ten feet long, and short sticks, which it was supposed they employed in throwing their spears, came down and called aloud in a harsh language quite unknown to Tupia, brandishing their weapons, in evidence of their determination to defend the coast. The rest ran off, abandoning their countrymen to an odds of forty to two.

Having ordered his boat to lie on her oars, Cook made signs of

friendship, and offered presents of nails and other trifles, with which the savages seemed to be pleased; but, on the first symptom of a nearer approach to the shore, they again assumed a hostile bearing. A musket was fired between them, the report of which caused the younger to drop a bundle of lances, which he again snatched up, and a stone was thrown at the English. Cook now directed small shot to be used; when the elder, being struck on the leg, ran to a hut, from which, however, he instantly returned, bearing a sort of shield; when he and his comrade threw each a lance, but without inflicting injury. The fire of a third musket was followed by the discharge of another spear; after which the savages ran off. It was found that the children had hid themselves in one of the huts; and, without disturbing them, Cook, having left some beads and other articles, retired with all the lances he could find. Next morning, not one of the trinkets had been moved, nor was a single native to be seen near the spot.

Cook relates as follows an excursion into the country:

"Mr. Banks, Dr. Solander, and myself, and seven others, properly accoutred for the expedition, set out, and repaired first to the huts, near the watering-place, whither some of the natives continued every day to resort; and though the little presents which we had left there before had not yet been taken away, we left others of somewhat more value, consisting of cloth, looking-glasses, combs, and beads, and then went up into the country. We found the soil to be either swamp or light sand, and the face of the country finely diversified by wood and lawn. The trees are tall, straight, and without underwood, standing at such a distance from each other that the whole country, at least where the swamps do not render it incapable of cultivation, might be cultivated without cutting down one of them: between the trees the ground is covered with grass, of which there is great abundance, growing in tufts about as big as can well be grasped in the hand, which stand very close to each other.

"We saw many houses of the inhabitants, and places where they had slept upon the grass without any shelter; but we saw only one of the people, who the moment he discovered us ran away. At all these

places we left presents, hoping that at length they might produce confidence and good-will. We had a transient and imperfect view of a quadruped about as big as a rabbit: Mr. Banks's greyhound, which was with us, got sight of it, and would probably have caught it, but the moment he set off he lamed himself, against a stump which lay concealed in the long grass. We afterwards saw the dung of an animal which fed upon grass, and which we judged could not be less than a deer; and the footsteps of another, which was clawed like a dog, and seemed to be about as big as a wolf; we also tracked a small animal, whose foot resembled that of a polecat or weasel. The trees over our head abounded with birds of various kinds, among which were many of exquisite beauty, particularly loriquets and cockatoos, which flew in flocks of several scores together. We found some wood which had been felled by the natives with a blunt instrument, and some that had been barked. The trees were not of many species; among others there was a large one which yielded a gum, and in some of them steps had been cut at about three feet distance from each other, for the convenience of climbing them.

"From this excursion we returned between three and four o'clock, and having dined on board, we went ashore again at the watering-place, where a party of men were filling casks. Mr. Gore, the second lieutenant, had been sent out in the morning with a boat to dredge for oysters at the head of the bay; when he had performed this service, he went ashore, and having taken a midshipman with him, and sent the boat away, set out to join the waterers by land. In his way he fell in with a body of two-and-twenty Indians, who followed him, and were often not more than twenty yards distant; when Mr. Gore perceived them so near, he stopped, and faced about, upon which they stopped also; and when he went on again, continued their pursuit: they did not however attack him, though they were all armed with lances, and he and the midshipman got in safety to the watering-place.

"The Indians who had slackened their pursuit when they came in sight of the main body of our people, halted at about the distance of a quarter of a mile, where they stood still. Mr. Monkhouse and two or three of the waterers took it in their head to march up to them; but seeing the Indians keep their ground till they came pretty near them, they were seized with a sudden fear very common to the rash and foolhardy, and made a hasty retreat: this step, which insured the danger that it was taken to avoid, encouraged the Indians, and four of them running forward discharged their lances at the fugitives, with such force that, flying no less than forty yards, they went beyond them. As the Indians did not pursue, our people, recovering their spirits, stopped to collect the lances when they came up to the place where they lay; upon which the Indians, in their turn, began to retire. Just at this time I came up, with Mr. Banks, Dr. Solander and Tupia; and being desirous to convince the Indians that we were neither afraid of them, nor intended them any mischief, we advanced towards them, making signs of expostulation and entreaty, but they could not be persuaded to wait till we could come up. Mr. Gore told us, that he had seen some of them up the bay, who had invited him by signs to come on shore, which he certainly with great prudence rejected.

"The morning of the next day was so rainy, that we were all glad to stay on board. In the afternoon, however, it cleared up, and we

made another excursion along the sea-coast to the southward : we went ashore, and Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander gathered many plants; but besides these we saw nothing worthy of notice. At our first entering the woods, we met with three of the natives, who instantly ran away : more of them were seen by some of the people, but they all disappeared, with great precipitation, as soon as they found that they were discovered. By the boldness of these people at our first landing, and the terror that seized them at the sight of us afterwards, it appears that they were sufficiently intimidated by our fire-arms : not that we had any reason to think the people much hurt by the small shot which we were obliged to fire at them, when they attacked us at our coming out of the boat; but they had probably seen the effects of them, from their lurking-places, upon the birds that we had shot. Tupia, who was now become a good marksman, frequently strayed from us to shoot parrots; and he had told us, that while he was thus employed, he had once met with nine Indians, who, as soon as they perceived he saw them, ran from him, in great confusion and terror.

" The next day, twelve canoes, in each of which was a single Indian, came towards the watering-place, and were within half a mile of it a considerable time; they were employed in striking fish, upon which, like others that we had seen before, they were so intent that they seemed to regard nothing else. It happened, however, that a party of our people were out shooting near the place, and one of the men, whose curiosity might at length perhaps be roused by the report of the fowling-pieces, was observed by Mr. Banks to haul up his canoe upon the beach, and go towards the shooting party : in something more than a quarter of an hour he returned, launched his canoe, and went off in her to his companions. This incident makes it probable that the natives acquired a knowledge of the destructive power of our fire-arms, when we knew nothing of the matter; for this man was not seen by any of the party whose operations he had reconnoitred.

" While Mr. Banks was gathering plants near the watering-place, I went with Dr. Solander and Mr. Monkhouse to the head of the bay, that I might examine that part of the country, and make further attempts to form some connection with the natives. In our way we

met with eleven or twelve small canoes, with each a man in it, probably the same that were afterwards abreast of the shore, who all made into shoal water upon our approach. We met other Indians on shore the first time we landed, who instantly took to their canoes, and paddled away. We went up the country to some distance, and found the face of it nearly the same with that which has been described already, but the soil was much richer; for instead of sand, I found a deep black mould, which I thought very fit for the production of grain of any kind. In the woods we found a tree which bore fruit that in colour and shape resembled a cherry; the juice had an agreeable tartness, though but little flavour.

"We found also interspersed some of the finest meadows in the world: some places however were rocky, but these were comparatively few; the stone is sandy, and might be used with advantage for building. When we returned to the boat, we saw some smoke upon another part of the coast, and went thither in hopes of meeting with the people, but at our approach these also ran away. We found six small canoes, and six fires very near the beach, with some mussels roasting upon them, and a few oysters lying near: by this we judged that there had been one man in each canoe, who having picked up some shell-fish had come ashore to eat it, and made his separate fire for that purpose: we tasted of their cheer, and left them in return some strings of beads, and other things which we thought would please them. At the foot of a tree in this place we found a small well of fresh water, supplied by a spring; and the day being now far spent, we returned to the ship. In the evening Mr. Banks made a little excursion with his gun, and found such a number of quails, resembling those in England, that he might have shot as many as he pleased, but his object was variety and not number.

"The next morning, as the wind would not permit me to sail, I sent out several parties into the country to try again whether some intercourse could not be established with the natives. A midshipman who belonged to one of these parties having straggled a long way from his companions, met with a very old man and woman, and some little children; they were sitting under a tree by the water side, and neither

party saw the other till they were close together : the Indians showed signs of fear, but did not attempt to run away. The man happened to have nothing to give them but a parrot that he had shot; this he offered, but they refused to accept it, withdrawing themselves from his hand either through fear or aversion. His stay with them was but short, for he saw several canoes near the beach fishing, and being alone, he feared they might come ashore and attack him : he said that these people were very dark coloured, but not black; that the man and woman appeared to be very old, being both grey-headed; that the hair of the man's head was bushy, and his beard long and rough : that the woman's hair was cropped short, and both of them were stark naked.

" Mr. Monkhouse the surgeon, and one of the men, who were with another party near the watering-place, also strayed from their companions, and as they were coming out of a thicket observed six Indians standing together, at the distance of about fifty yards. One of them pronounced

a word very loud, which was supposed to be a signal, for a lance was immediately thrown at him out of the wood, which very narrowly missed him. When the Indians saw that the weapon had not taken effect, they ran away with the greatest precipitation; but on turning about towards the place whence the lance had been thrown, he saw a young Indian, whom he judged to be about nineteen or twenty years old, come down from a tree, and he also ran away with such speed as made it hopeless to follow him. Mr. Monkhouse was of opinion that he had been watched by these Indians in his passage through the thicket, and that the youth had been stationed in the tree, to discharge the lance at him, upon a signal as he should come by; but however this be, there could be no doubt but that he was the person who threw the lance.

"In the afternoon, I went myself with a party over to the north shore, and while some of our people were hauling the seine, we made an excursion a few miles into the country, proceeding afterwards in the direction of the coast. We found this place without wood, and somewhat resembling our moors in England; the surface of the ground, however, was covered with a thin brush of plants, about as high as the knees: the hills near the coast are low, but others rise behind them, increasing by a gradual ascent to a considerable distance, with marshes and morasses between. When we returned to the boat, we found that our people had caught with the seine a great number of small fish, which are known well in the West Indies, and which our sailors call leather jackets, because their skin is remarkably thick. I had sent the second lieutenant out in the yawl, striking, and when we got back to the ship, we found that he also had been very successful. He had observed that the large sting-rays, of which there is great plenty in the bay, followed the flowing tide into very shallow water; he therefore took the opportunity of flood, and struck several in not more than two or three feet water: one of them weighed no less than two hundred and forty pounds after his entrails were taken out.

"The next morning, as the wind still continued northerly I sent out the yawl again, and the people struck one still larger, for when his entrails were taken out he weighed three hundred and thirty-six pounds.

"The great quantity of plants which Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander

collected in this place induced me to give it the name of Botany Bay. It is situated in the latitude of 34° S., longitude 208° 37′ W. It is capacious, safe, and convenient, and may be known by the land on the sea-coast, which is nearly level, and of a moderate height; in general higher than it is farther inland, with steep rocky cliffs next the sea, which have the appearance of a long island lying close under the shore. The harbour lies about the middle of this land, and in approaching it from the southward is discovered before the ship comes abreast of it; but from the northward it is not discovered so soon: the entrance is little more than a quarter of a mile broad, and lies in W.N.W. To sail into it the southern shore should be kept on board, till the ship is within a small bare island, which lies close under the north shore; within this island the deepest water on that side is seven fathom, shallowing to five a good way up. At a considerable distance from the south shore there is a shoal, reaching from the inner south point quite to the head of the harbour; but over towards the north and north-west shore there is a channel of twelve or fourteen feet at low water, for three or four leagues, up to a place where there is three or four fathom, but here I found very little fresh water. We anchored near the south shore, about a mile within the entrance, for the convenience of sailing with a southerly wind, and because I thought it the best situation for watering; but I afterwards found a very fine stream on the north shore, in the first sandy cove within the island, before which a ship might lie almost land-locked, and procure wood as well as water in great abundance.

"Wood indeed is everywhere plenty, but I saw only two kinds which may be considered as timber. These trees are as large or larger than the English oak, and one of them has not a very different appearance: this is the same that yields a reddish gum, and the wood is heavy, hard, and dark-coloured, like *lignum vitæ*: the other grows tall and straight, something like the pine; and the wood of this, which has some resemblance to the live oak of America, is also hard and heavy. There are a few shrubs, and several kinds of the palm; mangroves also grow in great plenty near the head of the bay. The country in general is level, low, and woody, as far as we could see. The woods, as I have before observed, abound with birds of exquisite beauty, particularly of

the parrot kind; we found also crows here, exactly the same with those in England. About the head of the harbour, where there are large flats of sand and mud, there is great plenty of water-fowl, most of which were altogether unknown to us: one of the most remarkable was black and white, much larger than a swan, and in shape somewhat resembling a pelican.

"On these banks of sand and mud there are great quantities of oysters, mussels, cockles, and other shell-fish, which seem to be the principal subsistence of the inhabitants, who go into shoal water with their little canoes, and pick them out with their hands. We did not observe that they ate any of them raw, nor do they always go on shore to dress them, for they have frequently fires in their canoes for that purpose. They do not however subsist wholly upon this food, for they catch a variety of other fish, some of which they strike with gigs, and some they take with hook and line. All the inhabitants that we saw were stark naked: they did not appear to be numerous, nor to live in societies, but like other animals were scattered about along the coast, and in the woods. Of their manner of life, however, we could know but little, as we were never able to form the least connection with them: after the first contest at our landing, they would never come near enough to parley; nor did they touch a single article of all that we had left at their huts, and the places they frequented, on purpose for them to take away.

"During my stay in this harbour, I caused the English colours to be displayed on shore every day, and the ship's name, and the date of the year, to be inscribed upon one of the trees near the watering-place.

"It is high-water here at the full and change of the moon about eight o'clock, and the tide rises and falls perpendicularly between four and five feet."

Such, to its first European visitors, appeared the characteristics of Botany Bay, so called from the profusion of plants with which, through the industry of Messrs. Banks and Solander, that department of natural history was enriched. To a harbour about three miles farther north, "in which there appeared to be good anchorage," Cook gave the title

of Port Jackson,—a name which has since become familiar in every quarter of the world. On the banks of this noble inlet have risen the towns of Sydney and Paramatta, and its waters, on which 1000 ships of the line might ride in safety, are dotted with the ships of almost every people of Europe.

On the 6th May our navigator resumed his progress northward along the coast, and in about a month had advanced nearly 1300 miles. On the 10th of June he was off a point which he afterwards named Cape Tribulation, in latitude 16° 6′ S., and longitude 214° 39′ W., near the position assigned to some of the discoveries of Quiros, which certain geographers were of opinion formed part of some great mainland. With a view to see whether there were any in the offing, and to avoid two low woody islets ahead, he hauled from the shore, intending to stretch out all night, with the prospect of a fine breeze and clear moonlight. About nine o'clock, the water, which had deepened from fourteen to twenty-one fathoms, suddenly shoaled, and, within the space of a few minutes, fell to twelve, ten, and eight. Preparation was immediately made for putting about and coming to anchor; but the next cast of the line showing deep water, it was thought the vessel had got over the shoals. Full twenty fathoms were next sounded, and the depth continued to increase; so that the gentlemen who had been summoned on deck retired to bed in perfect security.

A few minutes before eleven o'clock, however, the water shallowed suddenly to seventeen fathoms, and, before the lead could be again cast, the *Endeavour* struck on a rock, and remained immovable except by the heaving of the surge. Boats being immediately hoisted out, it was found that she had been lifted over a ledge, and now lay in a sort of basin, with only from three to four fathoms of water in some places, and in others not so many feet. An anchor was carried out from the stern, in hopes that it would take ground with sufficient firmness to resist the action of the capstan, so that the ship might be moved into deep water; but every exertion to effect this was fruitless. Meanwhile the vessel beat on the rocks with such violence, that the crew could scarcely keep their footing; and to increase their dismay the light of the moon showed them that the sheathing-boards had been separated from the

bottom, and were floating around. The false keel followed, so that the only chance of safety seemed to lie in lightening the ship. But she had struck at the height of the tide, which was now fallen considerably, and the next flow must return before that process could be of any advantage. That all might be in readiness, however, the water was started in the hold and pumped up; all the guns on deck, the iron and stone ballast, casks, and many other articles, were thrown overboard; while the crew became so impressed with their danger that not an oath was heard,—" the habit of profaneness, however strong, being instantly subdued by the dread of incurring guilt when death seemed to be so near."

At daybreak land was seen about eight leagues off; the ship still held together; and the wind having happily fallen and a dead calm ensuing, anchors were got out and everything prepared for heaving her off the rock; but, though lightened to nearly fifty tons, she did not float by a foot and a half, so far short was the tide of the day to that of the night. Greatly discouraged, the crew proceeded to diminish her weight still more, by throwing overboard everything that could be spared; but now the water, hitherto nearly excluded, rushed in so fast, that two pumps, incessantly working, could barely keep her afloat; and about two o'clock she lay heeling to starboard, while the pinnace, which was under her bows, touched the ground. There could, therefore, be no hope of getting her off till the midnight-tide, which began to rise by five p.m. About that time the leak was observed to be rapidly increasing; and though by nine the ship righted, the water, notwithstanding the action of three pumps, gained considerably. Shortly after ten she floated, and was heaved clear from the ledge into deep water.

The labour at the pumps had now totally exhausted the men, none of whom could work beyond a few minutes, when falling down on the deck, their places were supplied by others. Still they gained so considerably on the water, that, by the following morning, no doubt was entertained of the ship's ultimate safety. As the leak, however, continued, and the toil of pumping was excessive, Mr. Monkhouse, who had formerly been in like danger, suggested the expedient

of *fothering* the vessel,—that is, girthing round the bottom a sail properly covered with oakum, and kept stretched by means of ropes. It was tried, and answered so well, that the use of two pumps could now be dispensed with. On the evening of the 12th they cast anchor about seven leagues from the land; but it was not till the 17th that, a safe harbour having been found, the ship was hauled ashore to undergo repairs. It was then discovered that her preservation was due to a very singular circumstance. "One of the holes," says the commander, "which was big enough to have sunk us if we had had eight pumps instead of four, and had been able to keep them incessantly going, was in great measure plugged up by a fragment of the rock, which, after having made the wound, was left sticking in it; so that the water which at first had gained upon our pumps was what came in at the interstices between the stone and the edges of the hole that received it."

A small stream near the spot where the vessel was refitted received the name of Endeavour River. Here, for the first time, Cook himself obtained a sight of the kangaroo,—a species of quadruped before that time unknown to European naturalists. It had previously been observed by some of his companions, and astonished them by its extraordinary leaps, the speed of which set a greyhound belonging to Mr. Banks at defiance. It was described by one of the sailors, who almost took it for the devil, to be "as large as a one-gallon keg, and very like it; he had horns and wings, yet he crept so slowly through the grass that if I had not been *afeard* I might have touched him."

The navigators left this spot on the 5th August, with the resolution of pursuing a north-east course, and keeping the pinnace in front to guide them by signals; but they were speedily compelled to cast anchor by sudden shoal-water. On the following day, nothing was in view but breakers extending on all sides, and far out to the open sea, into which there seemed no entrance, except through a labyrinth of coral rocks, in some parts as steep as a wall, at others edged with patches of sand, covered only at high water. Nearly a week passed among these and other perils, when, getting between the mainland and three small islands, they thought they had discovered a clear opening. But the appellation Cape Flattery denotes its deceptive promise, and they

still found themselves obliged to keep near the shore. After a few days, they reached a channel which conducted them beyond the breakers.

Early on the morning of the 16th, they were alarmed by the roaring of the surf, which at dawn they saw foaming to a vast height at about a mile's distance; while the depth was so great, that they could not reach the ground with an anchor. In the absence of wind to fill a sail, the waves drove them rapidly towards the reef. Boats were immediately sent ahead to tow the vessel off, but they would have failed to save her had not a light breeze moved her obliquely from the reef when she was within 100 yards of it. In less than ten minutes the wind again fell, and the ship was driven towards the breakers; it once more sprung up, and a short space was gained. Meanwhile an opening appeared in the reef, by which, though not broader than the length of the vessel, it was determined to attempt a passage into the smooth water behind. But, before it could be reached, the tide of ebb rushed out of it like a mill-stream, and drove her off. This, though a considerable disappointment, enabled the navigators, with much exertion, to make an offing of nearly two miles. Their situation was nevertheless critical in the extreme, till another narrow opening was seen to the west, through which they were hurried with amazing rapidity; and shortly afterwards cast anchor within the reef in nineteen fathoms, gratefully naming the passage through which they had escaped Providential Channel.

On the 21st May Cook made York Cape, the most northerly point of the coast, in latitude 10° 37′ S., longitude 218° 24′ W.; and having landed on a small island, he hoisted the English colours, and took possession of the whole eastern coast of New Holland, from latitude 38° to latitude 10½° S., by the name of New South Wales.

From *Captain Cook's Voyages.*

Being an Account of Dick Bertrand's Thrilling Adventure in an Aeroplane

By J. OWEN

Although Dick Bertrand had identified himself with the flying movement from its inception, and took a lively interest in the individual work of pilots, he steadfastly refused all invitations to make an aerial voyage himself.

It was not exactly cowardice on his part, for Bertrand in other branches of sport—road and marine motor-racing in particular—had earned for himself the sobriquet of dare-devil for the reckless manner in which he juggled with his life.

The truth is that whilst he yearned to rise and explore the unfathomable realms of space like other men, he refrained from doing so because of the horror he had of height, and because it upset his mental equilibrium and self-control.

On the other hand, he thought nothing of going down in a submarine, and often, to the annoyance of his friend Chapter, who was in charge of the submersible flotilla, he took a fiendish delight in exaggerating trifling incidents into perils threatening them with suffocation and death.

To explain the quality of mind which is fearless and meets danger with intrepidity in the one case, and an emotion excited by threatening

evil accompanied by an irresistible desire to avoid it in the other case, is a problem for metaphysics to define if it can. We know that the phenomenon exists, and that it manifested itself clearly in Bertrand.

Even he tried to account for it, but the more he attempted to cultivate the desire to fly, the more he gave way to unconscious reasoning during which he conjured up visions of the most appalling nature; his attitude being merely another instance which goes to show that he who studies risk seldom takes it.

Bertrand was well known to every one in the world of aviation, and extremely popular with the pilots of every nationality, who regarded him as a sort of patron of their science, since many of them owed their success to his kindly help.

But there came a time when temptation got the upper hand of Bertrand, and forced him into doing the very thing he had so persistently struggled to avoid, and in a weak moment, more out of bravado than anything else, he consented to receive his baptism of the air, which turned out to be the most brain-racking experience he had ever been called upon to endure.

It happened thus :

Bertrand was on the flying ground as usual, gazing up intently at two men testing the effect of the backwash thrown off the propellers on each other's planes.

" That's a bit risky, isn't it ? " questioned an onlooker; but Bertrand was too much absorbed in the manœuvre to make reply.

A few moments later several of his friends came on the scene.

" That's Maurice, the altitude record holder," remarked Bussy. " What a superb spiral he is making ! "

" He's being observed for the height record now, and the way he's travelling he'll soon be out of sight," Bertrand answered, without relaxing his gaze.

" The *Eagle's* a beautiful climber," Chapter joined in, " and Maurice's *vòl piqué* is a revelation, as you'll see presently, if he doesn't break his neck."

" Don't speak as if he deserved to," joined in one of the group.

"Head-foremost at a hundred miles an hour? How can he avoid it?"

"He's done it many a time before, and you can take it from me that Maurice wasn't born to die with his boots on," the other replied.

At this juncture the conversation was interrupted by the presence of a monoplane flying over an express train, its beautiful white wings shimmering in the hot sunshine.

"It's the *Swallow*, with Jacques aboard," shouted Bertrand excitedly —Jacques, the master pilot and prince of aviators.

"Where does he come from in that direction?" some one asked. But before the answer could be given the craft had arrived, and the engine being cut off she began to descend rapidly.

"Look out, chaps, she's coming straight at us!" cried Bussy, at which moment the wheels touched the ground, and the great bird bounded forward, scattering the small group of men in all directions.

"You look cold," said Bertrand, as he advanced to greet Jacques. "Where have you come from?"

"The upper regions—out of the thin air," he answered gravely.

"Thin air," reiterated Bertrand. "Oh, you mean rarefied air?"

"The barograph stopped registering at 17,350 feet," pointing to the instrument.

"Heavens, man, you've got a mania for high-flying."

"It isn't that altogether. The craft is so feathery, and without ballast, she turns to rarefied air as if by instinct."

"Then take Bertrand up with you," yelled Bussy. "His weight will keep her down a bit."

The very mention of it wildly excited the emotions of Bertrand, who by some uncontrollable impulse felt himself being forced into the frail hull.

"Go on, Dick; it's your last chance," they cried. "You must go up this time, and we'll stay here till you come down."

Half inclined to obey, he looked at Jacques, whose face was paler than usual, and whose eyes had a peculiar glassy stare he had never noticed before. His whole manner was, in fact, peculiar, and curiously

it was his gloomy demeanour which attracted Bertrand into doing the very thing he had always tried to avoid. He felt that he must go, and muttered to himself that he *would* go this time.

So he glanced rapidly at the monoplane—at the head, the tail, at the wires and stays, and closely scrutinized every nut, bolt and screw. Then he looked at the pilot, sitting motionless at the wheel. Nothing can happen with such a man at the helm, it flashed across him, and raising his eyes he saw Jacques beckoning him with his head to get aboard; and as he made a move forward his merry companions shouldered him boisterously into his place without more ado.

"Give the propeller a few turns," Jacques yelled impatiently to his mechanic, "and hold down the tail, there, you fellows."

Glancing back hurriedly to see if his command was carried out, he switched on, and after two or three sharp pulls at the polished wood blades, there was a violent splutter, and fire belched forth from the fourteen big exhaust ports of the Gnome motor. Eventually the beat of the engine settled down to a perfect rhythm, and the bright cylinders glistened as they revolved in the sunlight.

Jacques told them to hold on while he opened the throttle wide. The noise was deafening, and the craft shook like an aspen leaf. Satisfied that the beat was regular he raised his hand as a signal for them to let go. In a moment she bounded off like a great sleuth-hound, and after bumping the ground a few times, leapt into her native element with the grace of a gull.

The rest of the narrative must be told in Bertrand's own words :—

"The moment we left the ground the great turmoil that raged in me subsided, and I felt a certain sense of security that I hardly expected. The vibration ceased, owing to the elasticity of the air absorbing the fearful pounding of the engine. All was perfectly smooth and plain sailing except for the wind, which swept over us in much the same way that heavy seas sweep over a ship. But I knew that wind was the breath of life to an aeroplane, and now and again it carried with it the heat of the exhaust, which was rather unpleasant.

"We sped along in a bee-line for several minutes, and when I looked

back my companions were lost to view. Then we made a wide sweep to the right, and later I was astonished to find myself over the very spot we started from about 200 feet above the ground. I saw the chaps below waving their hats jubilantly at me, and as the machine dropped considerably I imagined we were descending. But instead we rose again and drove off in the same direction at a great pace, and after some eight or nine minutes we turned again, and followed the same course.

"I had not looked down in the meanwhile, as I felt we had risen considerably, and it would only have made me feel dizzy. In spite of myself, however, as we completed the next circuit, I caught sight of the sheds, which appeared to be no larger than matchboxes. I was amazed at the height and was half inclined to ask Jacques to descend, but as he had not condescended to speak a word to me, I thought it might annoy him if I showed the white feather, and so I let him go on. Obviously we were now turning in a very much smaller radius than before, as the whole machine lay on one side. This rather terrified me, and thinking to correct the angle, I leaned bodily over on to the upstanding wing.

"'Don't do that,' Jacques yelled instantly. 'Sit quiet, or we'll go over.'

"I made no answer, but sat perfectly still until it suddenly dawned upon me from the way I lay back that we were making the deadly spiral climb. I remembered, too, that in this manœuvre Jacques simply revelled, and I suspected that he meant to beat the altitude record of his hated rival Maurice. Indeed, I thought it just possible we should come across him in those silent and bleak heights which we were fast approaching.

"'Aren't we going too high, Jacques?' I felt compelled to ask at length.

"'There'll be time to talk about that when the engine begins to spit and vomit from want of proper nourishment,' he answered sullenly.

"'Good heavens! it is true, then,' I muttered. 'He's rising into thin air, where the motor will choke and stop from want of oxygen, and nothing can then save us.'

"I stood up and glanced furtively at the barograph, which showed

us to be nearly three miles above the earth, and to make matters worse the wind was freshening; and that we were among the eddies I could feel and tell from Jacques' rapid movement of the wheel.

"'Something's gone wrong,' I heard him say presently.

"I almost leaped out of my seat.

"'What do you mean?' I asked eagerly.

"'I can't get her straight.'

"'Can't get her straight? Of course you can't if you continue winding her round in this mad fashion.'

"'We're not winding now,' Jacques answered. 'We're flying traight, or ought to be.'

"'Then what on earth is it?'

"'I don't know; something will have to be done to right her.'

"The lurch was now far more perilous than Tom Sopwith's when he flew across the Channel into Belgium for the Baron de Forest prize of £4000, and I was compelled to grip the side of the body to prevent falling out. Then the critical moment came, for I heard Jacques frantically yell—

"'Climb on to your wing at once—we're in great danger!'

"'Climb on to *my* wing!' I repeated in amazement. 'You're asking me to commit suicide.'

"'Do it at once, or you'll be committing murder! Can't you see she's capsizing?' he roared.

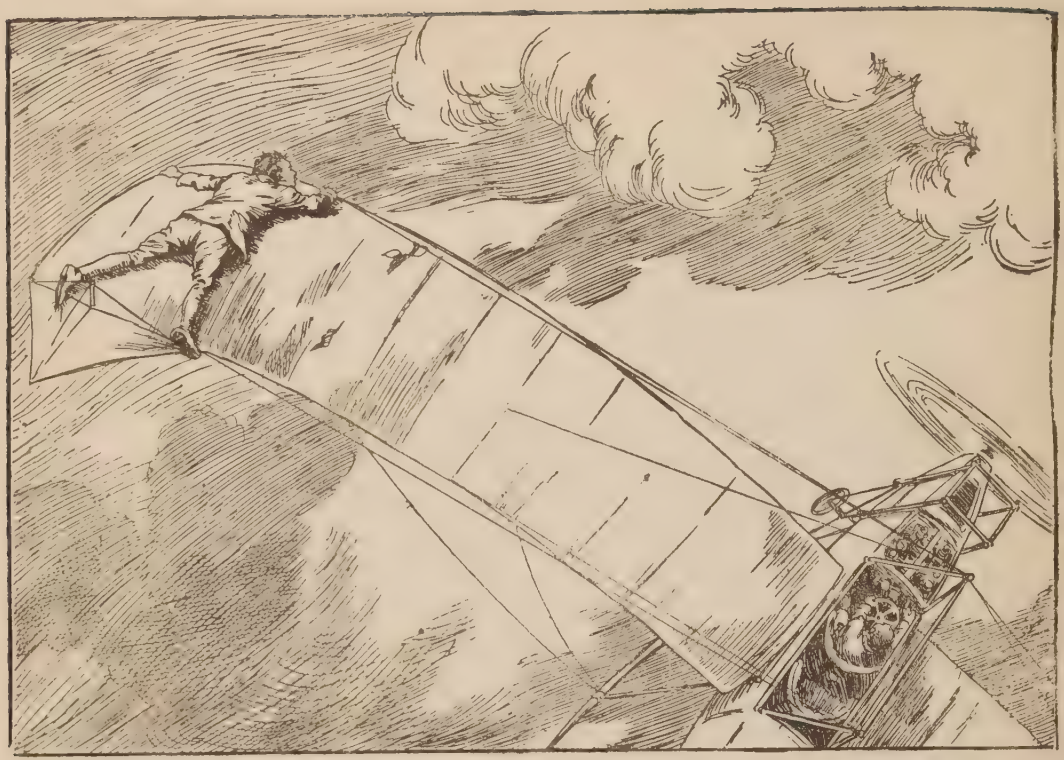
"'I shall perish in the attempt!' I pleaded.

"'Do it, or we'll both perish! Get up!' he hissed.

"More out of fear of Jacques than hope of righting the machine, I began to crawl along the side of the hull, balancing myself like a man on a tight-rope, until I reached the main spar from which radiate the wires supporting the planes. I stepped cautiously on to the left wing, and lay full out on my stomach, and with the aid of the centre wire, I managed to draw myself up until my head was in the middle of the wing.

"'Turn round the other way, you fool, or you'll slip off.'

"No more desperate manœuvre than this could any one be asked to perform, but with Jacques' deep-sunk glassy eyes focussed on me in



"I COULD SEE OVER THE FRONT EDGE, BUT DISCERNED NOTHING EXCEPT A MENACING CLOUD IN THE DISTANCE"

threatening, I was forced to obey, and when I brought the weight of my body more than half way up the plane, it had not the slightest effect in levelling it.

"'Further up!' he mouthed.

"Inch by inch I crawled up sideways, digging my fingers into the fabric to get a hold, while the ribs creaked under the strain. My head now being in the direction of travel I could see over the front edge, but discerned nothing except a menacing cloud in the distance which we were overhauling with startling rapidity. A minute or two later we plunged into it, and let loose a mountain of air it harboured, which swept over us like a cyclone, flattening the up-tilted plane, and sending me reeling over the tip. As I was being hurled off I had the presence of mind to grip the wire connecting it with the main spar, and in doing so it cut through my fingers like a knife, and sent the blood trickling down my wrists and partially bare arms.

" The whole thing bent under my weight, and I fully expected the ribs would snap, and send me hurtling through space into eternity. The suspense of dangling in mid-air like this was horrible. Slowly but surely I was pulling the craft over, but Jacques was quick to realize the peril, for I saw him some twenty feet above frantically struggling with the control wheel.

" Then he did the only thing possible under the circumstances. Failing to right her by relieving the pressure of air under the right wing, and increasing it under the left, he turned the tail elevator full down to make a *vol piqué*. It was the last desperate remedy, and almost immediately we were plunging down headforemost at a frightful pace with the engine going.

" As we did so Jacques was standing up shouting and gesticulating wildly, but what he was saying I could not tell, owing to the noise of the exhaust and the rush of air. Then I realized that the great pressure due to the velocity was gradually bringing the craft back to her normal position again; and taking advantage of this Jacques shut off the power to tell me to climb back on the under wire.

" This was an even more risky feat than climbing up the inclined plane, and the pain it would cause to my almost severed fingers would be excruciating. But it had to be done, and when it was I dropped fainting into my seat.

" When I recovered I noticed that Jacques was looking about him in all directions as if trying to find something he had lost.

" ' Why are we wandering about in this aimless fashion? ' I demanded angrily.

" ' You talk too much,' he growled.

" ' But I want to get down out of this. For goodness' sake, don't tempt Providence any further ! '

" My appeal was useless, for he only smiled cynically. Death must come, I thought, and as there was nothing more to be done I resigned myself to my fate.

" While I was thinking, as only one who is doomed can think, I was startled by the sound of a weird noise like some one singing. I sat up and listened attentively. It was a human voice, I was sure, but where

it came from I could not tell. Perhaps it was Maurice's. In these lonely altitudes all kinds of strange things happen, and the sound of his voice—although perhaps far away—may have been wafted on the winds.

"Again it came and I looked in all directions—above and below—but saw nothing except some shadowy shapes like shrouds that lurked about us. When I heard it next it sounded as if near by. I imagined all sorts of things until at length it broke over me in the form of fiendish laughter which sent a shudder through me. Then my attention was drawn to Jacques flinging about his right arm above his head, and as I caught the profile of his face I noticed he was chattering to himself. Then he would grin—such a sinister grin—and burst alternately into laughter and song, and as if to give expression to what he was saying he would throw up both arms, and brandish them over his head.

"'He's gone mad,' I gasped, and to test his reason I started a conversation.

"'Don't you worry about rarefied air,' he answered with a cackle.

"'But I want to go down,' I begged.

"'I'm taking you to see something—something that the earthly myriads have never seen, and are never likely to see. It will happen presently,' he chuckled.

"'What will happen?' I asked feverishly.

"'What will happen, you ask—why, the *fata morgana*,' he replied, starting to sing again.

"'I don't understand;' and while I was coaxing him to give a coherent explanation of what he meant he leapt off his seat and exclaimed—

"'It has come at last! See, there it is. I told you it would come. Look!'

"Although I felt it was quite useless, I asked him what he saw.

"'Look at it yourself! Since the world began scarcely a dozen people have witnessed the phenomenon.'

"At the mention of phenomenon, I looked around, and beheld in astonishment a most wondrous sight, which made me forget completely the peril we were in, and the mad pilot at the wheel.

"It was a colossal spectral-reflected image of the aeroplane and

ourselves encompassed by myriads of rainbow tints. We were seated, as it were, on a vast mountain of fleecy clouds, our figures magnified to Gargantuan dimensions. Each thin wire appeared like the trunk of a tree, and the tiny wheels of the undercarriage were like mammoth mill wheels. Every detail was so clear and perfect.

" ' Now you've seen all that's worth living to see in Nature,' Jacques cackled, as he forced the monoplane into a stratum of rugged clouds.

" ' Yes, yes; it is superb,' I cried. ' And now let us descend.'

" He ignored the remark, as usual, and drove insensibly onwards. The clouds we chased now stood out in profile and developed into all kinds of fantastic forms. Others that we pierced broke up and formed themselves into snow-white chains. In the vast void that began to freeze my blood the moisture had already frozen on the barograph, so that I could not tell actually how high up we were, and while Jacques was wiping the icicles from it, the engine began to splutter and misfire, and then it stopped altogether. The silence instantly became death-like and the smallest sound of our voices reverberated in the infinite space with terrifying effect.

" This, then, was the spitting and vomiting that Jacques mentioned, and while it filled me with consternation it only intensified his maniacal rapture.

" The engine had succumbed from starvation, and owing to the supporting power of the highly rarefied air being considerably less than at lower levels, and coming, as we were, to the end of our momentum, we began to fall heavily, almost vertically it seemed.

" The strain became enormous, and mad though Jacques undoubtedly was, I could see he had lost none of his old cunning. No one but he could have saved us on the last occasion, but it now seemed that even the world's master pilot could not avert the disaster which threatened us.

" Our momentum almost spent, he turned the elevator right down, which caused the head to dip instantly. For the second time we went careering through space with frightful rapidity, the whole structure creaking and cracking, and the wings fluttering about in the most alarming manner.

"We dipped ruthlessly into a sea of clouds, which for a moment enveloped us like a thick fog; then we emerged into a clear region flooded with golden sunlight. Far down below lay a chain of softly floating vapour, white as the drifted snow. A minute later we crashed into and scattered it in all directions. The spectacle was awful in its grandeur, but the speed was too fast for the brain, which reeled and made me feel sick. What surprised me most was that the whole apparatus did not collapse, for there were many loose wires, and the fabric on the left wing was badly tattered and torn.

"All the time Jacques by instinct struggled to keep her straight.

"Then the inevitable happened.

"Deceived into thinking that he was approaching earth he made a too violent effort to check the descent by turning the tail full up. Answering her helm faithfully the monoplane made a short, sharp curve, and began to climb again at a terrible angle. The violence of the motion distorted the framework, and snapped the left wing in the middle; and failing to alter the elevator at the right moment she was hurled over backwards by the abnormal pressure on the front.

"Over and over we tumbled somersault-wise down the fathomless abyss, but by some strange act of Providence I was able to hold on till at length the craft by a miracle recovered her normal position. I remembered after that the *Swallow* had done what every perfectly designed aeroplane is expected to do under the circumstances, other things being equal, and what, in fact, was done in the case of an aviator who was carrying out some gliding experiments in America.

"But, alas! Jacques was no longer at the wheel. Already his bones were scattered, and his soul had passed beyond the confines of the grave. I was alone in a derelict aeroplane, and although ill and horrified by the experience, I felt that it was up to me to make a last effort to save myself. With all the courage I could muster up I crept stealthily into the pilot's seat and took hold of the control wheel. As circumstances demanded, I pushed and pulled it to raise and lower the elevator a little, and if what I did helped to right her, and keep her on an even keel, it was due more to luck than judgment.

"For half an hour we drifted with the wind, rising, falling and sometimes plunging irresponsibly.

"OVER AND OVER WE TUMBLED"

" Then my eyes caught sight of something that quickened my pulse, and sent the blood rushing through my viens. The exhaustion which weighed me down vanished instantly, and I became inspired with a great joy, and an irresistible desire to live again.

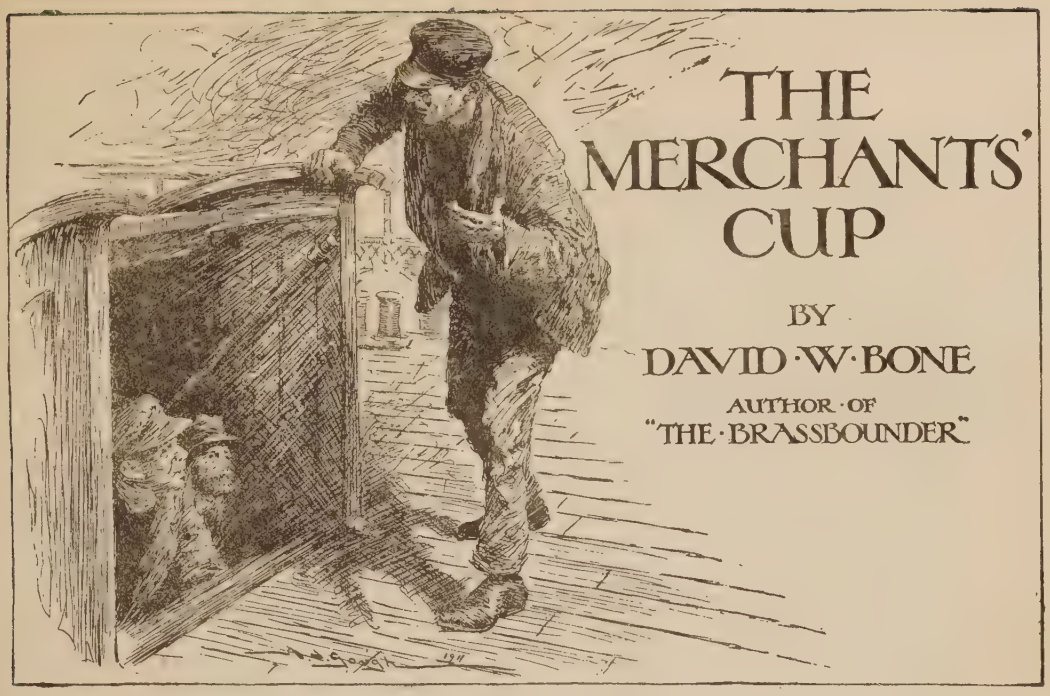
" It was Mother Earth—the green fields, white roads, and human associations from which I had been separated for an eternity.

" I cried gleefully, even in the knowledge that there was yet ample time to be dashed to pieces like poor Jacques. Lower, and yet lower, the monoplane fell in safety, and now I could distinguish things more clearly. I saw people, soldiers on horses, and motor cars rushing to meet me—to welcome me back from the grave, I thought—and a few moments later there was a heavy thud and a crash.

" It was the under-carriage striking the ground.

" I was actually down, and as I was lifted out, I inwardly kissed the brave little craft that had weathered the storms, and delivered me from the hand of Death which had remorselessly followed me throughout my first aerial voyage.

" I was a little proud, too, of the fact that I was an aviator in spite of myself, and having received my baptism of the air under such tragic and cruel circumstances—which could not possibly occur again—I went home with the determination to prepare myself for further exploits in the realms of space which I now felt belonged to me by right of conquest."



THE MERCHANTS' CUP

BY

DAVID W. BONE

AUTHOR OF

"THE BRASSBOUNDER"

I

"FATTY" REID burst into the half-deck with a whoop of exultation. "Come out, boys," he yelled. "Come out and see what luck! The *James Flint* comin' down the river, loaded and ready for sea! *Who-oop!* What price the *Hilda* now for the Merchants' Cup?"

"Oh, come off," said big Jones. "Come off with your Merchants' Cup! Th' *James Flint* 's a sure thing, and she wasn't more than half loaded when we were up at Crockett on Sunday!"

"Well, there she comes anyway! *James Flint,* sure enough! Gracie's house flag up, and the Stars *and* Stripes!"

We hustled on deck and looked over by the Sacramento's mouth. "Fatty" was right. A big barque was towing down beyond San Pedro. The *James Flint!* Nothing else in 'Frisco Harbour had spars like hers; no ship was as trim and clean as the big Yankee clipper that Bully Nathan commanded. The sails were all aloft, the boats aboard. She was ready to put to sea.

The *Hilda* had been three months at San Francisco, waiting for the wheat crop and a profitable charter. We had come up from Australia, and most of our crew, having little wages due to them, had deserted soon after our arrival. Only we apprentices and the sail-maker remained, and we had work enough to set our muscles up in the heavy harbour jobs. Trimming coal and shovelling ballast may not be scientific training, but it is grand work for the back and shoulders.

We were in good trim for rowing. The old man had given us every opportunity, and nothing he could do was wanting to make us fit. Day by day we had set our stroke up by the long pull from the anchorage to the wharves, old Burke coaching and encouraging, checking and speeding us, till we worked well together. Only last Sunday he had taken us out of our way, up the creek, to where we could see the flag at the *Rhondda's* masthead. The old man said nothing, but well we knew he was thinking of how the square of blue silk, with Californian emblem worked in white, would look at his trim little *Hilda's* fore-truck! This flag accompanied the Cup, and now (if only the Yankee and his hired whalemen were safely at sea), we had hopes of seeing it at our masthead again.

Tea over—still excited talk went on. Some one recalled the last time we had overhauled and passed the *Rhondda's* gig.

"It's all very well, your bucking about beating the *Rhondda*," said Gregson. "But don't think we're going to have it all our own way! Mebbe they were 'playing 'possum' when we came by, that time!"

"Maybe," said Jones. "There's Peters and H. Dobson in her crew. Good men! Both rowed in the *Worcester* boat that left the *Conways'* at the start, three years ago. . . . And what about the *Rickmers?* . . . No, no! It won't do to be too cocksure! . . . Eh, Takia?"

Takia was our cox'n, a small wiry Jap. Nothing great in inches, but a demon for good steering and timing a stroke. He was serving his apprenticeship with us and had been a year in the *Hilda.* Brute strength was not one of his points, but none was keener or more active in the rigging than our little Jap.

He smiled—he always smiled— he found it the easiest way of speaking

English. "Oh yes," he said. "Little cocksu'—good! Too much cocksu'—no good!"

We laughed at the wisdom of the East.

"Talk about being cocky," said Gregson; "you should hear Captain Schenke bragging about the way he brought the *Hedwig Rickmers* out. I heard 'm and the old man at it in the shipchandlers' yesterday. Hot! . . . Look here, you chaps! I don't think the old man cares so much to win the Cup as to beat Schenke! The pig 'square-head' is always ramming it down Burke's throat, how he brought his barque out from Liverpool in a hundred and five days, while the *Hilda* took ten days more on her last run out!"

"That's so, I guess," said Jones. (Jones had the Yankee "touch.") "Old Burke would dearly love to put a spoke in *his* wheel, but it'll take some doing. They say that Schenke has got a friend down from Sacramento—gym.-instructor or something to a college up there. He'll be training the 'Dutchy' crew like blazes. They'll give *us* a hot time, I'll bet!"

Gregson rose to go on deck. "Oh, well," he said, "it won't be so bad if the *James Flint* only lifts his hook by Saturday. Here's one bloomin' *hombre* that funks racin' a fancy whaler! . . . An' doesn't care *who* knows it, either!"

II

THURSDAY passed—and now Friday—still there was no sign of the wind changing, and the big Yankee barque lay quietly at anchor over by the Presidio.

When the butcher came off from the shore with the day's stores, we eagerly questioned him about the prospects of the *James Flint's* sailing. "*Huh!* I guess yew're nat the only 'citizens' that air consarned 'bout that!" he said. "They're talkin' 'bout nuthin' else on every 'limejuicer' in the Bay! . . . An' th' *Rickmers!* Gee! Schenkie's had his eye glued ter th' long telescope ever since daybreak, watchin' fer th' *Flint's* heaving' up anchor!"

The butcher had varied information to give us. Now, it was that

Bully Nathan had telegraphed to his New York owners for permission to remain in port over Sunday. Then again, Bully was on the point of being dismissed his ship for not taking full advantage of a puff of nor'-west wind that came and went on Thursday night. . . . The *Flint* was short of men! . . . The *Flint* had a full crew aboard! Rumours and rumours! "All sorts o' talk," said the butcher; "but I know this fer certain. She's got all her stores aboard. Gosh! I guess—she—*has!* I don't like to wish nobody any harm, boyees, but I hope Bully Nathan's first chop 'll choke him—fer th' way he done me over the beef! . . . Scorch 'im!"

In the forenoon, we dropped the gig and put out for practice. Old Burke and the mate came after us in the dinghy, the old man shouting instruction and encouragement through his megaphone, as we rowed a course or spurted hard for a furious three minutes. Others were out on the same ploy, and the backwaters of the Bay had each a lash of oars to stir their tideless depths. Near us, the green boat of the *Rickmers* thrashed up and down in style. Time and again, we drew across—"just for a friendly spurt"—but the "Dutchies" were not giving anything away, and sheered off as we approached. We spent an hour or more at practice and were rowing leisurely back to the ship when the green boat overhauled us, then slowed to her skipper's orders.

"How you vass, Cabtin Burke?" said Schenke, an enormous fair-haired Teuton, powerful looking, but run sadly to fat in his elder years. "You t'ink you get a chanst now, *hein?* . . . Now de Yankee is goin' avay!" He pointed over to the Presidio, where the *Flint* lay at anchor. We followed the line of his fat forefinger. At anchor, yes, but the anchor nearly a-weigh. Her flags were hoisted, the blue peter fluttering at the fore, and the *Active* tug was passing a hawser aboard, getting ready to tow her out. The smoke from the tugboat's funnel was whirling and blowing over the low forts that guard the Golden Gates. Good luck! A fine nor'-west breeze that would lift our dreaded rival far to the south-'ard, on her way round Cape Horn!

Schenke saw the pleased look with which old Burke regarded the Yankee's preparations for departure.

"Goot bizness, eh," he said. "You t'ink you fly de flack on de

Hilda, nex' Sonndag, Cabtin? Vell! Ah vish you goot luck, but you dond't got it, all de same!"

"Oh well, Captain Schenke, we can but thry," said the old man. "We can but thry, sorr! . . . Shure, she's a foine boat —that o' yours. . . . Ah' likely-looking lads, too!" No one could but admire the well-set figures of the German crew, as they stroked easily beside us.

"*Schweinhunden*," said Schenke brutally. We noticed more than one stolid face darkling as they glanced aside. Schenke had the name of a "hard case." "*Schweinhunden*," he said again. "Dey dond't like de hard work, Cabtin. . . . Dey dond't like it—but ve takes der Coop, all de same! Dey pulls goot *und* strong, *oder*——" he rasped a short sentence in rapid Low German! ". . . . Shermans dond't be beat by no limejuicer, *nein*!"

Old Burke grinned. "Cocky as ever, Captain Schenke! Bedad now, since ye had the luck of ye're last passage, there's no limit to ye!"

"Luck! Luck! Alvays de luck mit you, Cabtin!"

"An' whatt ilse? . . . Shure, if I hadn't struck a bilt of calms an' had more than me share of head winds off the Horn, I'd have given ye a day or two, mesilf!"

"*Ho! Ho! Ho! Das ist gut!*" The green boat rocked with Schenke's merriment. He laughed from his feet up; every inch of him shook with emotion. "*Ho! Ho! Hoo! Das ist ganz gut.* You t'ink you beat de *Hedwig Rickmers* too, Cabtin? You beat 'm mit dot putty leetle barque? You beat 'm mit de *Hilda, nicht wahr?*"

"Well, no," said our old man. "I don't exactly say I can beat the *Rickmers*, but if I had the luck o' winds that ye had, bedad, I'd crack th' *Hilda* out in a hundred an' five days too!"

"Now, dot is not drue, Cabtin! *Das ist nicht recht.* You know you haf bedder look von de vind as Ah got. Ah sail mein sheep! Ah dond't vait for de fair winds nor not'ings!"

"No," said Burke, "but ye get 'em, all the same. Everybody knows ye've th' divil's own luck, Schenke!"

"*Und* so you vas! Look now, Cabtin Burke. You t'ink you got so fast a sheep as *mein*, eh? Vell! Ah gif you a chanst to make money.

Ah bett you feefty dollars to tventig Ah take mein sheep home quicker as you vass!"

"Done wit' ye," said stout old "Paddy" Burke, though well he knew the big German barque could sail round the little *Hilda*. "Fifty dollars to twenty, Captain Schenke, an' moind ye've said it!"

The green boat sheered off and forged ahead, Schenke laughing and waving his hand derisively. When they had pulled out of earshot, the old man turned ruefully to the mate: "Five pounds clean t'rown away, mister! Foine I know the *Rickmers* can baate us, but I wasn't goin' t' let that ould 'square-head' have it all his own way! No fear!"

We swung under the *Hilda's* stern and hooked on to the gangway. The old man stepped out, climbed a pace or two, then came back.

"Look ye here, byes!" he said, "I'll give ye foive dollars a man—an'

a day's 'liberty' t' spind it—if ye only baate th' 'Dutchmen.' . . Let th' Cup go where it will!"

III

THE Bay of San Francisco is certainly one of the finest natural harbours in the world, let Sydney and Rio and Falmouth all contest the claim. Landlocked to every wind that blows, with only a narrow channel open to the sea, the navies of the world could lie peacefully together in its sheltered waters. The coast that environs the harbour abounds in natural beauties, but, of all the wooded creeks—fair stretches of undulating downs—or stately curves of winding river, none surpasses the little bay formed by the turn of Benita, the northern postern of the Golden Gates. Here is the little township of Saucilito, with its pretty white houses nestling among the dark green of the deeply wooded slopes. In the bay, there is good anchorage for a limited number of vessels, and fortunate were they who manned the tall ships that lay there, swinging ebb and flood, waiting for a burthen of golden grain.

On Saturday, the little bay was crowded by a muster of varied craft. The ships at anchor were "dressed" to the mastheads with gaily coloured flags. Huge ferry boats passed slowly up and down, their tiers of decks crowded with sightseers. Tugboats and launches darted about, clearing the course, or convoying racing boats to the starting lines. Ships-boats of all kinds were massed together, close inshore; gigs and pinnaces, lean whaleboats, squat dinghies, even high-sided ocean lifeboats with their sombre broad belts of ribbed cork. A gay scene of colour and animation. A fine turn-out to see the fortune of the Merchants' Cup!

At two, the Regatta began. A race for longshore craft showed that the boarding house "crimps" were as skilful at boatman's work as at inducing sailormen to desert their ships. Then, two outriggers flashed by, contesting a heat for a College race. We in the *Hilda's* gig lay handily at the starting line, and soon were called out. There were nine entries for the Cup, and the judges had decided to run three heats. We were drawn in the first, and together with the *Ardlea's* and *Compton's*

gigs, went out to be inspected. The boats had to race in sea-service conditions, no lightening was allowed. At the challenge of the judges we showed our gear. "Spare oar—right! Rowlocks—right! Sea anchor—right! Bottom boards and stern grating—right. Painter, ten fathoms; hemp. . . . A bit short there, *Compton*! Eh? . . . Oh—all right," said the official, and we manœuvred into position, our sterns held in by the guard boats. Some of the ships' captains had engaged a steam-launch to follow the heats, and old Burke was there with his trumpet, shouting encouragement already.

"Air yew ready?"

A pause: then, pistol shot! We struck water and laid out! Our task was not difficult. The *Ardlea's* gig was broad bowed and heavy; they had no chance; but the *Compton's* gave us a stiff pull to more than midway. Had they been like us, three months at boatwork, we had not pulled so easily up to the mark, but their ship was just in from Liverpool and they were in poor condition for a mile and a half at pressure. We won easily, and scarce had cheered the losers, before the launch came fussing up.

"Come aboard, Takia," shouted old Burke. "Ye come down wit' me an' see what shape the German makes. He's drawn wit' th' *Rhondda* in this heat!"

Takia bundled aboard the launch and we hauled inshore to watch the race. There was a delay at the start. Schenke, "*nichts verstehen*," as he said, was for sending his boat away without a painter or spare gear. He was pulled up by the judges, and had to borrow.

Now, they were ready. The *Rickmers* outside, *Rhondda* in the middle berth, and the neat little *Slieve Donard* inshore. At the start, the *Rhonddas* came fair away from the German boat, but even at the distance we could see that the "Dutchmen" were well in hand. At midway, the *Rhondda* was leading by a length, still going strong, but they had shot their bolt, and the green boat was surely pulling up. The *Slieve Donard*, after an unsteady course, had given up. Soon, we could hear old Schenke roaring oaths and orders, as his launch came flying on in the wake of the speeding boats.

The Germans spurted.

We yelled encouragement to the *Rhonddas*. "Give 'em beans, old sons!" . . . "*Rhondda! Rhondda!*" . . . "Shake 'er up!" Gallantly, the white boat strove to keep her place, but the greens were too strong. With a rush, they took the lead and held it to the finish, though two lengths from the line their stroke faltered, the swing was gone, and they were dabbling feebly when the shot rang out.

"A grand race," said everyone around. A "grand race," but old Burke had something to say when he steamed up to put our cox'n among us. "Byes, byes!" he said, "if there had been twinty yards more, the *Rhondda* would have won! Now d'ye moind, Takia, ye rascal . . . d'ye moind! Keep th' byes in hand, till I give ye th' wurrd! . . . An' whin ye get th' wurrd, byes! . . . Oh, me byes! Shake her up when ye get th' wurrd!"

The third heat was closely contested. All three boats, two Liverpool barques and a Nova Scotiaman, came on steadily together. A clean race, rowed from start to finish, and the *Tuebrook* winning by a short length.

The afternoon was well spent when we stripped for the final, and took up our positions on the line. How big and muscular the Germans looked! How well the green boat sat the water! With what inward quakings we noted the clean fine lines of stem and stern! . . . Of the *Tuebrook* we had no fear. We knew *they* could never stand the pace the Germans would set. Could *we?*

Old Burke, though in a fever of excitement when he came to the line, had little to say. "Keep the byes in hand, Takia—till ye get th' wurrd," was all he muttered. We swung our oar-blades forward.

"Ready?" The starter challenged us.

Suddenly, Takia *yelped!* We struck and lay back as the shot rang out! A stroke gained! Takia had taken the flash; the others, the report!

The Jap's clever start gave us confidence and a lead. Big Jones at stroke worked us up to better the advantage. The green boat sheered a little, then steadied, and came on, keeping to us, though nearly a length astern. The *Tuebrook* had made a bad start, but was threshing away pluckily in the rear.

So we hammered at it for a third of the course, when Takia took charge. Since his famous start, he had left us to take stroke as Jones pressed us, but now he saw signs of the waver that comes after the first furious burst—shifting grip or change of foothold.

" *'Trok !—'trok !—'trok !* " he muttered and steadied the pace. " *'Troke !—'troke !—'troke !* " in monotone, good for soothing tension.

Past midway, the green boat came away. The ring of the German's rowlocks rose to treble pitch. Slowly, they drew up, working at top speed. Now they were level—*level*, and Takia still droning " 'troke !—'troke !—'troke ! "—as if the lead was ours !

Wild outcry came from the crowd as the green boat forged ahead ! Deep roars from Schenke somewhere in the rear ! Now, labouring still to Takia's *'troke !—'troke !* we had the foam of the German's stern wash at our blades ! " Come away, *Hilda's !* " . . . " Shake her up, there ! " . . . " *Hilda—h ! Hilda—h !* " Takia took no outward heed of the cries. He was staring stolidly ahead, bending to the pulse of the boat. No outward heed—but *'troke !—'troke !* came faster from his lips. We strained, almost holding the German's ensign at level with our bow pennant.

Loud over the wild yells of the crowd we heard the voice we knew—old Burke's bull-roar : " Let 'er rip, Taki' ! Let 'er rip, bye ! "

Takia's eyes gleamed as he sped us up—up—up ! *'Troke* became a *yelp* like a wounded dog's. He crouched, standing, in the stern-sheets, and lashed us up to a furious thresh of oars ! Still quicker ! . . . The eyes of him glared at each of us, as if daring us to fail ! The *yelp* became a scream as we drew level ; the Germans still at top speed. " Up ! Up ! Up ! " yells Takia, little yellow chap with a white froth at his lips. " *Up ! Up ! Up !* " swaying unsteadily to meet the furious urging.

The ring of the German rowlocks deepens—deepens—we see the green bow at our blades again. Her number two falters—jars—recovers again—and pulls stubbornly on. Their " shot " is fired ! They can do no more ! Done !

And so are we ! Takia drops the yoke ropes and leans forward on the gunwale ! Oars jar together ! Big Jones bends forward with his mouth wide—wide ! Done !

"We strained, almost holding the German's ensign at level with our bow pennant."

But not before a hush—a solitary pistol shot—then roar of voice and shrilling of steamer syrens, tell us that the Cup is ours !

IV

A MONTH later, there was a stir in the western seaports. No longer the ships lay swinging idly at their moorings. The harvest of grain was ready for the carriers, and every day sail was spread to the free wind outside the Golden Gates and laden ships went speeding on their homeward voyages. The days of boat-races and pleasant time-passing harbour jobs were gone—it was now work—work—to get the ship ready for her burden; and, swaying the great sails aloft, to rig harness for the power that was to bear us home. From early morning till late evening we were kept hard at it; for Captain Burke and the mate were as keen on getting the *Hilda* to sea after her long stay in port as they were on jockeying us up to win the Cup. Often, when we turned to in the morning, we would find a new shipmate ready to bear a hand with us. The old man believed in picking up a likely man when he offered. Long experience of Pacific ports had taught him how difficult it is to get a crew at the last moment.

So, when at length the cargo was stowed, we were quite ready to go to sea, while many others—the *Hedwig Rickmers* among them—were waiting for men.

On the day before sailing, a number of the ship captains were gathered together in the chandler's store, talking of freights and passages and speculating on the runs they hoped to make. Burke and Schenke were the loudest talkers—for we were both bound to Falmouth "for orders," and the *Rickmers* would probably sail three days after we had gone.

"Vat 'bout dot bett you make mit me, Cabtin?" said Schenke. "Dot iss all recht, no?"

"Oh, yess," answered the old man, but without enthusiasm. "That stands."

"*Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!* Tventig dollars to feefty—dot you goes home quicker as me, no?" Schenke turned to the other men. "Vat you

trinks, zhentlemen? Ah tink Ah sbend der tventig dollars now—so sure Ah vass."

The others laughed. "Man, man," said Findlayson of the *Rhondda*, "you don't tell me Burke's been fool enough to take that bet. *Hoo!* You haven't the ghost of a chance, Burke."

"*Och*, ye never know," said the now doleful sportsman. "Ye never know ye'er luck."

"Look here, Cabtin," said Schenke (good-humoured by the unspoken tribute to his vessel's sailing powers)—"Ah gif you a chanst. Ah make de bett dis vay—look. Ve goes to Falmouth—you und me, *hein*? Now, de first who comes on de shore vins de money. Dot vill gif you t'ree days' start, no?"

"That's more like it," said the other captains. "I wish you luck, Burke," said Findlayson. "Good luck—you'll need it, too—if you are to be home before the big German."

So the bet was made.

At daybreak next morning, we put out to sea. The good luck that the *Rhondda* wished us came our way from the very first. When the tug left us, we set sail to a fine fair wind, and soon were bowling along in style. We found the nor'-east Trades with little seeking; strong Trades, too, that lifted us to the Line almost before the harbour dust was blown from our masts and spars. There calms fell on us for a few days, but we drifted south in the right current, and in less than forty days had run into the "westerlies" and were bearing away for the Horn.

Old Burke was "cracking on" for all the *Hilda* could carry canvas. Every morning when he came on deck, the first question to the mate would be—"Any ships in sight, mister?" . . . "Any ships astern," he meant, for his first glance was always to where the big green four-master might be expected to heave in sight. Then, when nothing was reported, he would begin his day-long strut up and down the poop, whistling "Garryowen" and rubbing his hands.

Nor was the joy at our good progress his alone. We, in the half-deck, knew of the bet, and were keen that the ship which carried the Merchants' Cup should not be overhauled by the runner-up! We had made a fetish of the trophy so hardly won. The Cup itself was safely stowed

in the ship's strong chest, but the old man had let us have custody of the flag. Big Jones had particular charge of it, and it had been a custom while in 'Frisco to exhibit it on the Saturday nights to admiring and envious friends from other ships. This custom we continued when at sea. True, there were no visitors to set us up and swear what lusty chaps we were, but we could frank one another and say, "If *you* hadn't done this or that, we would never have won the race."

On a breezy Saturday evening, we were busy at these rites. The *Hilda* was doing well before a steady nor'-west wind, but the weather—though nothing misty—was dark as a pall. Thick clouds overcast the sky and there seemed no dividing line between the darkling sea and the windy banks that shrouded the horizon. A dirty night was in prospect; the weather would thicken later; but that made the modest comforts of the half-deck seem more inviting by comparision, and we came together for our weekly "sing-song"—all but Gregson, whose turn it was to stand the lookout on the foc's'le-head.

The flag was brought out and hung up—Jones standing by to see that no pipe-lights were brought near—and we ranted at "Ye Mariners of England" till the mate sent word that further din would mean a "work-up" job for all of us.

Little we thought that we mariners would soon be facing dangers as great as any we so glibly sang about. Even as we sang, the *Hilda* was speeding on a fatal course! Across her track, the almost submerged hull of a derelict lay drifting. Black night veiled the danger from the keenest eyes.

A frenzied order from the poop put a stunning period to our merriment. "Helm up, f'r any sake I . . . UP!—oh!—UP! UP!" A furious impact dashed us to the deck. Staggering, bruised and bleeding, we struggled to our feet. Outside, the yells of fear-stricken men mingled with hoarse orders, the crash of spars hurtling from aloft vied with the thunder of canvas as the doomed barque swung round broadside to the wind and sea.

Even in that dread moment, Jones had heed of his precious flag. As we flew to the door, he tore the flag down, stuffing it in his jumper as he joined us at the boats.

There was no time to hoist out the lifeboats—it was pinnace and gig or nothing. Already the bows were low in the water. "She goes. She goes," yelled some one. "Oh, man! Going!"

We bore frantically on the tackles that linked the gig, swung her out and lowered by the run; the mate had the pinnace in the water, men were swarming into her. As the gig struck water, the barque heeled to the rail awash. We crowded in, old Burke the last to leave her, and pushed off. Our once stately *Hilda* reeled in a swirl of broken water and the deep sea took her!

Sailor work! No more than ten minutes between "Ye Mariners" and the foundering of our barque!

We lay awhile with hearts too full for words; then the pinnace drew near and the mate called the men. All there but one! "Gregson?" . . . No Gregson. The bosun knew. He had seen what was Gregson lying still under the wreck of the topmast spars.

The captain and mate conferred long together. We had no sail in the gig, but the larger boat was fully equipped. "It's the only chance, mister," said Burke, at last. "No food—no water! We can't hold out for long. Get sail on your boat and stand an hour or two to the east'ard. Ye may fall in with a ship; she w-was right in th' track whin she s-struck. We can but lie to in th' gig an' pray that a ship comes by."

"Aye, aye, sir." They stepped the mast and hoisted sail. "Good bye all; God bless ye, captain," they said as the canvas swelled. "Keep heart!" For a time, we heard their voices shouting us God-speed—then silence came!

V

DAYBREAK.

Thank God the bitter night was past! Out of the east the long-looked-for light grew on us, as we lay to sea-anchor, lurching unsteadily in the teeth of wind and driving rain. At the first grey break we scanned the now misty horizon. There was no sign of the pinnace; no Godsent sail in all the dreary round!

We crouched on the bottom boards of the little gig and gave way to

gloomy thoughts. What else could we be when we were alone and adrift on the broad Pacific, without food or water, in a tiny gig—already perilously deep with the burden of eight of us? What a difference to the gay day when we manned the same little boat and set out in pride to the contest! Here was the same spare oar that we held up to the judges—the long oar that Jones was now swaying over the stern, keeping her head to the wind and sea! Out there in the tumbling water, the sea-anchor held its place—the ten fathoms of good hemp "painter" was straining at the bows!

The same boat! The same gear! The same crew, but how different! A crew of bent heads and wearied limbs! Listless eyed, despairing! A ghastly crew, with black care riding in the heaving boat with us!

Poor old Burke had hardly spoken since his last order to the mate to sail the pinnace to the east in search of help. When anything was put to him, he would say, "Aye, aye, bye," and take no further heed. He was utterly crushed by the disaster that had come so suddenly on the heels of his "good luck." He sat staring stonily ahead, deaf to our hopes and fears.

Water we had in plenty as the day wore on. The rain-soaked clothes of us were sufficient for the time, but soon hunger came and added a physical pain to the torture of our doubt. Again and again, we stood up on the reeling thwarts and looked wildly around the sea line. No pinnace—no ship—nothing! Nothing, only sea and sky, and circling sea-birds, that came to mock at our misery with their plaintive cries.

A bitter night! A no less cruel day! Dark came on us again, chill and windy, and the salt spray cutting at us like a whip-lash.

Boo—m—m!

Big Jones stood up in the stern-sheets, swaying unsteadily. "D'ye hear anything there. . . . Like a gun?"

A gun? Gun? . . . Nothing new! . . . We had been hearing guns, seeing sails—in our minds—all the day! All day . . . guns . . . and sail! *Boom—m—m—m!*

"Gun! Oh God . . . a gun! Capt'n, a gun, d'ye hear! *Hay—Hay—H.* Out oars, there! A gun!" Hoarse in excitement, Jones

shook the old man and called at his ear. "Aye, aye, bye. Aye, aye," said the broken old man, seeming without understanding.

Jones ceased trying to rouse him and, running out the steering oar called on us to haul the sea-anchor aboard. We lay to our oars, listening for a further gunfire.

WHOOO——O . . . BOOM—M—M.

A rocket! They were looking for us, then! The pinnace must have been picked up! A cheer—what a cheer!—came brokenly from our lips—and we lashed furiously at the oars, steering to where a glare in the mist had come with the last report.

Roused by the thresh of our oars, the old man sat up. "Whatt now, bye? Whatt now?"

"Ship firin' rockets, sir," said Jones. "Rockets . . . no mistake." As he spoke, another coloured streamer went flaming through the eastern sky. "Give way, there! We'll miss her if she's running south! Give

way, all!" The glare of the rocket put heart into our broken old skipper. "Steady now, byes," he said, with something of his old enthusiasm.

We laboured steadily at the oars, but our strength was gone. The sea too, that we had thought moderate when lying to sea-anchor, came at us broadside on and set our light boat to a furious dance. Wave crests broke and lashed aboard, the reeling boat was soon awash and the spare men had to bale frantically to keep her afloat. But terror of the ship running south from us nerved our wearied arms, and we kept doggedly swinging the oars. Soon we made out the vessel's side-light—the gleam of her starboard light, that showed that she was hauled to the wind, not running south as feared. They could not see us on such a night, we had nothing to make a signal; but the faint green flame gave us heart in our distress!

The old man, himself again, was now steering, giving us Big Jones to bear at the oars. As we drew on we made out the loom of the vessel's sails—a big ship under topsails only and sailing slowly to the west. We pulled down wind to cross her course, shouting together as we rowed. Would they never hear? . . . Again! . . . Again!

Suddenly, there came a hail from the ship, a roar of orders—rattle of blocks and gear—the yards swung round and she laid up in the wind, while the ghostly glare of a blue light lit up the sea around.

A crowd of men were gathered at the waist, now shouting and cheering as we laboured painfully into the circle of vivid light. Among them, a big man (huge he looked in that uncanny glare) roared encouragement in hoarse gutturals.

Old Schenke? The *Hedwig Rickmers?*

Aye, Schenke! But a different Schenke from the big, blustering, overbearing "squarehead" we had known in 'Frisco. Schenke as kind as a brother—a brother of the sea, indeed. Big, fat, honest Schenke passing his huge arm through that of our broken old skipper, leading him aft to his own bed and silencing his faltering story by words of cheer. "*Ach, lieber Gott.* It is all right, no? All right, Cabtin, now you come on board. Ah know all 'bout it! . . . Ah pick de oder boat up in de morning, *und* dey tells me. You come af' mit me, Cabtin. . . . Goot, no?"

. . . . . .

" Ninety-six days, Schenke, and here we are at the mouth of the Channel ! " Old Burke had a note of regret in the saying. " Ninety-six days ! Shure, this ship o' yours can sail. With a bit o' luck, now, ye'll be in Falmouth under the hundred."

" So. If de vind holds goot. Oh, de *Hedwig Rickmers* is a goot sheep, no ? But if Ah dond't get de crew of de poor leetle *Hilda* to vork mein sheep, Ah dond't t'ink ve comes home so quick as hundert days, no ? "

" God bless us, man. Shure, it's the least they cud do, now. An' you kaapin' us in food an' drink an' clothes, bedad—all the time."

" Vat Ah do, Cabtin. Ah leaf you starfe, no ! "

" Oh. Some men would have put in to the Falklands and landed——"

" *Und* spoil a goot bassage, eh. *Ach nein.* More better to go on. You know dese men Ah get in 'Frisco is no goot. Dem ' hoodlums,' dey dond't know de sailorman work. But your beople is all recht, eh. If Ah dond't haf dem here, it is small sail ve can carry on de sheep."

" Och now, ye just say that, Schenke, ye just say that ! But it's glad I am if we're any use t' ye."

" Hundert days to Falmouth, eh ? " Schenke grinned as he said it. " Vat 'bout dot bett now, Cabtin ? "

" Oh that," said Burke queerly. " You win, of course, I'm not quite broke yet, Captain Schenke. I'll pay the twenty dollars, all right."

" No, no. De bett is not won. No ? De bett vass—' who is de first on shore come,' *hein?* Goot. Ven de sheep comes to Falmouth, ve goes on shore, you and me, together. Like dis, eh ? " He seized Burke by the arm and made a motion that they two should thus step out together.

Burke, shamefaced, said, " Aye, aye, bye."

" Ah dond't care about de bett," continued the big German. " De bett is noting, but, look here, Cabtin—Ah tell you Ah look to vin dot Merchants' Cup. *Gott !* Ah vass *verricht* ven your boys come in first. *Ach so ! Und* now, de Cup iss at de bottom of de Pacific." He sighed, regretfully. Ah ! " I vant t' be de first Sherman to vin dot Cup, too ! "

The mate of the *Rickmers* came on the poop, and said something to his captain. Schenke turned to the old man in some wonderment. . . . "Vat dis is, eh? My mate tell me dot your boys is want to speak mit me. Vat it is, Cabtin? No troubles I hope?"

Burke looked as surprised as the other. "Send dem up, Heinrich," he said. We, the crew of the *Hilda's* gig, filed on to the poop, looking as hot and uncomfortable as proper sailormen should do when they come on a deputation. Jones headed us, and he carried a parcel under his arm.

"Captain Schenke," he said. "We are all here—the crew of the *Hilda's* gig, that you picked up when—when—we were in a bad way. All here but poor Gregson." The big lad's voice broke as he spoke of his lost watchmate. "An' if he was here he would want t' thank ye too for the way you've done by us. I can't say any more, Captain Schenke—but we want you to take a small present from us—the crew of the *Hilda's* gig." He held out the parcel.

Only half understanding the lad's broken words, Schenke took the parcel and opened it. "*Ach Gott. Lieber Gott,*" he said, and turned to show the gift to old Burke. Tears stood in the big "squarehead's" eyes; stood, and rolled unchecked down his fat cheeks. Tears of pleasure! Tears of pity! Stretched between his hands, was a weather-beaten flag, its white emblem stained and begrimed by sea-water!

A tattered square of blue silk—the flag of the Merchants' Cup!

SCOUT AND SAVAGE

Or, the Fight at the Arickaree Fork

By D. H. PARRY

There are many people, perhaps the majority, who owe their knowledge of the wily Redskin almost entirely to Fenimore Cooper, whose Leather Stocking tales are classics in their way. Who does not remember with delight the stalwart woodsman, "leaning on a rifle of uncommon length," or his companions, the Deerstalker, Chingachgook, and the rest of them?

But there is another side of Indian life which has a large literature, all its own, full of the most romantic, hair-raising adventure, founded on actual fact, a quality Fenimore Cooper cannot altogether lay claim to.

When the railroad began to push its relentless way across plain and prairie, when settlements sprang up in its wake and forts were built for their protection, the wild Indian, who had been gradually driven west and looked upon the Great American Desert, as it was then called, as his hunting grounds, took to the war-path, and there was trouble.

The herds of buffalo, that formed his staple food, were being ruthlessly slaughtered by hunters, to feed the navvies, and in revenge the Redskin murdered outlying settlers, slaying, torturing, and scalping without mercy.

In vain the United States troops rode out on punitive expeditions; the Indians were born fighters, and wily as the proverbial serpent; they could seldom be brought to a stand, and for years a terrible war was waged, in the main to the disadvantage of the whites.

The situation, however, brought its own adjustment, for it produced, out of the lawless population that pioneered the land, a race of hardy frontiersmen, who learned the Indian ways, and eventually, by acting as scouts and guides, helped to round up the " hostiles " and show them that there was no alternative between submission and extermination.

Some of the finest heroism, some of the most appalling horrors, are to be found in the story of that struggle; there are men still living who have fought and killed Indians, who have seen the prairie blaze at midnight, and sallied out, gun in hand, to defend, or avenge, women and children against the cruellest, most bloodthirsty race of which history bears any record.

It was the time of the pony-despatch-rider, the Deadwood coach, the wiping out of whole families in their lonely shack, or dugout; when the thud of hoofs and the cry of " Indians ! Turn out ! " brought the little garrison to arms, often too late to succour the outlying settler; the time when Red Cloud, Satanta, Rain-in-the-Face, Iron Shirt, Roman Nose, and a hundred others were names to be reckoned with.

From the days when the Plymouth Colony fought King Philip with their arquebuses, there had always been trouble with the Redskin. The " Five," afterwards " Six Nations," joined France against us until the conquest of Canada broke their power; later, the Cherokees, Creeks, Chickasaws, and other tribes, rose and fought down the valley of the Tennessee, to say nothing of the Seminoles in Florida; but by far the most serious fighting was with the Dakotas, or Sioux, in the North-West, where they occupied what is now the State of Minnesota, the two Dakotas, Eastern Montana, and Wyoming.

One of their first outbreaks was in 1862, when the fearful Minnesota massacre took place; their last was in 1876, when Curly, the Cree scout, was the only survivor of General Custer's force of 300 men, absolutely wiped out.

During the final struggle, between five and six thousand braves were out on the war-path, nearly half the United States Army was employed, and the operations extended over 100,000 square miles of territory. Where the whole story is one succession of vivid moving pictures it is difficult to make a choice, and I select haphazard an incident of the year 1869, known as the Fight at the Arickaree Fork.

But first a word about the Indians themselves. These Indians rove about in " bands," or families, with perhaps twenty or thirty lodges in a " band." Each " band " has blood ties with other " bands," thus constituting a " tribe," which may have anything from two to forty bands composing it, the tribes, by remoter blood ties with other tribes, forming a " Nation." Their names are legion, and there are more than sixty dialects in use among them. All have their different characteristics, and little ways; thus, if the murdered settlers were found with their right arms slit, the Arapahoes had done it, if with their throats cut it was the work of the Sioux.

The Indian is always an Indian; and though supposed to reside on the various reservations, where he was supplied with weapons, looked after by an Agent, and overawed by a garrison of from one to four companies of regulars, he has continually broken bounds, allied himself to some chief, and proceeded to make things lively.

In August, 1869, a party of some 200 Cheyennes, four Arapahoes and twenty Siouxs, left their camps on Pawnee Creek and went on the war-path, murdering many settlers with details too horrible for print.

" Sandy " Forsyth, then major in the 9th Regiment United States Cavalry, a corps composed entirely of blacks, was serving as Acting Inspector-General on Sheridan's Staff, and asked permission to go after them. Within an hour he was told to raise a force of " fifty first-class hardy frontiersmen," and he set to work at once, being ordered to enroll them as " Quarter-Master's Employees," there being no legal authority to enlist scouts. They were organized as a troop

of cavalry, but had to mount themselves, Government allowing them thirty cents a day for the use of their horses, undertaking to give full value for any killed or worn out, and supplying equipment and rations.

In five days the little troop was complete, thirty men being enrolled at Fort Harker, and twenty more at Fort Hayes, in Kansas, the "sunflower state."

Lieutenant Beecher was the only other officer, a charming fellow, lamed for life at Gettysburg; Dr. Mooers, who had served as Major and Surgeon in a New York Volunteer Corps during the Civil War, acting assistant surgeon; while the Acting Post-Sergeant was H. H. McCall, who had formerly commanded a Pennsylvania regiment, and been brevetted Brigadier-General for the splendid way he handled his troops at Fort Stedman in 1865.

Sharpe Grover, a man about forty, and one of the best plainsmen that ever lived, was guide, and Abner J. Grover chief scout, the rest of the force being, according to Forsyth's own words, plainsmen, farmers, drovers, teachers, lawyers, mechanics and merchants, with a percentage of old soldiers, all the odds and ends of creeds and callings to be found on the frontier, but all, with one or two exceptions, good average shots, and a few excellent ones.

"Toughs" and hard bargains among them no doubt—before Fort Hayes was a year old there were thirty-six men in the little cemetery who had all "died with their boots on," or in other words had been killed in brawls; but it was the fearless, salted type wanted for such a business, where no quarter would be asked or given.

Each man had a blanket, saddle and bridle, a lariat and picket-pin; a canteen, haversack, butcher knife, tin plate and tin cup; a Spencer repeating rifle, carrying six shots in the magazine and one in the barrel, an Army Colt's revolver, 140 rounds of rifle and 30 of revolver ammunition.

Officers and men carried seven days' cooked rations in their haversacks, and a train of four mules laden with 4000 extra rounds of ball cartridge, picks, shovels, and the like, completed the outfit.

Away they went, soon leaving the fort behind them, and for the rest of the month they scouted and camped without finding any signs

of the enemy, until, on reaching Fort Wallace on September 5, they received bad news. The Governor of Kansas had sent word that there was trouble brewing in Bison Basin, and directly after came the intelligence of a massacre at a little town called Sheridan, thirteen miles off.

Leaving two men sick in hospital Forsyth rode to the spot, and then the marvellous scout-craft came into play. Indians there were none, of course, but the quick-witted plainsmen read the trampled ground like a book, and decided that the massacre had been the work of a scouting party of about twenty-five, who had left the marks of their going on the face of the prairie.

If they followed the trail it would bring them to the main body of the "hostiles," and away they went, eyeing every distant knoll and every moving thing without success. The herds of bison that they had seen before now became scarcer, the heat was great, and on a sudden the trail forked, spreading out like the sticks of a fan in many directions. The braves had learned of the pursuit in some mysterious manner, and had separated! The probability being that they would make for the Republican River, the ponies were headed that way; but it was five days before they picked up the trail again.

The sticks of the young willow over which the buffalo skin could be stretched to make a tent—"a wickie-up," Forsyth calls it—proved that Indians had been there recently. Other signs were discovered, and presently they struck a trail so clear that a frontiersman might have followed it in the dark.

On the other side of the Republican River, when they came to the Arickaree Fork, it was plain that a vast concourse of Redskins had passed that way and could not be far ahead. Hoof-prints, moccasins, both of braves and squaws, dogs' tracks, and the unmistakable marks where lodge-poles had scored the ground were all there.

Now Colonel Forsyth had a little trouble with some of his men. They were more than a hundred miles from Fort Wallace, the rations were almost done; it was evident that the enemy must outnumber their little force by several hundreds, and the odds seemed too great.

"Look here, boys," said their leader, "I've been sent out to fight Indians, and I'm going to fight them if I can find them!"

As the evening of September 16 approached, they found themselves in a little swale, or valley, about two miles long, and nearly as broad, sloping down on the south side of the Arickaree to the water's edge, where a small sandy island formed a pretty break in the landscape as the stream rippled round the gravelly head of the islet, which was covered with a low growth of bushes, and rank grass, one solitary tree standing up like a sentinel in the middle of it. It was little better than a sandy pit, seventy yards long by about fifteen to twenty at its greatest width.

In May and June the rivers run bank-full; but in late summer they dwindle, and the water flowing between the south bank and the island, sixty yards out in mid-stream, was not more than a foot in depth.

They camped where they stood, after grazing till dusk; but there was no sleep for their leader, who, visiting all the sentinels in turn, found himself as the light flushed up in the sky beside the outermost sentry.

The favourite time for the Redskins' attack had arrived.

The green dawn came swiftly up, showing the clumps of greasewood, and skeet bush, and against the skyline the feathers of a mounted Indian moving over the crest of a rise in the ground a little way above them. Forsyth and the sentry had heard the thud of unshod hoofs, and as they both cocked their rifles simultaneously and fired, the Indian was joined by others, who rode down, rattling dried hides, beating drums, and yelling like fiends in the hope of stampeding the ponies.

"Indians! Turn out, Indians!" was the shout, as Forsyth and his man ran in. "Saddle up and stand to your horses!"

It was light now for two or three hundred yards, and Chief Scout Abner Grover placed his hand on the Colonel's shoulder, as he exclaimed, "Oh heavens, Colonel, look at the Indians!"

The little force was entirely surrounded; across stream, up and down both banks, war cries, death songs, drums—all heralded a general advance, and a rattling fire!

A few sharp volleys, driving the enemy out of range, gave them

breathing space, and while three crack shots covered the rush, the rest led their horses across to the island, where they tethered them in a ring, took cover in the bushes, and blazed away for all they were worth.

The enemy, foiled in their attempt to rush the camp, vented their disappointment in savage yells; and while their dismounted men opened a cruel fire at long range, a magnificent chief shook his fist at the little garrison, and led his mounted warriors in a circle down the valley out of sight round a bend of the stream.

"That must be Roman Nose!" said Forsyth, and his scouts confirmed his opinion.

One of the Colonel's men lost his head, and shouted, "Don't let's stay here and be shot down like dogs!—will any one try for the opposite bank with me?"

"I will," answered another; but Forsyth drew his revolver, told them it was their only chance to sit tight, and threatened to shoot the first man who moved.

Sergeant McCall seconded him, and Lieutenant Beecher, who was firing as coolly as if at target practice, called out, "You addle-headed fools, have you no sense?"

The panic was quelled, and after that every man fought like a hero.

The ponies suffered severely, and Forsyth was under the impression that a renegade must be with the enemy, for a voice called out in English, "There goes the last horse, anyhow!"

Tearing at the sand with knives, tin pails, and fingers, the scouts scooped out shallow rifle pits, and scarcely had they finished when a terrible idea came to their leader, who stood upright in their midst.

The sound of an artillery bugle had reached his ears more than once from the direction in which the mounted Indians had vanished. Were they mustering for a wild charge, to ride over them, island and all, he thought?

Almost before he had imparted his fears to his scouts, Roman Nose appeared again at the head of his braves, whom he marshalled into a body, with a front of sixty men, and a depth of seven or eight ranks: Cheyennes, Ogallalah, and Brulé-Sioux, all in their war-paint, stripped

naked to the waist, with a waving mass of gaudy feathers streaming in the air!

"Man and boy, I've been on the plains for more than thirty years," said Grover, "and I never saw anything like it!"

Their coming was about eight o'clock in the morning, heralded by a strange and ominous silence; but before this two terrible things had happened to the little garrison. Dr. Mooers fell across his rifle-pit, shot in the forehead, to die three days later without having regained consciousness, and Forsyth himself, just as he took shelter at his men's request, received a ragged wound in the right thigh that gave him excruciating agony.

Scarcely had he pulled himself together when another ball broke his left leg between knee and ankle, and a little later his skull was cracked by a third!

Truly a sad plight for their leader, and the doctor unconscious on the sand beside him!

"Load up every blamed rifle; they're coming!" was now the cry, and on they came, whooping savagely, urging their ponies into a mad gallop straight for the island, the squaws and footmen cheering them, and their own firing ceasing as they approached the water's edge!

Roman Nose, a gigantic Cheyenne, six feet three in his moccasins, whirling his heavy Springfield rifle like a straw, as he rode his great chestnut war-horse barebacked, his face painted in alternate stripes of red and black, led them, two black buffalo horns curving among the eagles' feathers and herons' plumes of his head-dress, a howling half moon of magnificent riders, about 480 against the forty who remained of the fifty-one that had held the island!

And now comes the story of seven volleys, as the scouts sprang up and stood shoulder to shoulder!

Every bullet told, horses and men went down in the buffalo grass—a second—a third—very destructive this one as the charging braves reached the brink of the river, and got within short range.

The fourth volley dropped their medicine man among others, with a death howl, and at the fifth, Roman Nose flung up his copper-coloured arms, and splashed stone dead into the water with his horse!

Nothing could withstand those terrible volleys. The sixth one checked the charge altogether, and the seventh was fired into the remnant that fled yelling out of range!

A few minutes after, young Beecher stood up, dragged himself by the help of his rifle, and lay down alongside the wounded commander.

"I have my death-wound, General," he said. "I'm shot in the side, and dying."

"Oh no, Beecher, no; it can't be as bad as that.

"Yes, good-night," he murmured (I am quoting his very words), and resting his face in his arm, he became delirious.

"My poor mother," he said, later on, and died at sunset.

"Good-night, good knight!" is Forsyth's touching requiem.

With the darkness came the rain, a great relief after a day of broiling heat, and when they counted the cost it was: Forsyth helplessly wounded; Beecher, Mooers, three scouts, dead or dying; two mortally wounded; seven severely, and nine more slightly hit. A grim total out of a force of fifty-one, and that only the first day's battle. There were eight more to come!

They repulsed another charge, and eating a little raw horseflesh, all the food they had, applied water-dressings to the wounded, and spent an indescribable night; the Indians carrying off their dead and making the air hideous with angry lamentations.

They built a rampart of saddles, deepened their shelter trenches, and sent Pierre Trudeau, an old trapper, and Jack Stillwell, a lad of nineteen, to try and get through to Fort Wallace, a hundred and ten miles off, with Forsyth's only map to help them. Slinging their boots round their necks the pair started at midnight, walking backwards lest their trail should betray them, and after four days and nights of perilous adventure, they reached the Fort.

On the second night Forsyth sent off two more men; but they returned at three in the morning, unable to get through.

The defenders were getting used to the fire, but the scorching sun told heavily on the wounded, and the dead horses began to putrefy.

The third day was fortunately cloudy, and the monotony was only

broken by the Spencer and Henry rifles with which the Indian marksmen harried them.

That night Forsyth pencilled an urgent dispatch to Colonel Bankhead at Fort Wallace, which he sent by two excellent men, Donovan and Pliley, who, as luck would have it, fell in with a detachment of troops two days later.

Forsyth's leg wound gave him such acute agony that he got a razor from his wallet and begged some one to cut the bullet out, but it was lodged so close to the femoral artery that they would not take the risk, and at last he had to do it himself.

One of the men shot a little grey coyote wolf, which helped out their meagre rations, for by that time the horse and mule meat was untouchable.

Poor Forsyth had another bit of bad luck, for, as he was getting four men to raise him in his blanket to have a look round, the Indians poured in a fusillade, and one man dropping his corner, the bones of the broken leg parted, one end protruding through the skin, " much to my savagely expressed wrath ! "

On the sixth day the main body of the enemy having apparently withdrawn, Forsyth told the unwounded that they ought to have a chance for their lives and had better push-off. " As for we wounded, we must take our chance." There was a moment of blank silence, and then a hoarse shout of : " Never ! We'll stand by you to the end ! "

The seventh and eighth days seemed interminable, every one becoming weaker for want of food, the enemy keeping a vedette in sight to show that they were only waiting their time.

On the morning of the ninth, however, a shout brought every man to his feet; there was a moving object on the far hills, and one keen-eyed scout shouted : " By the God above us, it's an ambulance ! "

It was Colonel Carpenter with some of the 10th Cavalry, and never was relief more welcome, for the wounded especially were in shocking case.

One man, who had an eye shot out and the bullet in his head, had tied himself up in his handkerchief and kept at it; of the two Farleys, the father got his death wound early in the fight, but notwithstanding

he lay on his side and carried on; the son, shot through the shoulder at the same time, said nothing until the first day's fighting was over.

But perhaps the most extraordinary thing happened to Harrington, who had a flint arrow-head driven hard into his frontal bone until, some considerable time after, a bullet struck it out, both missiles falling at his feet.

It was a fine fight, and what was best of all, they had saved their scalps, the Indians afterwards admitting to a loss of 75 killed and many wounded, out of a fighting force of more than 970 warriors!

At one abandoned post on the frontier one may read the head-boards in the lonely grass-grown cemetery, and on all but three out of rather more than a hundred, there is the grim legend, "Killed by Indians." But for the coolness of their gallant leader and the fine pluck of those hardy scouts, that must inevitably have been the epitaph of Forsyth's men at the Arickaree Fork, where Roman Nose, the Cheyenne chief, fought his last fight!

TWO-HANDED DICK

By SAMUEL SIDNEY

The Branding Feast was over. A week's hard work, hard riding, with interludes of blood and dust, stockmen tossed, and horses gored, rails jumped—in fact, a sort of Spanish bull-feast without the costume or the idle audience—was ended. The stock were turned loose on the hills and plains to forget their fright and heal the brown wounds lettered on their sides. The neighbours, with their dogs, who came from forty miles round to exchange a friendly turn of aid, had ridden away on their beaten nags, with their lots of lame dogs limping behind them, some gored, some kicked, all footsore, and hoarse with barking. The keg of rum was dry, the last treasured seidlitz powder had fizzed away. It was only by deep manœuvring that my hut-keeper had preserved a dozen of Colonial wine for home drinking. All had departed except my two friends, Rob Dawood and Paginton. Wearied out, we lay on a hillock overlooking my hut, smoking and lazily watching the hawks, on the plain below, stooping at and striking down the coveys of quail that rose before the heads of the sheep travelling to their night folds.

We had had a rough branding bout—a large lot, among them some two-year old bullocks that had never seen the inside of a stockyard since they were calves. Narrow escapes of empalement had been numerous, and the displays of strength and agility among the stockmen sufficient to make the reputation of an Andalusian matador or picador.

Dawood listened with eager ears to Paginton's stories of Spanish adventures in the bull-ring and on the mountains with banditti and contrabandists. At length he said, "We have some fellows among us that I would back against any in the world, for strength, activity, and cool courage, but we have no poets or romance writers to hand down the deeds of our Bushmen heroes. I'll tell you a story of a man who is still alive, and then you shall tell me what he would have been if he

had lived in the days of iron headpieces, and tournaments, or had worn a velvet jacket and steeple-crowned hat.

"I was travelling in the Bush one rainy season, and had put up for the night at a small weather-board inn at the foot of a mountain range, where drays for the interior, from three different roads, were in the habit of halting before venturing across the one rough Bush road that led to the good country beyond. Accordingly I found a large party of bullock-drivers, stockmen and shearers on the tramp. Being rather tired with a long hot ride, I swallowed my supper silently, and, choosing the quietest corner, began by the light of the fire to pore over a book, which by some chance had been stuffed into one of my saddle bags, all the while slowly puffing at my pipe. It was half a volume of an American edition of *Ivanhoe;* so for some time the hubble-bubble of the Bushmen's gossip flowed through, without resting on my ears. But the publican's stock of rum had been exhausted the day before. As I was the latest comer the broiling and frying had ceased, and stout parties over quarts of tea and dudeens filled with the best cavendish were set in for a spell at yarning.

"Very soon sleep was too strong for me; I nodded off, recovered myself, nodded off again, and started and rubbed my eyes on hearing one of the jolly party say, in what he meant for a whisper, 'Peter, you are a scholar, just borrow the book from the swell, as he can't keep his peepers open.' The hint was enough; I hastened to hand over the dog-eared leaves, and then rolling myself in my blanket tried to make up for lost time.

"The half volume began at the preparations for the tournament at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. Sleepy as I was, the running commentary of the Bushmen continually waked me up. It would not do to repeat the remarks, anything but flattering to the Hebrew, or the interview between Ivanhoe and Isaac. The battle between Gurth and the Miller drew down great applause, but their satisfaction became uproarious during the tournament, and when Le Noir Fainéant dashed in and freed Ivanhoe from his unfair opponent, they gave a loud cheer; two of them exclaiming, 'I'm blessed if that's not just like Two-handed Dick.'

"Here I dozed off, but was wakened more than once by cries of 'Bravo, Dick!' 'That's your sort!' 'Houray, Dick!' these tokens of approval being showered on Richard Cœur de Lion, whom the Bush audience chose to identify with their Colonial hero. For months after that night this idea of Two-handed Diek haunted me, but the bustle of establishing a new station drove it out of my head.

"I suppose a year had elapsed from the night when the fame of the double-fisted stockman first reached me. I had to take a three days' journey to buy a score of fine-woolled rams, through a country quite new to me, which I chose because it was a short cut recently discovered. I got over, the first day, forty miles comfortably. The second day, in the evening, I met an ill-looking one-eyed fellow walking, carrying a broken musket, and his arm in a sling. He seemed sulky, so I kept my hand on the trigger of my pistol all the time I was talking to him; he begged a little tea and sugar, which I could not spare, but I threw him a fig of tobacco. In answer to my questions about his arm, he told me, with a string of oaths, that a bull, down in some mimosa flats, a day's journey ahead, had charged him, flung him into a water-hole,

broken his arm, and made him lose his sugar and tea bag. Bulls in Australia are generally quiet, but this reminded me that some of the Highland black cattle imported by the Australian Company, after being driven off by a party of Gully Rakers (cattle stealers), had escaped into the mountains and turned quite wild. Out of this herd, a bull sometimes, when driven off by a stronger rival, would descend to the mimosa flats and wander about, solitary and dangerously fierce.

"It struck me as I rode off, that it was quite as well my friend's arm and musket had been disabled, for he did not look the sort of man it would be pleasant to meet in a thicket of scrub, if he fancied the horse you rode. So, keeping one eye over my shoulder, and a sharp look-out for any other traveller of the same breed, I rode off at a brisk pace. I made out afterwards that my foot friend was One-eyed Jerry, well known as a bushranger.

"At sundown, when I reached the hut where I had intended to sleep, I found it deserted, and so full of fleas, I thought it better to camp out; so I hobbled out old Grey-tail on the best piece of grass I could find, and very poor it was.

"The next morning, when I went to look for my horse he was nowhere to be found. I put the saddle on my head and tracked him for hours; it was evident the poor beast had been travelling away in search of grass. I walked until my feet were one mass of blisters; at length, when about to give up the search in despair, having quite lost the track on stony ground, I came upon the marks quite fresh in a bit of swampy ground, and a few hundred yards further found Master Grey-tail rolling in the mud of a nearly dry water-hole as comfortably as possible. I put down the saddle and called him. At that moment I heard a loud roar and crash in a scrub behind me, and out rushed at a terrific pace a black bull charging straight at me. I had only just time to throw myself on one side flat on the ground as he thundered by me. My next move was to scramble among a small clump of trees, one of great size, the rest being mere saplings.

"The bull, having missed the mark, turned again, and first revenged himself by tossing my saddle up in the air, until, fortunately, it lodged in some bushes; then, having smelt me out, he commenced a circuit

"CRACK FELL THE LASH ON THE BLACK BULL'S HIDE"

round the trees, stamping, pawing, and bellowing frightfully. With his red eyes and long sharp horns, he looked like a demon; I was quite unarmed, having broken my knife the day before; my pistols were in my holsters, and I was wearied to death. My only chance consisted in dodging him round the trees until he should be tired out. Deeply did I regret having left my faithful dogs Boomer and Bounder behind.

"The bull charged again and again, sometimes coming with such force against the tree that he fell on his knees, sometimes bending the saplings behind which I stood until his horns almost touched me. There was not a branch I could lay hold of to climb up. How long this awful game of 'touchwood' lasted, I know not; it seemed hours. After the first excitement passed off, weariness again took possession of me, and it required all the instinct of self-preservation to keep me on my feet; several times the bull left me for a few seconds, pacing suddenly away, bellowing his malignant discontent, but before I could cross over to a better position he always came back at full speed. My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, my eyes grew hot and misty, my knees trembled under me, I felt it impossible to hold out until dark. At length I grew desperate, and determined to make a run for the opposite covert the moment the bull turned towards the water-hole again. I felt sure I was doomed, and thought of it until I grew indifferent. The bull seemed to know I was worn out, and grew more fierce and rapid in his charges, but just when I was going to sit down under the great tree and let him do his worst, I heard the rattle of a horse among the rocks above, and a shout that sounded like the voice of an angel. Then came the barking of a dog, and the loud reports of a stockwhip, but the bull, with his blazing eyes fixed on me, never moved.

"Up came a horseman at full speed; crack fell the lash on the black bull's hide; out spurted the blood in a long streak. The bull turned savagely and charged the horseman. The horse wheeled round just enough to baffle him—no more; again the lash descended, cutting like a long flexible razor, but the mad bull was not to be beaten off by a whip. He charged again and again, but he had met his match; right and left, as he needed, the horse turned again and again, sometimes pivoting on his hind, sometimes on his fore legs.

" The stockman shouted something, leaped from his horse, and strode forward to meet the bull with an open knife between his teeth. As the beast lowered his head to charge, he seemed to catch him by the horns. There was a struggle, a cloud of dust, a stamping like two strong men wrestling—I could not see clearly; but the next moment the bull was on his back, the blood welling from his throat, his limbs quivering in death.

" The stranger, came up to me, saying quite unconcernedly, ' He's dead enough, young man; he won't trouble anybody any more.'

" I walked two or three paces towards the dead beast; my senses left me—I fainted.

" When I came to myself, my horse was saddled, bridled, and tied up to a bush. My stranger friend was busy flaying the bull.

" ' I should like to have a pair of boots out of the old brute,' he observed, in answer to my inquiring look, ' before the dingoes and eagle hawks get at him.'

" We rode out of the flats up a gentle ascent, as night was closing in. I was not in a talking humour; but I said, ' You have saved my life ! '

" ' Well, I rather think I have,' but this was muttered in an undertone; ' it's not the first I have saved, or taken either, for that matter.'

" I was too much worn out for thanking much, but I pulled out a silver hunting-watch and put it into his hand. He pushed it back, almost roughly, saying, ' No, sir, not now; I shan't take money, or money's worth for that; though I may ask something some time. It's nothing after all, I owed the old black villain a grudge for spoiling a blood filly of mine; besides, though I didn't know it when I rode up first, I rather think that you are the young gentleman that ran through the bush at night to Manchester Dan's hut, when his wife was bailed up by the blacks, and shot one-eyed Jacky, in spite of the Governor's proclamation.'

" ' You seem to know me,' I answered; ' may I ask who you are, if it is a fair question, for I cannot remember ever having seen you before ? '

" ' Oh, they call me Two-handed Dick in this country.'

" The scene in the roadside inn flashed on my recollection. Before I could say another word, a sharp turn round the shoulder of the range we were traversing brought us in sight of the fire of a shepherd's hut. The dogs ran out barking; my companion hallooed and cracked his whip, and the hut-keeper came to meet us with a fire-stick in his hand.

" ' Lord bless my heart and soul! Dick, is that thee at last? Well, I thought thee wert never coming,' cried the hut-keeper, a little man, who came limping forward very fast with the help of a crutch-handled stick. ' I say, missis, missis, here's Dick; here's Two-handed Dick.'

" This was uttered in a shrill, sobbing sort of scream. Out came ' missis ' at the top of her speed, and began hugging Dick as he was getting off his horse—her arms reached a little above his waist—laughing and crying, both at the same time, while her husband kept fast hold of the stockman's hand, muttering, ' Well, Dick, I'm so glad to see thee.' Meanwhile the dogs barking, and a flock of weaned lambs just penned, ba'aing, made such a riot, that I was fairly bewildered. So feeling myself one too many I slipped away, leading off both the horses to the other side of the hut, where I found a shepherd, who showed me a grass paddock to feed the nags a bit before turning them out for the night. I said to him, ' What is the meaning of all this going on between your mate and his wife, and the big stockman! '

" ' The meaning, stranger! why, that's Two-handed Dick, and my mate is little Jemmy that he saved, and Charley Anvils at the same time, when the Blacks slaughtered the rest of the party—near a dozen of them.'

" On returning, I found supper smoking on the table, and we made a regular Bush meal. The stockman then told my adventure, and, when they had exchanged all the news, I had little difficulty in getting the hut-keeper to the point I wanted; the great difficulty lay in preventing man and wife from telling the same story at the same time.

" ' When first I met Dick,' said the lame hut-keeper, ' he was second stockman to Mr. Ronalds, and I took a shepherd's place there; it was my second place in this country, for you see I left the Old Country in a bad year for the weaving trade, and was one of the first batch of free

emigrants that came out; the rest were mostly Irish. I found shepherding suit me very well, and my missis was hut-keeper. Well, Dick and I got very thick; I used to write his letters for him, and read in an evening and so on. Well, though I undertook a shepherd's place, I soon found I could handle an axe pretty well. Throwing the shuttle gives the use of the arms, you see, and Dick put it into my head that I could make more money if I took to making fences—I sharpening the nails and making the mortice holes, and a stronger man setting them. I did several jobs at odd times, and was thought very handy. Well, Mr. Ronalds, during the time of the great drought, five years ago, determined to send up a lot of cattle to the North, where he had heard there was plenty of water and grass, and form a station there. Dick was picked out as stockman; a young gentleman, a relation of Mr. Ronalds, went as head of the party—a very foolish, conceited young man, who knew very little of Bush life, and would not be taught. There were eight splitters and fencers, besides Charley Anvils, the blacksmith, and two bullock-drivers.

"'I got leave to go because I wanted to see the country; and Dick asked. My missis was sorely against my going. I was to be store-keeper, as well as doing my fencing work, if wanted.

"'We had two drays and were well armed. We were fifteen days going up before we got into the new country, and then we travelled five days; sometimes twenty-four hours without water; and sometimes had to unload the drays two or three times a day, to get over creeks. The fifth day we came to very fine land; the grass grew so high, it met over our horses' necks, and the river was a chain of water-holes, all full, and as clear as crystal. The kangaroos were hopping about as plentiful as rabbits in a warren; and the grass by the river-side had regular tracks of the emus, where they went down to drink.

"'We had been among signs of the Blacks, too, for five days, but had not seen anything of them, although we could hear them cooing at nightfall, calling to each other. We kept regular watch and watch at first—four sentinels, and every man sleeping with his gun at hand.

"'Now, as it was Dick's business to tail (follow) the cattle, five hundred head, I advised him to have his musket sawed off in the barrel,

so as to be a more handy size for using on horseback. He took my advice; and Charley Anvils made a very good job of it, so that he could bring it under his arm when hanging at his back from a rope sling, and fire with one hand. It was lucky I thought of it, as it turned out.

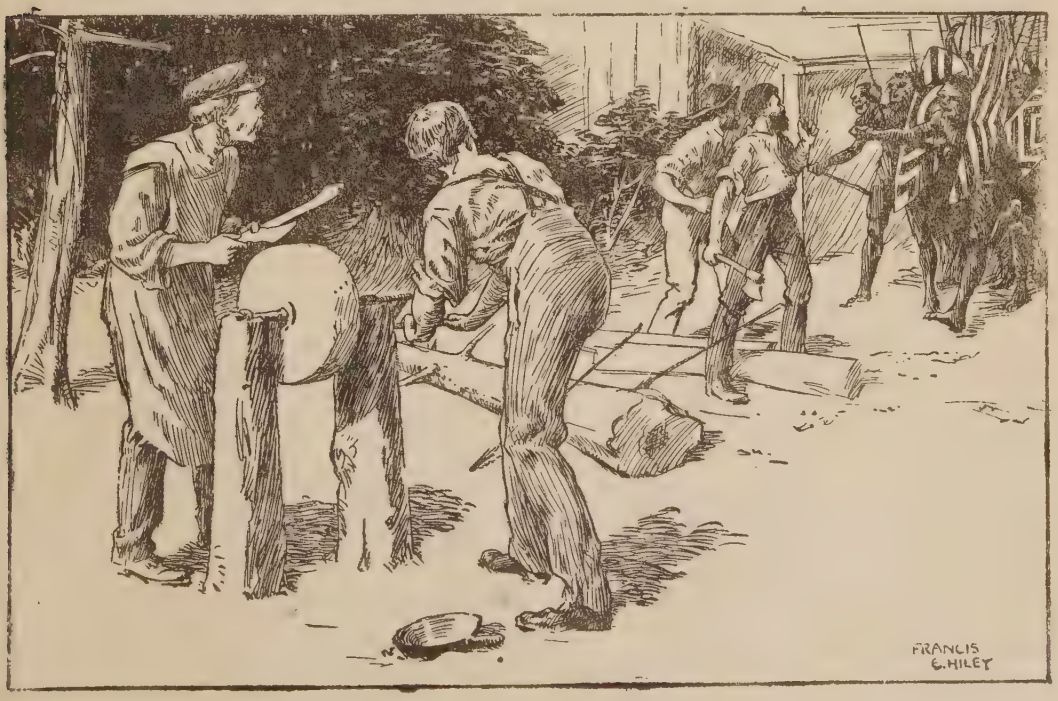
"'At length the overseer fixed on a spot for the station. It was very well for water and grass, and a very pretty view, as he said, but it was too near a thicket where the Blacks would lie in ambush, for safety. The old Bushmen wanted it planted on a neck of land, where the waters protected it all but one side, and then a row of fence would have made it secure. But the young swell would have it all his own way.

"'Well, we set to work, and soon had a lot of tall trees down. Charley put up his forge and his grindstone, to keep the axe sharp, and I stayed with him. Dick went tailing the cattle, and the overseer sat on a log and looked on. The second day a mob of Blacks came down on the opposite side of the river. They were quite wild, regular myals, but some of our men with green branches went and made peace with them. They liked our bread and sugar; and after a short time we had a lot of them helping to draw nails, fishing for us, and bringing wild honey, kangaroos, rats, and firewood, in return for bread and sugar, so we began to be less careful about our arms. We gave them iron tomahawks, and they soon found out that they could cut out an opossum from a hollow in half-an-hour with one of our tomahawks, while it took a day with one of their stone ones.

"'And so the time passed very pleasantly. We worked away. The young men and girls worked for us. The chiefs adorned themselves with the trinkets and clothes we gave them, fished and hunted, and admired themselves in the river.

"'One day the whole party were at work, chopping and trimming weather-boards for the hut, the Blacks helping as usual. I was turning the grindstone for Charley Anvils, and Dick was coming up to the dray to get some tea, but there was the brow of the hill between us; and the muskets were all piled in one corner. I heard a howl, then a scream—Lord bless you, our camp was full of Blacks, all painted and armed.

When I raised my head, I saw the chief, Captain Jack we called him, with a broad axe in his hand; the next minute he had stretched the overseer dead on the ground. In two minutes all my mates were knocked over. Three or four came running up to us; one threw a spear at me, which I half parried with a pannikin which I was using to wet the grindstone, but it fixed deep in my hip, and part of it I believe is there still. Charley Anvils had an axe in his hand, and cut down the first two fellows that came up to him, but he was floored in a minute with twenty wounds. They were so eager to kill me that one of them, luckily, or I should not have been alive now, cut the spear in my hip short off. Another, a young lad for whom I had sharpened a tomahawk a few days before, chopped me across the head : you can see the white hair all along the place. Down I fell and nothing could have saved us, but that the other savages had got the tarpaulin off, and were screaming with delight, plundering the drays, which called our enemies off. Just then Dick came in sight, and although there were more than a hundred



Blacks all armed, painted, and yelling, he never stopped or hesitated, but rode slap through the camp, fired bang among them, killing two. As he passed by a top-rail, where an axe was sticking, he caught it up. The men in the camp were dead enough; the chief warriors had made the rush there, and every one was pierced with several spears or cut down from close behind by axes in the hands of the chiefs. We, being further off, had been attacked by the boys only. Dick turned towards me and shouted my name; I could not answer, but I managed to sit up an instant. He turned towards me, leaned down, caught me by the jacket—I am but a little chap—and dragged me on before him like a log. Just then Charley, who had crept under the grindstone, cried, "Oh, Dick, don't leave me!" As he said that a lot of them came running down, for they had seen enough to know that unless they killed us all, their job would not be half done. As Dick turned to face them, they gave way and flung spears, but they could not hurt him, though they managed to get between us and poor Charley. Dick rode back a circuit, and dropped me among some bushes on a hill, where I could see all. Four times he charged through and through a whole mob, with an axe in one hand and his short musket in the other. He cut them down right and left, and completely scared the wretches, although the old women kept screeching and urging them on, as they always do. At length, by help of his stirrup leather, he managed to get Charley up behind him. He never could have done it, but his mare fought, and bit, and turned when he bid her, so he threw the bridle on her neck, and could use that terrible left arm of his. Well, he came up to the hill and lifted me on, and away we went for three or four miles, but we knew that the mare could not stand it long, so Dick got off and walked. When the Blacks had pulled the drays' loads to pieces, they began to follow us, but Dick never lost heart——'

"'Nay, mate;' interrupted Dick, 'once I did; I shall never forget it; when I came to put my last bullet in it was too big.'

"'Good Heavens,' I exclaimed, 'what did you do?'

"'Why, I put the bullet in my mouth, and kept chawing and chawing it, and threatening the beggars all the while, until at last it was small enough, and then I rammed it down, and dropped on my knee

and waited until they came within twenty yards, and then I picked off Captain Jack, the biggest villain of them all.'

" Here Dick warmed and continued the story :—

" ' We could not stop; we marched all evening and all night, and when the two poor creturs cried for water, as they did most of the night, as often as I could I filled my boots, and gave them to drink. I led the horse and travelled seventy miles without halting for more than a minute or two. Towards the last they were as helpless as worn-out sheep. I tied them on. We had the luck to fall in with a party travelling, just when the old mare was about giving in, and when we must all have died for want of water. Charley Anvils had eighteen wounds, but except losing two fingers is none the worse. Poor Jemmy, there, will never be fit for anything but a hut-keeper. As for me, I had some scratches—nothing to hurt; and the old mare lost an ear. I went back afterwards with the police and squared accounts with the Blacks.

" ' And so you see, stranger, the old woman thinks I saved her old man's life, although I would have done as much for any one. Anyhow, since that scrimmage in the Bush, they always call me Two-handed Dick.' "

From *Gallops and Gossips in the Bush.*

WATERLOO

By SIR JOHN KINCAID

Our division [1] was composed of crack regiments, under crack commanders, and headed by fire-eating generals, and consequently we had little to do the first fortnight after my arrival, beyond indulging in all the amusements of our delightful quarter: but, as the middle of June [2] approached, we began to get a little more on the *qui vive*, for we were aware that Napoleon was about to make a dash at some particular point; and, as he was not the sort of general to give his opponent an idea of the when and the where, the greater part of our army was necessarily disposed along the frontier, to meet him at his own place. They were of course too much extended to offer effectual resistance in their advanced position; but as our division and the Duke of Brunswick's corps were held in reserve at Brussels, in readiness to be thrust at whatever point might be attacked, they were a sufficient additional force to check the enemy for the time required to concentrate the army.

[1] Sir John Kincaid was an officer in the Rifle Brigade, which formed part of the fifth division under the command of Sir Thomas Picton.

[2] 1815.

On the 14th of June it was generally known, among the military circles in Brussels, that Bonaparte was in motion, at the head of his troops; and though his movement was understood to point at the Prussians, yet he was not sufficiently advanced to afford a correct clue to his intentions.

We were, the whole of the 15th, on the most anxious look-out for news from the front; but no report had been received prior to the hour of dinner. I went, about seven in the evening, to take a stroll in the park, and meeting one of the Duke's staff, he asked me, *en passant*, whether my pack-saddles were all ready. I told him that they were nearly so, and added, "I suppose they won't be wanted, at all events, before to-morrow?" to which he replied, in the act of leaving me, "If you have any preparation to make, I would recommend you not to delay so long." I took the hint, and returning to quarters, remained in momentary expectation of an order to move. The bugles sounded to arms about two hours after.

To the credit of our battalion be it recorded, that, although the greater part were in bed when the assembly sounded, and billeted over the most distant parts of that extensive city, every man was on his alarm-post before eleven o'clock, in a complete state of marching order: whereas it was nearly two o'clock in the morning before we were joined by the others.

As a grand ball was to take place the same night, at the Duchess of Richmond's, the order for the assembling of the troops was accompanied by permission, for any officer who chose, to remain for the ball, provided that he joined his regiment early in the morning. Several of ours took advantage of it.

Brussels was, at that time, thronged with British temporary residents, who, no doubt, in the course of the two last days, must have heard, through their military acquaintance, of the immediate prospect of hostilities. But accustomed, on their own ground, to hear of those things as a piece of news in which they were not personally concerned, and never dreaming of danger in streets crowded with the gay uniforms of their countrymen, it was not until their defenders were summoned to the field that they were fully sensible of their changed circumstances;

and the suddenness of the danger multiplying its horrors, many of them were now seen running about in the wildest state of distraction

Waiting for the arrival of the other regiments, we endeavoured to snatch an hour's repose on the pavement; but we were every instant disturbed, by ladies as well as gentlemen—some stumbling over us in the dark, some shaking us out of our sleep to be told the news; and not a few conceiving their immediate safety depending upon our standing in place of lying. All those who applied for the benefit of my advice, I recommended to go home to bed, to keep themselves perfectly cool, and to rest assured that, if their departure from the city became necessary (which I very much doubted), they would have at least one whole day to prepare for it, as we were leaving some beef and potatoes behind us, for which I was sure we would fight, rather than abandon!

The whole of the division having at length assembled, we were put in motion about three o'clock on the morning of the 16th, and advanced to the village of Waterloo, where, forming in a field adjoining the road, our men were allowed to prepare their breakfasts. I succeeded in getting mine in a small inn, on the left-hand side of the village.

Lord Wellington joined us about nine o'clock; and, from his very particular orders to see that the roads were kept clear of baggage, and everything likely to impede the movements of the troops, I have since been convinced that his Lordship had thought it probable that the position of Waterloo might, even that day, have become the scene of action; for it was a good broad road, on which there was neither the quantity of baggage, nor of troops moving at the time, to excite the slightest apprehension of confusion. Leaving us halted, he galloped on to the front, followed by his staff; and we were soon after joined by the Duke of Brunswick, with his corps of the army.

About twelve o'clock an order arrived for the troops to advance, leaving their baggage behind; and though it sounded warlike, yet we did not expect to come in contact with the enemy, at all events, on that day. But, as we moved forward, the symptoms of their immediate presence kept gradually increasing, for we presently met a cart-load of wounded Belgians; and, after passing through Genappe, the distant sound of a solitary gun struck on the listening ear. But all doubt on

Broken Slumbers

the subject was quickly removed, for, on ascending the rising ground, where stands the village of Quatre Bras, we saw a considerable plain in our front, flanked on each side by a wood; and on another acclivity beyond, we could perceive the enemy descending towards us, in most imposing numbers.

Quatre Bras, at that time, consisted of only three or four houses; and, as its name betokens, I believe, stood at the junction of four roads, on one of which we were moving; a second, inclined to the right; a third, in the same degree to the left; and the fourth, I conclude, must have gone backwards, but, as I had not an eye in that direction, I did not see it.

The village was occupied by some Belgians, under the Prince of Orange, who had an advanced post in a large farmhouse, at the foot of the road which inclined to the right; and a part of his division also occupied the wood on the same side.

Lord Wellington, I believe, after leaving us at Waterloo, galloped on to the Prussian position at Ligny, where he had an interview with Blücher, in which they concerted measures for their mutual co-operation. When we arrived at Quatre Bras, however, we found him in a field near the Belgian outpost; and the enemy's guns were just beginning to play upon the spot where he stood, surrounded by a numerous staff.

We halted for a moment on the brow of the hill; and as Sir Andrew Barnard galloped forward to the head-quarter group, I followed, to be in readiness to convey any orders to the battalion. The moment we approached, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, separating himself from the Duke, said, "Barnard, you are wanted instantly; take your battalion and endeavour to get possession of that village," pointing to one on the face of the rising ground, down which the enemy were moving; "but if you cannot do that, secure that wood on the left, and keep the road open for communication with the Prussians." We instantly moved in the given direction; but, ere we had got half-way to the village, we had the mortification to see the enemy throw such a force into it, as rendered any attempt to retake, with our numbers, utterly hopeless; and as another strong body of them were hastening towards the wood, which was the second object pointed out to us, we immediately brought

them to action, and secured it. In moving to that point, one of our men went raving mad, from excessive heat. The poor fellow cut a few extraordinary capers, and died in the course of a few minutes.

While our battalion reserve occupied the front of the wood, our skirmishers lined the side of the road, which was the Prussian line of communication. The road itself, however, was crossed by such a shower of balls, that none but a desperate traveller would have undertaken a journey on it. We were presently reinforced by a small battalion of foreign light troops, with whose assistance we were in hopes to have driven the enemy a little farther from it; but they were a raw body of men, who had never before been under fire. And as they could not be prevailed upon to join our skirmishers, we could make no use of them whatever. Sir Andrew Barnard repeatedly pointed out to them which was the French, and which our side; and, after explaining that they were not to fire a shot until they joined our skirmishers, the word "March!" was given; but *march*, to them, was always the signal to fire, for they stood fast, and began blazing away, chiefly at our skirmishers too, the officers on each occasion sending back to say that they were shooting at them; until we were at last obliged to be satisfied with whatever advantages their appearance could give, as even that was of some consequence, where troops were so scarce.

Bonaparte's attack on the Prussians had already commenced, and the fire of artillery and musketry, in that direction, was tremendous; but the intervening higher ground prevented us from seeing any part of it.

The plain to our right, which we had just quitted, had likewise become the scene of a sanguinary and unequal contest. Our division, after we had left it, deployed into line, and, in advancing, met and routed the French infantry; but, in following up their advantage, they encountered a furious charge of cavalry, and were obliged to throw themselves into squares to receive it. With the exception of one regiment, however, which had two companies cut to pieces, they were not only successful in resisting the attack, but made awful havoc in the enemy's ranks, who nevertheless continued their forward career, and went sweeping past them, like a whirlwind, up to the village of Quatre Bras,

to the confusion and consternation of the numerous useless appendages of our army, who were there assembled, waiting the result of the battle.

The forward movement of the enemy's cavalry gave their infantry time to rally; and, strongly reinforced with fresh troops, they again advanced to the attack. This was a crisis in which, according to Bonaparte's theory, the victory was theirs by all the rules of war, for they held superior numbers, both before and behind us; but the gallant old Picton, who had been trained in a different school, did not choose to confine himself to rules in those matters: despising the force in his rear, he advanced, charged, and routed those in his front, which created such a panic among the others, that they galloped back through the intervals in his division, with no other object in view but their own safety. After this desperate conflict, the firing on both sides lulled almost to a calm for nearly an hour, while each was busy in renewing their order of battle. The Duke of Brunswick had been killed early in the action, endeavouring to rally his young troops, who were unable to withstand the impetuosity of the French; and, as we had no other

cavalry force in the field, the few British infantry regiments present, having to bear the full brunt of the enemy's superior force of both arms, were now considerably reduced in numbers.

The battle, on the side of the Prussians, still continued to rage in an unceasing roar of artillery. About four in the afternoon, a troop of their dragoons came as a patrol to inquire how it fared with us, and told us in passing that they still maintained their position. Their day, however, was still to be decided, and indeed, for that matter, so was our own; for, although the firing for the moment had nearly ceased, I had not yet clearly made up my mind which side had been the offensive, which the defensive, or which the winning. I had merely the satisfaction of knowing that we had not lost it; for we had met fairly in the middle of a field (or rather, unfairly, considering that they had two to one), and after the scramble was over, our division still held the ground they fought on. All doubts on the subject, however, began to be removed about five o'clock. The enemy's artillery once more opened; and, on running to the brow of the hill, to ascertain the cause, we perceived our old light-division general, Count Alten, at the head of a fresh British division, moving gallantly down the road towards us. It was indeed a joyful sight; for, as already mentioned, our division had suffered so severely that we could not help looking forward to a renewal of the action, with such a disparity of force, with considerable anxiety; but this reinforcement gave us new life, and as soon as they came near enough to afford support, we commenced the offensive, and, driving in the skirmishers opposed to us, succeeded in gaining a considerable portion of the position originally occupied by the enemy, when darkness obliged us to desist.

Leaving General Alten in possession of the ground which we had assisted in winning, we returned in search of our division, and reached them about eleven at night, lying asleep in their glory, on the field where they had fought, which contained many a sad trace of the day's work.

June 17th.—About nine o'clock, we received the news of Blücher's defeat, and of his retreat to Wavre. Lord Wellington, therefore, immediately began to withdraw his army to the position of Waterloo,

Sir Andrew Barnard was ordered to remain as long as possible with our battalion, to mask the retreat of the others; and was told, if we were attacked, that the whole of the British cavalry were in readiness to advance to our relief. I had an idea, however, that a single rifle battalion in the midst of ten thousand dragoons would come but indifferently off in the event of a general crash, and was by no means sorry when, between eleven and twelve o'clock, every regiment had got clear off, and we followed, before the enemy had put anything in motion against us.

After leaving the village of Quatre Bras, and passing through our cavalry, who were formed on each side of the road, we drew up at the entrance of Genappe. The rain, at that moment, began to descend in torrents, and our men were allowed to shelter themselves in the nearest houses; but we were obliged to turn out again in the midst of it, in less than five minutes, as we found the French cavalry and ours already exchanging shots, and the latter were falling back to the more favourable ground behind Genappe. We, therefore, retired with them, *en masse*, through the village, and formed again on the rising ground beyond.

The roads, as well as the fields, had now become so heavy, that our progress to the rear was very slow; and it was six in the evening before we drew into the position of Waterloo. Our battalion took post in the second line that night, with its right resting on the Namur road, behind La Haye Sainte, near a small mud cottage which Sir Andrew Barnard occupied as a quarter. The enemy arrived in front, in considerable force, about an hour after us, and a cannonade took place in different parts of the line, which ended at dark, and we lay down by our arms. It rained excessively hard the greater part of the night; nevertheless, having succeeded in getting a bundle of hay for my horse, and one of straw for myself, I secured the horse to his bundle, by tying him to one of the men's swords stuck in the ground, and, placing mine under his nose, I laid myself down upon it, and never opened my eyes again until daylight.

June 18th.—When I awoke this morning, at daylight, I found myself drenched with rain. I had slept so long and so soundly, that I had at

first but a very confused notion of my situation; but having a bright idea that my horse had been my companion when I went to sleep, I was rather startled at finding that I was now alone; nor could I rub my eyes clear enough to procure a sight of him, which was vexatious enough; for independent of his value as a horse, his services were indispensable; and an adjutant might as well think of going into action without his arms as without such a supporter. But whatever my feelings might have been towards him, it was evident that he had none for me, from having drawn his sword and marched off. The chances of finding him again, amid ten thousand others, were about equal to the odds against the needle in a bundle of hay; but for once the single chance was gained, as, after a diligent search of an hour, he was discovered between two artillery horses, about half a mile from where he broke loose.

The weather cleared up as the morning advanced; and, though everything remained quiet at the moment, we were confident that the day would not pass off without an engagement, and therefore proceeded to put our arms in order, as also to get ourselves dried and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

We made a fire against the wall of Sir Andrew Barnard's cottage, and boiled a huge camp-kettleful of tea, mixed up with a suitable quantity of milk and sugar, for breakfast; and as it stood on the edge of the high road, where all the big-wigs of the army had occasion to pass, in the early part of the morning, I believe almost every one of them, from the Duke downwards, claimed a cupful.

About nine o'clock we received an order to retain a quantity of spare ammunition in some secure place, and to send everything in the shape of baggage and baggage-animals to the rear. It therefore became evident that the Duke meant to give battle in his present position; and it was, at the same time, generally understood that a corps of thirty thousand Prussians were moving to our support.

About ten o'clock, an unusual bustle was observable among the staff officers, and we soon after received an order to stand to our arms. The troops who had been stationed in our front during the night were then moved off to the right, and our division took up its fighting position.

Our battalion stood on what was considered the left centre of the position. We had our right resting on the Namur road, about a hundred yards in the rear of the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, and our left extending behind a broken hedge, which ran along the ridge to the left. Immediately in our front, and divided from La Haye Sainte only by the great road, stood a small knoll, with a sand-hole in its farthest side, which we occupied as an advanced post with three companies. The remainder of the division was formed in two lines; the first, consisting chiefly of light troops, behind the hedge, in continuation from the left of our battalion reserve; and the second, about a hundred yards in its rear. The guns were placed in the intervals between the brigades, two pieces were in the roadway on our right, and a rocket brigade in the centre.

The road had been cut through the rising ground, and was about twenty or thirty feet deep where our right rested, and which in a manner separated us from all the troops beyond. The division, I believe, under General Alten occupied the ground next to us, on the right. He had a light battalion of the German legion posted inside La Haye Sainte, and the household brigade of cavalry stood under cover of the rising ground behind him. On our left there were some Hanoverians and Belgians, together with a brigade of British heavy dragoons, the Royal and Scots Greys.

These were all the observations on the disposition of our army that my situation enabled me to make. The whole position seemed to be a gently rising ground, presenting no obstacle at any point, excepting the broken hedge in front of our division; and it was only one in appearance, as it could be passed in every part.

Shortly after we had taken up our ground, some columns, from the enemy's left, were seen in motion towards Hugomont, and were soon warmly engaged with the right of our army. A cannon ball, too, came from goodness knows where, for it was not fired at us, and took the head off our right-hand man. That part of their position, in our own immediate front, next claimed our undivided attention. It had hitherto been looking suspiciously innocent, with scarcely a human being upon it; but innumerable black specks were now seen taking

post at regular distances in its front, and recognizing them as so many pieces of artillery. I knew, from experience, although nothing else was yet visible, that they were unerring symptoms of our not being destined to be idle spectators.

From the moment we took possession of the knoll, we had busied ourselves in collecting branches of trees and other things, for the purpose of making an *abattis* [1] to block up the road between that and the farm-house, and soon completed one, which we thought looked sufficiently formidable to keep out the whole of the French cavalry; but it was put to the proof sooner than we expected, by a troop of our own light dragoons, who, having occasion to gallop through, astonished us not a little by clearing away every stick of it. We had just time to replace the scattered branches, when the whole of the enemy's artillery opened, and their countless columns began to advance under cover of it.

The scene at that moment was grand and imposing, and we had a few minutes to spare for observation. The column destined as *our* particular *friends*, first attracted our notice, and seemed to consist of about ten thousand infantry. A smaller body of infantry and one of cavalry moved on their right; and, on their left, another huge column of infantry, and a formidable body of cuirassiers, while beyond them it seemed one moving mass.

We saw Bonaparte himself take post on the side of the road, immediately in our front, surrounded by a numerous staff; and each regiment as they passed him rent the air with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur!* Nor did they cease after they had passed; but, backed by the thunder of their artillery, and carrying with them the *rub-a-dub* of drums, and the *tantarara* of trumpets, in addition to their increasing shouts, it looked, at first, as if they had some hopes of scaring us off the ground; for it was a singular contrast to the stern silence reigning on our side, where nothing, as yet, but the voices of our great guns, told that we had mouths to open when we chose to use them. Our rifles were, however, in a very few seconds required to play their parts, and opened such a fire on the advancing skirmishers as quickly brought them to a standstill; but their columns came steadily through them, although

[1] A defence formed of interlaced branches and stakes.

"THE FLYING CUIRASSIERS TUMBLED IN AMONG THE ROUTED INFANTRY, FOLLOWED BY THE LIFE GUARDS, WHO WERE CUTTING AWAY IN ALL DIRECTIONS."

our incessant *tiralade* [1] was telling in their centre with fearful exactness, and our post was quickly turned in both flanks, which compelled us to fall back and join our comrades behind the hedge, though not before some of our officers and theirs had been engaged in personal combat.

When the heads of their columns showed over the knoll which we had just quitted, they received such a fire from our first line, that they wavered, and hung behind it a little; but, cheered and encouraged by the gallantry of their officers, who were dancing and flourishing their swords in front, they at last boldly advanced to the opposite side of our hedge, and began to deploy. Our first line, in the meantime, was getting so thinned, that Picton found it necessary to bring up his second, but fell in the act of doing it. The command of the division, at that critical moment, devolved upon Sir James Kempt, who was galloping along the line, animating the men to steadiness. He called to me by name, where I happened to be standing on the right of our battalion, and desired "that I would never quit that spot." I told him that he might depend upon it: and in another instant I found myself in a fair way of keeping my promise more religiously than I intended; for, glancing my eye to the right, I saw the next field covered with the cuirassiers, some of whom were making directly for the gap in the hedge where I was standing. I had not hitherto drawn my sword, as it was generally to be had at a moment's warning: but, from its having been exposed to the last night's rain, it had now got rusted in the scabbard, and refused to come forth! I was in a precious scrape! Mounted on my strong Flanders mare, and with my good old sword in my hand, I would have braved all the chances without a moment's hesitation; but I confess that I felt considerable doubts as to the propriety of standing there to be sacrificed, without the means of making a scramble for it. My mind, however, was happily relieved from such an embarrassing consideration, before my decision was required; for the next moment the cuirassiers were charged by our household brigade; and the infantry in our front giving way at the same time, under our terrific shower of musketry, the flying cuirassiers tumbled in among the routed infantry, followed by the Life Guards, who were cutting

[1] Firing.

away in all directions. Hundreds of the infantry threw themselves down, and pretended to be dead, while the cavalry galloped over them, and then got up and ran away. I never saw such another scene in all my life.

Lord Wellington had given orders that the troops were, on no account, to leave the position to follow up any temporary advantage; so that we now resumed our post, as we stood at the commencement of the battle, and with three companies again advanced on the knoll.

Our division got considerably reduced in numbers during the last attack; but Lord Wellington's fostering hand sent Sir John Lambert to our support, with the sixth division; and we now stood prepared for another and a more desperate struggle.

Our battalion had already lost three officers killed, and six or seven wounded; among the latter were Sir Andrew Barnard and Colonel Cameron.

Some one asking me what had become of my horse's ear, was the first intimation I had of his being wounded; and I now found that, independent of one ear having been shaved close to his head (I suppose by a cannon shot), a musket ball had grazed across his forehead, and another gone through one of his legs; but he did not seem much the worse for either of them.

Between two and three o'clock we were tolerably quiet, except from a thundering cannonade; and the enemy had, by that time, got the range of our position so accurately that every shot brought a ticket for somebody's head.

An occasional gun, beyond the plain, far to our left, marked the approach of the Prussians; but their progress was too slow to afford a hope of their arriving in time to take any share in the battle.

On our right, the roar of cannon and musketry had been incessant from the time of its commencement; but the higher ground near us prevented our seeing anything of what was going on.

Between three and four o'clock the storm gathered again in our front. Our three companies on the knoll were soon involved in a furious fire. The Germans, occupying La Haye Sainte, expended all their ammunition, and fled from the post. The French took possession

of it; and, as it flanked our knoll, we were obliged to abandon it also and fall back again behind the hedge.

The loss of La Haye Sainte was of the most serious consequence, as it afforded the enemy an establishment within our position. They immediately brought up two guns on our side of it, and began serving out some grape to us; but they were so very near that we destroyed their artillerymen before they could give us a second round.

The silencing of these guns was succeeded by a very extraordinary scene, on the same spot. A strong regiment of Hanoverians advanced in line, to charge the enemy out of La Haye Sainte; but they were themselves charged by a brigade of cuirassiers, and, excepting one officer, on a little black horse, who went off to the rear, like a shot out of a shovel, I do believe that every man of them was put to death in about five seconds. A brigade of British light dragoons advanced to their relief, and a few on each side began exchanging thrusts : it seemed likely to be drawn battle between them, without much harm being done, when our men brought it to a crisis sooner than either side anticipated, for they previously had their rifles eagerly pointed at the cuirassiers, with a view of saving the perishing Hanoverians; but the fear of killing their friends withheld them, until the others were utterly overwhelmed, when they instantly opened a terrific fire on the whole concern, sending both sides flying; so that on the small space of ground, within a hundred yards of us, where five thousand men had been fighting the instant before, there was not now a living soul to be seen.

The same field continued to be a wild one the whole of the afternoon. It was a sort of duelling-post between the two armies, every half-hour showing a meeting of some kind upon it; but they never exceeded a short scramble, for men's lives were held very cheap there.

For the two or three succeeding hours there was no variety with us but one continued blaze of musketry. The smoke hung so thick about us that, although not more than eighty yards asunder, we could only distinguish each other by the flashes of the pieces.

A good many of our guns had been disabled, and a great many more rendered unserviceable, in consequence of the unprecedented close

fighting; for in several places, where they had been posted but a very few yards in front of the line, it was impossible to work them.

I shall never forget the scene which the field of battle presented about seven in the evening. I felt weary and worn out, less from fatigue than anxiety. Our division, which had stood upwards of five thousand men at the commencement of the battle, had gradually dwindled down into a solitary line of skirmishers. The Twenty-seventh regiment were lying literally dead, in square, a few yards behind us.

My horse had received another shot through the leg, and one through the flap of the saddle, which lodged in his body, sending him a step beyond the pension list. The smoke still hung so thick about us that we could see nothing. I walked a little way to each flank, to endeavour to get a glimpse of what was going on; but nothing met my eye except the mangled remains of men and horses, and I was obliged to return to my post as wise as I went.

I had never yet heard of a battle in which everybody was killed; but this seemed likely to be an exception, as all were going by turns. We got excessively impatient under the tame similitude of the latter part of the process, and burned with desire to have a last thrust at our respective *vis-à-vis;* for, however desperate our affairs were, we had still the satisfaction of seeing that theirs were worse. Sir John Lambert continued to stand as our support, at the head of three good old regiments, one dead (the Twenty-seventh) and two living ones; and we took the liberty of soliciting him to aid our views; but the Duke's orders on that head were so very particular that the gallant general had no choice.

Presently a cheer, which we knew to be British, commenced far to the right, and made every one prick up his ears: it was Lord Wellington's long-wished-for orders to advance; it gradually approached, growing louder as it grew near. We took it up by instinct, charged through the hedge down upon the old knoll, sending our adversaries flying at the point of the bayonet. Lord Wellington galloped up to us at the instant, and our men began to cheer him; but he called out, "No cheering, my lads, but forward, and complete your victory!"

This movement had carried us clear of the smoke; and, to people

who had been for so many hours enveloped in darkness, in the midst of destruction, and naturally anxious about the result of the day, the scene which now met the eye conveyed a feeling of more exquisite gratification than can be conceived. It was a fine summer's evening, just before sunset. The French were flying in one confused mass. British lines were seen in close pursuit, and in admirable order, as far as the eye could reach to the right, while the plain to the left was filled with Prussians. The enemy made one last attempt at a stand on the rising ground to our right of La Belle Alliance; but a charge from General Adams's brigade again threw them into a state of confusion, which was now inextricable, and their ruin was complete. Artillery, baggage, and everything belonging to them, fell into our hands. After pursuing them until dark, we halted about two miles beyond the field of battle, leaving the Prussians to follow up the victory.

The field of battle, next morning, presented a frightful scene of

carnage: it seemed as if the world had tumbled to pieces, and three-fourths of everything destroyed in the wreck. The ground running parallel to the front of where we had stood was so thickly strewed with fallen men and horses, that it was difficult to step clear of their bodies; many of the former still alive, and imploring assistance, which it was not in our power to bestow.

The usual salutation on meeting an acquaintance of another regiment after an action was to ask who had been hit?—but on this occasion it was, "Who's alive?" Meeting one next morning, a very little fellow, I asked what had happened to them yesterday. "I'll be hanged," said he, "if I know anything at all about the matter, for I was all day trodden in the mud and galloped over by every scoundrel who had a horse; and, in short, I only owe my existence to my insignificance."

About twelve o'clock, on the day after the battle, we commenced our march for Paris.

From *Adventures in the Rifle Brigade.*

THE "ROUND-UP"

By ARTHUR O. COOKE

Yesterday the weather was glorious, with a serene and cloudless sky; and to-day, if we may trust the rising barometer, will be the same. But at seven o'clock on this mid-September morning the valley in which lies the little Shropshire town of Church Stretton is shrouded in an autumn mist. Away to the east the lofty peak of Caer Caradoc towers above the lower summits of Hazler and Ragleth Hills; on the western side of the valley, immediately behind the town, stretches the long steep rampart of the Long Mynd, with dense masses of vapour floating in the gullies—locally called " batches "—which break its length at intervals and lead up to the summit of the ridge.

Come to these Stretton Hills in winter, and, if the season be of the good old-fashioned kind, you may find the Long Mynd—ten miles in length, from three to four miles broad, and over sixteen hundred feet high at The Pole—snow-covered and impassable, with drifts lying in the batches to a depth of twenty feet. Do not venture too far afield in such a case, or you may chance to imitate the memorable experience of a certain Mr. Carr, vicar of Woolstaston and Ratlinghope, some fifty years ago. Starting from Woolstaston at midday on a January Sunday to take the afternoon service at Ratlinghope, he made his way with difficulty but in safety across the snow-clad hill, travelling partly on horseback and partly on foot; took the service and, in spite of the advice of his little congregation, set out on his return.

Hardly had he started when a furious gale and snowstorm swept down upon him. He lost his way completely and wandered, often in a circle, to and fro upon the trackless hill. Night came on; he fell over more than one precipice formed by the steep sides of the batches. Both boots were torn from his feet as he toiled on, struggling against the ever-growing temptation to lie down and sleep—the sleep of death. It was not until Monday morning that, blinded by the driving sleet and snow, frost-bitten, bruised and barefoot, the unfortunate vicar wandered

at last into Carding Mill Valley and found shelter and food. The little children who first saw him fled in terror from the gaunt spectral figure whose pale face was wreathed with icicles still clinging to his frozen hair.

Had the vicar succumbed he would not have been the first to meet his death upon the lonely hill. A poor shoemaker was frozen to death the same night; and "Dead Man's Hollow" and other names keep in mind the tale of similar fatalities.

In August the great hill has a very different scene to show; it then becomes the bilberry-pickers' harvest-field. From early morning until dusk the wide range of breezy moor is covered with family parties who spend long hours upon the hill day after day, stooping to gather the ripe bilberries from the low-growing plants. The occupants of scores of cottages for miles around are here, and in a good season five hundred pounds' worth of fruit may be picked from the whins. As afternoon draws on the blue wood-smoke rises from dozens of camp-fires, round which, among the heather, gorse and whin, the weary workers gather for their tea.

But we this morning have another sport in view. There are wiry active mountain sheep on the Long Mynd, but it will not be them we chase; there are grouse, but we carry no guns. It is the hill ponies we shall hunt to-day; for it is the morning of the annual "round up," when the inhabitants of Church Stretton, All Stretton, Little Stretton and twenty villages besides, turn out to drive the shaggy and fleet-footed little horses from the hill where they have wandered, free and unfettered as the wind they breathe, for twelve months past.

On any day of the year you have only to stroll up one of the "batches"—Minton Batch, Long Batch, Ashes Hollow, Carding Mill Valley and many more—in order to see a group of Long Mynd ponies in their native haunts. If you are obviously harmless, and are careful not to alarm them, you may even get within two or three hundred yards of such a group. But try to stalk them at a closer range, and up go their heads for one startled look; then away they gallop across the hill, manes and tails flying, until they disappear from view.

In such a group you may chance to see a handsome little stallion;

almost certainly there will be mares with foals "at foot." What you would not see, nor even guess at in a casual stroll, is the total number that live and find their pasturage upon the moor. There are at least seven or eight hundred on the hill at the present time; a thousand, say some people, but we will be on the safe side. It is impossible to give anything like an exact estimate when the ponies are wandering at will over some seventy square miles of hill and valley, and some of them may not have been seen by their owners for many months. It is no unheard-of thing for an owner of Long Mynd ponies to be two years without getting a glimpse of his property.

Hence the need of the annual task in which we have the luck to take a hand to-day. We shall not indeed collect from the hill a thousand or even eight hundred ponies; four hundred will be a good haul. Such owners as can collect their ponies before the actual "round up" do so, in order that they may be exhibited at the annual show a week later in a somewhat less wild, unkempt and exhausted condition than if quite recently driven from the moor. Still there is great difficulty in finding a few ponies at a time, and still greater difficulty in getting them off the hill. In order to clear the mountain completely, or nearly so, a cordon of horsemen is necessary by which all stragglers can be driven from the haunts and hiding-places which they know so well, and brought from the hill in one great drove.

Happy those who have horses to-day; still it will not be by any means bad fun for us on foot. We tramp from Church Stretton to Little Stretton, and there turn to the right up Ashes Hollow, one of the prettiest "batches" on the hill. A tinkling stream runs down the narrow valley, and we follow its course, at first beneath the shade of trees; then, as the valley rises, over rough and open ground.

Others are with us, both mounted and on foot. Gentlemen-owners are here, on sprucely groomed sure-footed steeds, and having perhaps a score or thirty ponies on the hill. Small farmers may own three or four; while many a cottager, riding a shaggy untrimmed little horse-of-all-work, will hope to find his single mare with a strong well-grown foal running at her side. Boys there are in plenty, riding, walking or scrambling along the rocky borders of the stream; little girls, mostly

riding astride, are to be seen; while collie dogs run to and fro, alert and eager for the business of the day.

The whole party, both mounted men and those who go, like us, afoot, forms a long line across the valley and moves forward at an easy pace. No corner that can give cover to a horse is left unsearched; not that a very strict search is usually necessary, for when the ponies are disturbed in the " batches " they make at once for the open ground above, thus anticipating the object which we have in view. From the foot of every valley leading into the hill—from Plowden, Ratlinghope, Woolstaston and many a village besides—a similar party to our own is now ascending, driving the scattered groups before them to the long broad table-land which forms the summit of the Long Mynd mountain. That once reached there is no hiding-place, no cover to obstruct our view. The ponies will be surrounded by a wide half-circle of pursuers and will be driven down to the place appointed.

Though it is still early the sun is already breaking through the mist. Our boots are soon drenched with the pearly dew from purple heather, prickly gorse and close-cropped turf; but the steep climb up the valley sides has warmed us to the work. We have roused more than one group of our quarry, fresh perhaps from a night's rest in the sheltered hollow of the " batch." Steadily the ponies retreat before the advancing line, and every now and then their number is added to as we penetrate farther into the fastnesses of the silent hill.

Shaggy and sturdy little beasts they are, with uncropped manes and tails, and ranging from ten to twelve or twelve and a half hands high. Their quality has been greatly improved of late years by the efforts of a local Pony Society, and with this improvement in quality there has come a consequent improvement in the prices which the ponies fetch at auction and the autumn fairs. Formerly you might buy a fairly decent Long Mynd pony for a five-pound note; nowadays you must dip deeper into your pocket—much deeper to secure anything really good.

We are out at last upon the open moor, and so too are parties from the other " batches." They do not come empty-handed; from all sides converge droves of ponies. They are thoroughly startled now, fully aware that we are no mere wanderers bound upon a casual stroll,

but people bent on mischief to their peace and freedom. Snorting and snuffing the air, with heads upraised and ears pricked, they flee before our line.

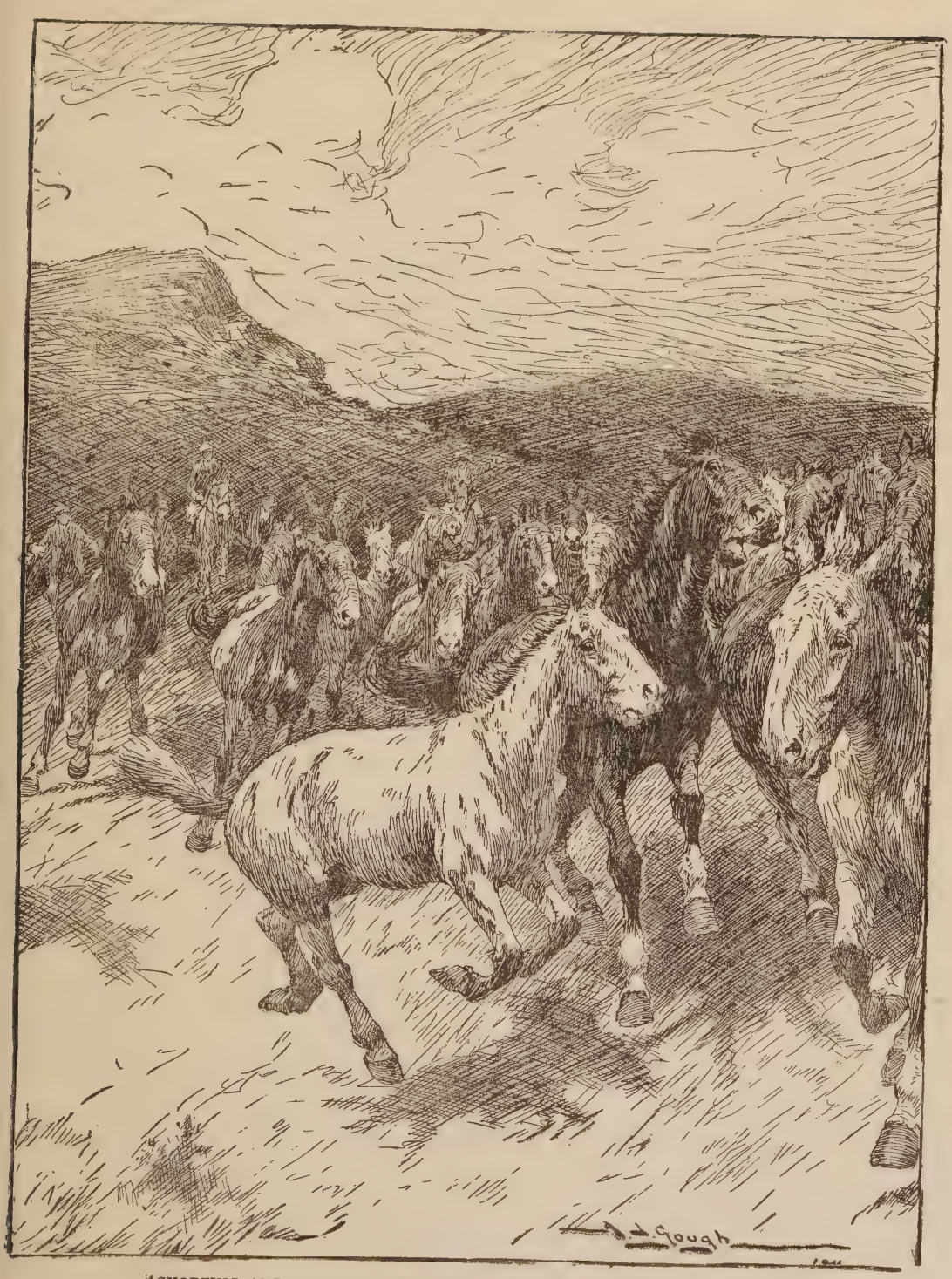
One way, and one way only, is left open to them—that which lies straight in front. Turn to one side or the other as they may, it is to find themselves confronted by our line of horse and foot. The pace at which we move forward is, " by order," steady rather than fast; there is no good object in exhausting the ponies, and the job will be the better done for being done slowly. So the riders jog quietly along, and we have little difficulty in keeping up with them.

The drove for the most part accepts the situation and moves forward before us. But there are old stagers in it; middle-aged mares, shrewd and cunning, who have experienced the ordeal of a " round up " before to-day, and intend to extricate themselves and their offspring from it if they can. Now and then such an one will make a determined effort to " break back " through the line and get away to freedom. The example once set the stampede may become general.

Then indeed there is hard galloping to overtake and turn the fugitive. Look out for yourselves then; for the riders have eyes only for the runaways, and if you happen to be star-gazing you may find yourself sprawling in a gorse-bush as the result of a collision with pursuers or pursued. Still there are casualties among the riders too; more than one equestrian has cause to bless the soft and springy bed a clump of heather makes as he quits his saddle suddenly !

Keep your eye too upon that little grey stallion. He is becoming aware that his freedom is threatened, and is fast losing something else—his temper ! Suddenly he utters a series of angry squeals, rears, and then charges back upon us. We are just wondering whether all his wrath is to be emptied on our comparatively inoffensive heads when a well-directed whip-lash stops his gallant charge.

On we go, with at least two hundred ponies before us—black, brown, grey, cream-coloured. Here and there broad tracks of smooth turf lead across the hill; but for the most part the " going " is over gorse and whin, and heather often waist-high; below are hidden stones and ruts and treacherous holes. An occasional pool of water reflects the



"SNORTING AND SNUFFING THE AIR . . . THEY FLEE BEFORE OUR LINE."

blue of the now cloudless sky. We startle grouse and hares, and even a hill fox, who makes off speedily before our harmless shouts.

And now the two ends of the great half-circle formed by the bands which have cleared the various valleys, are drawing nearer to each other. The drove is being slowly enclosed and headed for the top of the long deep Carding Mill Valley, at the lower end of which it will be "corralled." A narrow stony track, half path, half road, leads down one side of this valley; below it the fall of the hill is almost precipitous. If our riding powers are not of the highest order it is perhaps just as well to be perforce on foot.

Down the rough steep track the ponies go, the riders and foot-helpers spreading out on either hand to guard the flanks of the great drove. At the foot of the beautiful valley the gate of a meadow stands invitingly open. Enter what is so obviously a prison? Never! if it can be avoided, is the thought of these unfettered little steeds. But there is no alternative; the cordon stretches on either side to the meadow gate, and in a long and straggling line the ponies pass the barrier. Not a single one of the many foals in the drove has ever found itself so cabined and confined before; the older ponies are even less willing to enter. But men and dogs press on behind, and presently all are gathered in.

Once inside there is confusion and wailing. Foals get separated from their mothers in the huddled crowd, and child and parent seek each other with shrill and ceaseless whinnyings. Here and there a pony starts a fight, while others push ceaselessly to hide themselves among their fellows from the great arch-enemy: Man.

The meadow is only the first halting-place in the day's journey, selected for the general rendezvous as being conveniently placed at the foot of the broad valley, and thus easily accessible from the hill. The drove has to travel yet further, to a field beyond the town. There will take place the branding of this year's foals, the selection of ponies to exhibit at the coming show and of such others as their owners wish to draw from the hill for use or sale.

But we are not yet ready for this final stage; there still remain some stragglers to be gathered in—ponies that have by one means or another

managed to escape the cordon. It is worth while to return to the hill for an hour to watch the coming of these late arrivals.

They come sometimes singly, sometimes in twos and threes. The fun is fast and furious here. Watch the efforts of that little brown mare—a cream-coloured foal racing at her side—as she does her utmost to circumvent the efforts of the chase. The five or six men on horseback double, twist and turn; whips crack, hoarse voices yell, while the excited barking of a collie dog rings through the still September air.

It is the collie who really saves the situation. The mare, riderless and free, can turn and twist with the best of her mounted pursuers, but the dog is too much for her. Now stretching out behind her at his utmost speed, now jumping at her nose, now distracting her attention to a feigned attack upon the foal; again plunging through heather so thick and high that only his nose and tail-tip are occasionally seen, his tactics overcome at length even this clever gallant little lady of the hills. So she and many another join their comrades in the temporary fold.

Then, when all, or nearly all, are thus accounted for—but no "round up" is ever quite complete—the meadow's lower gate is opened and the march to town begins. A dozen horsemen ride in front; behind them come the ponies, their thousand unshod hoofs making a dull clatter on the hard high-road and raising the September dust in a dense cloud. Half choked with the dust more riders bring up the rear, while others guard the flanks of the procession.

Owners are soon busy among the crowd searching for their property. Many yearlings, as well as two- and three-year olds, are captured and haltered for sale or use. Never again will these run wild upon the broad and wind-swept summit of the moor, or couch among the fern and heather of a "batch," or drink at evening from the pool below some waterfall.

For some of these captured ones life holds in store a bitter contrast to the happy days upon the hill; many are bought for use as "pit ponies" and will live henceforward in the semi-darkness of a mine. The future work of some may lie between the shafts of a huckster's cart; more fortunate ones will carry a happy child upon their saddle. Still others have a sea-voyage before them; the attention of buyers from

America is being increasingly attracted to the Stretton Hills, and many ponies are now exported annually.

Ponies too are being singled out from the crowd for exhibition at the Show to be held a few days later. Formerly there was, properly speaking, no real "show"; the judges struggled through the mob and awarded a small sum in prizes to the best ponies. Now the Show is a well-organized function—the only show in England exclusively for mountain ponies—and offers sixty or seventy pounds in money prizes as well as a silver cup, silver medals and other incentives to the improvement of the breed.

Last, but not least, there is to-day the branding to be done. Now there are several ways in which you may mark a Long Mynd foal as being your property before he and his mother are once more turned upon the hill. Your initials may be clipped with a pair of scissors upon his shaggy coat. Very bold and effective this looks when freshly done; but in a few short months the hair thus clipped will grow again, and where is then your mark? When, half a year later, you pass the foal upon the moor, there will be little to distinguish him from a score of his companions.

Or, with a suitable and sufficiently humane instrument, you may punch or slit a distinguishing mark in his ear. This, unlike the initial clipped upon the coat, will indeed be permanent, and would be very satisfactory if only the foal so marked would come at a call and stand to be examined like a dog. This, however, he very inconsiderately declines to do; a Long Mynd pony deems a quarter of a mile none too great a distance to maintain between himself and any human being; and at that distance, or indeed a less one, an ear-mark is totally indistinguishable. Branding on the side with a hot iron is the only really effective method of marking.

This work is going on in a small hurdled enclosure in a corner of the meadow, and an exciting job it is. A mountain foal is a "handful." To get himself and his anxious parent inside the rails is no easy task, and, once within, the foal proves himself a struggle-for-lifer. Stand still to be branded! Not he; unless some dozen men, more or less, will devote their combined energies and strength to his persuasion.

So a couple hang on round his neck; and immediately his head goes down and his heels are clearing a space behind him. To remedy the inconveniences of this attitude attention is paid to his tail; three men, if they are strong and determined, may, by holding grimly to that appendage, keep his hind feet upon the ground. He will still need one or two more at his head, and most of his legs will call for special care. Then, after a further struggle of several minutes, the hated mark of ownership may be successfully applied.

Yet, could they but know it, they are the lucky ones, these frightened struggling foals. That mark against which they fight so fiercely is a sign which means that they have at least another year of freedom on the breezy hill. Those to be exhibited have yet a few more days of confinement; for the rest the meadow gate will open at dusk and leave them free to canter up the nearest " batch " to their old haunts. There they must take the rough with the smooth. It is not always sunshine and soft breeze upon the Long Mynd mountain, as we know; after a long and severe winter the skeleton of some weakling that has perished on the hill that saw his birth is no uncommon sight. But come snow or sunshine, the ponies thus released find freedom on the hill. The next twelvemonths will prove a happy "Wanderjahr."

HEALING THE FEUD

An Incident of the Welsh Border

By HERBERT STRANG

"Now! Over with them!" came the order in short sharp tones, and the next moment fifty heavy boulders, which till then had been poised on the edge of the crest, were crashing through the growth of tree and underwood that clothed the steep mountain slope, snapping off young larches at the roots, bounding and rebounding from any projection that offered vain check to their descent.

For a few moments the men who had started this formidable avalanche followed the progress of the boulders with eager, excited eyes. But soon the din subsided and the stones disappeared from view. Then a great cry ascended from the valley six hundred feet below, and from nearer at hand a young voice was heard in hail. To this the leader of the band made answer, and in another minute he was joined by a lad of fifteen or sixteen years, who had watched from the branches of a tall tree overhanging the slope the effect of this mighty cast of stones.

"A full score of the rascals are laid low, father!" he said, and his coal-black eyes flashed with excitement.

"That is well, Rhys, my son," replied the leader of the band, and a murmur of satisfaction arose from the men around. "Didst see all?"

"All, father," Rhys replied; "the Normans were marching carelessly, some sixty or eighty strong, through the scrub at the foot, and the stones crashed upon them unawares, and now they are stricken with terror."

"Down upon them, my men!" cried his father, the chieftain Roderic, and instantly, with wild halloo, the Welshmen were racing impetuously down the long steep slope. Crashing through brake, torn by bramble and dog-rose and thorn, the warriors heeded not their rents and bruises, and a few minutes later they fell, with a fierce Celtic war-cry, upon the band of terror-stricken Normans, who fled in confusion back up the valley, leaving their hapless comrades on the ground where they had fallen.

"Spare none!" ran Roderic's fierce, stern order to his followers, "for never have they spared man, woman, or child of ours!" and straggler after straggler was ruthlessly cut down.

Thus the fight and the pursuit continued, the fugitives breathless, exhausted, in mortal dread, straining every nerve to escape the weapons of their relentless foes. Over the rough ground, often encumbered with heaps of fallen stones or earth, and studded with many a thorn and gorse clump, sped pursuers and pursued, the former growing ever more jubilant as they took toll of their enemy.

Roderic ap Owain was one of the Welsh chieftains who held the fastness of the upper Wye. His stronghold, Castell Pennant, made up by its inaccessibility and the natural advantages of its position, what it might want in size or artificial strength. Like his neighbours, Roderic was constantly exposed to plundering or wanton raids from over the English border not far away—attacks he was more than ready, it must be confessed, to avenge by counter raids. That was the fashion all along the line of the Welsh marches in the days of the Normans and Plantagenets, when might was right, and every lordling was a petty sovereign. The great Henry had reduced the powers of the feudal barons in England, and under his strong rule Norman and Saxon had drawn closer together; but the Welsh in their mountain fastnesses had never been subdued, and the border was the scene of constant bickering.

Roderic's special trouble came from Ridgmont Castle, just over the

border, where lived the powerful Bernard de Reymond, to whose great-great-grandfather William the Norman had made vast grants of land. Ever since that time a bitter feud had existed between the de Reymonds and their nearest Welsh neighbours of consequence, the ap Owains. The Welshmen, descendants of the old British inhabitants of the land, resented the intrusion of these foreigners, who seized their cornfields and grazing-grounds, their sheep and cattle, and drove the rightful owners into the bleak inhospitable mountains. De Reymond on his side regarded ap Owain as little better than a poverty-stricken barbarian, while the proud Welshman looked upon the Norman as a foreign upstart, as indeed in a sense he was. His ancestor, the builder of Ridgmont, had been, it was said, a favourite groom of William the Norman, and had been rewarded for his dutiful service by the grant of these lands in Wales. And now, in this the first year of the reign of Richard the First, the groom's descendant was a powerful and arrogant lord.

On this August day, in the year 1189, the Welsh chieftain, with his following of fifty men, was, not for the first time, on his way towards the English border, bent on making reprisals for injuries received in one of de Reymond's raiding expeditions in the early summer. Moreover, he hoped to bring back something substantial in the shape of booty. Leaving behind him his wife Gwenllian and his little daughter Gladys, just entering her teens, he took with him his son Rhys, a tall lissom boy of sixteen. Rhys had the dark hair and eyes, and the swarthy complexion, that characterize the Silurian type in Wales. Like all spirited lads of his age, Rhys ap Owain was longing to be a man and to do brave deeds. To him, therefore, this expedition, the first of its kind in which he had been permitted to join, was an event of great moment, and he was eager to do what a lad might do against his father's foes.

Roderic and his men had not gone far up the little dale out of the Wye valley before the sharp eyes of Rhys had espied a band of Normans advancing towards them, intent, it was clear, on much the same sort of work as themselves. As these strangers were the stronger body, the Welshmen had scuttled like rabbits up the long bush-strewn slope to the crest above. There they had rolled to the edge a great number of the boulders that lay plentifully around, ready to be launched down on

the unsuspecting enemy at the right moment, with what success has just been related. The stronger force had been worsted by the superiority in hill tactics possessed by the handful of Welshmen.

For mile after mile the chase continued, the Normans becoming more and more disorganized, and numbers of them falling a prey to their untiring foes. The boundary was passed, and the formidable castle of Ridgmont hove in sight, standing in the midst of a plain a good distance away.

"It is high time we turned," now said the prudent Roderic; "yonder is the enemy's stronghold. And we have done great things, for 'tis but a handful of stragglers who will totter back to their master's castle."

"But one short quarter of an hour more, father," pleaded Rhys. "See yonder half-score of laggards; them shall we have within the next couple of furlongs." And the chief, smiling at his son's impetuosity, forbore to give the order to halt.

The evening shadows were growing long, but there was still left an hour of daylight. The Baron Bernard de Reymond stood on the tall keep of his castle to watch the sun fall behind the line of Welsh hills to the westward. By his side was his son, a tall and well-grown stripling of sixteen, all the pride of his Norman blood showing itself in his features, and all the haughtiness of his race and order in his port. Yet a more generous-hearted youngster did not live within the bounds of Britain. Since the death of his wife the baron had taken his son more than ever to his heart, almost to the neglect of his little daughter Blanche, a child of eleven.

"What have we yonder?" suddenly exclaimed the young Bernard, shading his eyes with his hand as he gazed towards the setting sun. "On my soul, it is our men, or rather a sorry remnant of them, in full flight, and hotly pursued; aye, and by the Welsh scoundrels! De Boulay's expedition has miscarried, I fear me!"

The baron started at these words, and, glancing in the direction indicated by his son, frowned, and laid his hand upon his sword.

A minute later the trumpet call to arms was blaring through the castle precincts, and men-at-arms came pouring in hot haste into the main courtyard.

"My father," cried Bernard, his cheek flushing as a sudden thought struck him, "let me, I beseech you, command this party."

"Roderic ap Owain, though a Welshman, and a beggar to boot, is a redoubtable foe, my son," replied the cautious baron, yet half hesitatingly, as if he were not unwilling to give the boy his chance; and Bernard, renewing his request, gained his point.

For a few minutes all was bustle within the castle; then some threescore men sallied forth, armed and accoutred, the little Blanche waving her bordered kerchief to Bernard as he rode forth at the head of his troops. Roderic ap Owain marked this formidable force as it issued from Ridgmont and bore rapidly down towards him, and he gave instant order to retreat.

"Rhys, boy," he continued, as he and his son dashed away together, "I did not wisely to yield to your request for another space for the harrying of our foes. We are like to be in sore straits."

"Night is falling," replied Rhys, "and if we cannot, among our own mountains, escape those lowlanders——" He broke off with a laugh; no son of Cambria could seriously contemplate failure in such a contest.

The race was, however, an unequal one. The Normans were fresh; the Welshmen, erstwhile the pursuers, but now pursued, were weary

with marching through the long day; young Bernard and certain of his men were well mounted, while Roderic's force had never a nag amongst them; moreover, the ground was not yet such as to give the mountain-haunting Welshmen the advantage. But they were running for dear life, and sped on doggedly.

The sun had set, and it was growing dark; yet still the pursuit was kept up, and two or three exhausted men, who had fallen by the way, were dispatched without mercy by the Norman men-at-arms, exasperated by the tale they had heard from the remnant of their luckless expedition. Some of the Welshmen saved themselves by plunging into the dense bosquets or the dark woods that thickly studded the country. There the horsemen could not follow, and the Norman foot, notwithstanding their freshness, were scarce so fleet as the tired Welshmen.

Roderic and Rhys were beginning to congratulate themselves that they had escaped observation, when all at once a mounted man, followed by several others, bore down on them in full career, crying out upon them for beggarly cut-throats. It was dark, and the first spurs of the hills had been reached. Roderic's quick and practised eye perceived on the instant the only possible way of escape, and in a moment he and his son had sprung down the side of a deep trough dug by a noisy little torrent. The pursuers peered over the ledge, but the place was not one where a horse might follow; moreover, the fugitives had already clean disappeared.

"It was the Welsh chief himself, with his boy," exclaimed du Boulay, the captain who had been in charge of the routed company, and had now returned to show the way.

"Ap Owain! And his brat!" cried young Bernard. "Was ever more vexatious pass! But 'tis useless to follow. The fox and cub have escaped us!"

"Did you see the stripling that led the charge on us, Rhys?" Roderic was at that moment whispering to his son. "It was the young de Reymond, boy, no less."

"Would I had taken better look at him!" replied Rhys, greatly interested in the son of the hereditary enemy of his house, whereupon

the father laughed, and foretold many a meeting between the two boys. "You will both see and feel each other," he ended grimly. As he spoke a trumpet rang out behind them, the Norman call to a halt for the night, and the Welsh chief breathed more freely.

The early dawn found Roderic and his companions safe beyond the Wye. The scattered little force had come together again, emerging from the various hiding-places after a night of dogged plodding in darkness and torrential rain through many a rugged and encumbered defile and over many a stiff ascent. Now they had crossed the river, before rising floods had made impassable the only ford within miles. Roderic, wearied and disheartened, had passed on, with the bulk of his company, to Castell Pennant, three or four miles up the river. Rhys, however, apparently as fresh as ever, had remained behind to see what should happen if the Normans pursued thus far. His father had offered no opposition, well knowing that no harm could come to the lad with the wide swift current of the Wye between him and the enemy. With Rhys had remained two or three of the youths of the party who had a special liking for their young lord, and Aneurin, an older man.

They had not long to wait. Presently there emerged from the ravine through which a turbulent little stream rushed towards the Wye, some half-dozen horsemen, who pulled up chagrined and baffled on the bank of the swollen river. Rhys recognized in the foremost of the horsemen the young Norman whom he had seen for a minute a while before.

For a few moments Bernard surveyed the scene. The river, here confined between cliffs lofty and in parts inaccessible, tore its way through the gorge, a boiling, foaming torrent. At one part the cliffs were cut through by the little stream down whose valley the Normans had reached the spot, and it was in this hollow that the young de Reymond and his men stood for a brief space, mortified that their quarry should have after all escaped them.

And then the Welshmen, secure on the nearer bank, could not refrain from lifting mocking, taunting voices at the baffled enemy. The Norman stripling flushed with rage. He sat his steed, glowering across at the Welshmen; then, with a sudden impulse, sprang from his

horse, and, tearing off his cloak and doublet, prepared to leap into the racing river.

"Not that, my lord!" cried du Boulay in alarm;" 'tis death to——"

The captain was too late, for, crying, "Follow me, du Boulay!" the boy had dived from a ledge ten feet high. A shout of alarm broke from his companions as he disappeared, instantly rolled under by the lashing and twisting currents.

For a while there was no sight of him, and du Boulay rode up and down in consternation and dismay. Then the boy as suddenly reappeared, tossed to the surface once more by the contortions of the leaping waters. The spot was two score of yards farther down the river, and half-way across it. It was easy to see that the swimmer was dazed and exhausted, as he floated almost inertly upon the impetuous current, which at that point set strongly in a diagonal direction towards the opposite bank.

Rhys and his comrades had beheld with amazement the daring and foolhardy action of their enemy. Even if de Reymond could have withstood the current and gained the bank it was impossible that he should have succeeded in his mad enterprise, for none of his band had followed him, and single-handed he would have been helpless against the Welshmen. Rhys felt strangely moved; his young blood was fired with enthusiasm; de Reymond might be a foe, but he was a brave youth, and bravery ever appeals to a Celt. Breathless with excitement Rhys watched the boy battling with the torrent. It seemed that nothing could save him from the fate his recklessness had courted.

In mid-stream a tiny bush-covered islet usually stood out above the surface, but now nothing of it appeared in the flood save a few twigs. These Bernard saw, and with a mighty effort directed his course towards them. Another instant and he had the handful of twigs tight in his clutch. For a space his progress was stayed.

Du Boulay had ridden along the bank until he came opposite to the spot where the boy hung precariously upon his slight support.

"A hundred shillings," he cried, "to the man who shall save my lord's son!"

It was a vain offer; his men stared blankly at him.

While the Normans, full-grown and strong men all, stood thus helpless and despairing on their side of the river, the Welsh lad sprang suddenly along the margin to the spot, tumbling down the twenty feet of loose loamy cliff that here bordered the Wye. Bernard, still clinging desperately to the top of the bush, was not more than eight or ten yards from Rhys, yet how was that little space of impetuous current to be bridged over? The boy was just in the act of springing into the furious waters when his arm was caught by Aneurin, the eldest of his band.

"Wait!" the man cried in alarm, at the same time pointing to something on the bank, and Rhys, accustomed to make good use of his eyes, saw in a moment what was meant. A portion of the loose bank had at some time fallen into the river, and had left bare one of the minor roots of a gigantic elm. For a great distance this exposed root ran on, looking something like a cart-rope, and not much thicker. To cut off with their sharp bills thirty or forty feet of this, and with a couple of leathern girdles deftly to bind one pliant end to the boy's waist, was an affair of a few seconds to the handy Welshmen. Then, in his impatience, scarce waiting till the thing had been made secure, Rhys sprang into the river and struck out for the drowning youth.

With a great swirl the racing waters took the swimmer, and in a trice he was being hurled down towards the Norman. Would the daring rescuer manage to clutch the other? Or would he be carried wide of him and so miss him entirely? In this latter case Bernard de Reymond was doomed. In speechless despair du Boulay and his men stood watching the Welsh boy, never believing but that, if he reached their young lord, he would plunge a dagger into him and so rid his people of an hereditary foe.

Headlong Rhys was borne down, and almost before he realized what was happening, he was upon the fainting boy. Regardless of himself, and trusting in the tough elm root and in the care and resourcefulness of his companions, he stretched out his arms to grasp the other. As it chanced, the current swept him to the very spot, and he struck Bernard with some force, instantly carrying him away from his frail support. A great cry burst from the throats of the frantic Normans. But Bernard, though torn from his bush, was fast locked in the arms of his

Rhys to the Rescue

sturdy rescuer, and the two were borne down together. For a moment they remained in sight; the next, both were rolled over and swallowed up by the writhings of the foaming river. It seemed as if both boys had gone to their death.

But the lusty Welshmen stuck manfully to their end of the long pliant rod, watching it move through an angle, as the two boys were rolled below the surface towards the bank. Then they began to haul in, and the tough elm root flew through their hands. A dark head appeared above the surface, the long hair was instantly seized, and with a mighty pull the Norman youth, for it was he who had come uppermost, was dragged forth to land. Then, still embracing him with almost inextricable grasp, appeared the gallant young rescuer. Amid cheers, again and again renewed, from both banks of the Wye, the two boys were drawn to safety, and laid, senseless, and to all seeming dead, on the green turf above.

Of the two boys, the young ap Owain was the first to recover. In a few moments he was sitting up, pale, gasping, and not a little dazed. But seeing the young Norman lying senseless by his side he remembered the mortal peril which he had escaped, and bade his followers examine the boy, and see if life was still in him.

They seized the youth, and with no gentle hands turned him over to let the water run out of him, and then they perceived blood upon his head, and found that he had a deep wound on the back of the skull. No efforts could restore him to consciousness, and Rhys, staggering to his feet, called on his men to carry the boy with all speed to Castell Pennant.

It was the work of a few minutes to construct a litter from the hazels and underwood that lay plentifully about. A great outcry arose from the men-at-arms when they saw their young lord in the hands of the Welshmen, and on the point of being carried away. Du Boulay shouted all manner of threats, to which Rhys gave no heed. Without doubt the Normans supposed that Bernard would be held as a hostage, and might perchance be hanged from the walls of the Welsh chief's stronghold if he suffered any more from the raids of their master. Rhys, indeed, though in saving the youth he had been actuated by no other motive than his generous impulse, was by no means sure that his father

would not keep him in durance, and he well understood du Boulay's chagrin, and the reluctance with which he would report the occurrence to his master.

Bernard recovered consciousness before the little party reached Castell Pennant. He wished to spring from the litter, but found himself too weak even to lift his head.

"What will you do with me?" he asked gloomily.

Rhys, who alone of the Welshmen understood the Norman's words, replied—

"That is for my father to say. But assuredly he will do nothing until you are restored to health. Brother Anthony, of the monastery hard by, is a skilful leech, and within a little, I doubt not, you will be as sound as ever you were."

The coming of the party was descried from the castle walls, and when they arrived, Roderic the chief, with his wife and daughter, was at the entrance to welcome them. Roderic's eyes gleamed when he saw who it was that the litter held.

"By my faith, a right good hostage!" he exclaimed. "It shall go hard with us but we win somewhat from the baron for his life. How came he into your hands?"

His face glowed again, but with pride, as Rhys in brief, simple words told the tale. He ordered the Norman boy to be carried to a chamber, and the Lady Gwenllian herself, who had some skill in simples, tended him until Brother Anthony could be fetched from the little Cistercian monastery on a hillside two miles away. The good monks were consulted on all matters by the Welsh chief. Rhys had been taught by them Latin, English, and French, and something of the learning of the day—stories of the old British kings, pilgrims' tales, stories from the Latin classics, scraps of Church history, bits of logic and natural philosophy; and he had learnt from them also examples of industry and practical wisdom, for the monks, besides their ordinary functions, did a considerable trade in wool. Within an hour or two Brother Anthony arrived, bringing ointments for the boy's wound, and, being a cheery soul, he foretold that in a few days Bernard would be quite recovered. And ere he went he took the chief aside, and said—

"Here is an opportunity, my son, of making peace with your neighbour."

"There can be no peace between us," returned Roderic, "but I will use the boy to win back somewhat of the goods his father has stolen from me."

"Nay, it shall be more than that," said the monk. "The boys are near of an age: they might be brothers; remember the words of the Gospel: 'Let brotherly love continue.'"

Roderic shrugged, but the monk's words did not pass unheeded.

The day wore away and the twilight was deepening rapidly into darkness, when a loud trumpet blast from without startled the folk in Castell Pennant. A party of a dozen horsemen had ridden up to the gate.

"Tell your master that the Baron Bernard de Reymond of Ridgmont demands speech with him," said the leader of the band, in answer to the warder's question. The Wye had fallen fast during the day, and the fording of it had been affected without great difficulty.

Roderic ap Owan smiled grimly when the message was delivered to him.

"Tell the Baron Bernard de Reymond," he said, "that he should crave and not demand."

The proud Norman flushed angrily when this bold answer was conveyed to him. But putting a curb upon his wrath, he said—

"Tell your master that the Baron de Reymond neither craves nor demands, but would have speech with him."

Roderic was willing to accept this compromise, and gave orders that the baron should be admitted with one companion to the hall of his castle. And there the rivals met, and held a long conversation, with all the stiffness and formality of the period. The gist of it was that the baron demanded the release of his son—it did not occur to him as yet to give thanks for the saving of his life; and Roderic in return demanded the restoration of certain lands of which the Normans had robbed him, and payment for the sheep and cattle which they had carried away. This demand the baron haughtily refused; hot words passed between the two, and the interview came to an end, Roderic declaring that he would hold the boy as a hostage until his father came to a better mind.

The baron went away in a towering rage. He had demeaned himself sufficiently, he thought, in coming in person to make terms with the Welsh chief. And for a week no further communication passed between the two strong-willed men. Then, however, another meeting was brought about through the agency of Brother Anthony. The monk had informed the baron of the kindness with which his son was being treated by all in Castell Pennant; he reminded him that he owed the boy's life to his enemy's son; and, in addition to these motives towards a reconciliation, he pointed out how profitable a friendship between the two houses might prove in the future. The baron was under vow to go a crusade; for months, perhaps years, he might be absent from his home; and during his absence Ridgmont, with a diminished garrison, might fall an easy prey, either to the Welsh or to some Norman rival. It was not merely good Christianity, but good policy, said the monk, to turn his neighbour from an enemy into a friend.

The end of it was that Brother Anthony arranged a meeting between them in the quiet garden of the monastery. They already nourished a secret admiration for each other as warriors, and when they met on this neutral ground, and talked matters quietly over in the presence of the monk, who dropped a wise word in here and there, and deftly turned

the conversation when it touched dangerous ground, they sank their differences and struck a bargain. Roderic agreed to accept something less than he had formerly demanded, and further promised to keep a watchful eye on Ridgmont when the baron should depart on the crusade. He guarded himself against coming under any feudal obligation; he would in no sense be the baron's " man "; and the strange spectacle was seen of Norman and Welshman striking hands as equals.

The feud being thus ended, it was wonderful what good friends the two families became. Bernard, now quite healed of his hurts, was the constant companion of young Rhys : they fished and hunted together, and talked often of their future. Rhys had no thought but to become a chieftain like his father : Bernard wished to accompany the baron as his page when he went to the Holy Land. The two daughters, Blanche and Gladys, became equally close friends, and the former, her own mother being dead, came to regard the Lady Gwenllian with almost as much affection. Good Brother Anthony smiled on the fruits of his intercession, and declared that it was a comely and pleasant thing to see brethren dwell together in unity.

From *Lion Heart.*

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE

1798

By ROBERT SOUTHEY

On the 1st of August, about ten in the morning, the British fleet came in sight of Alexandria; the port had been vacant and solitary when they saw it last; it was now crowded with ships, and they perceived with exultation that the tri-colour flag was flying from the walls. At four in the afternoon, Captain Hood, in the *Zealous*, made the signal for the enemy's fleet. For many preceding days Nelson had hardly taken either sleep or food: he now ordered his dinner to be served, while preparations were making for battle; and when his officers rose from table, and went to their separate stations, he said to them: "Before this time to-morrow, I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey."

The French Fleet had arrived at Alexandria on the 1st of July; and Brueys, not being able to enter the port, which time and neglect had ruined, moored his ships in Aboukir Bay, in a strong and compact line of battle; the headmost vessel, according to his own account, being as close as possible to a shoal on the NW., and the rest of the fleet forming a kind of curve along the line of deep water, so as not to be turned by any means in the SW. By Bonaparte's desire, he had offered a reward of 10,000 livres to any pilot of the country who would

carry the squadron in; but none could be found who would venture to take charge of a single vessel drawing more than twenty feet. He had, therefore, to make the best of his situation, and chose the strongest position which he could possibly take in an open road. The commissary of the fleet said they were moored in such a manner as to bid defiance to a force more than double their own. This presumption could not then be thought unreasonable. Admiral Barrington, when moored in a similar manner off St. Lucia, in the year 1778, beat off the Comte d'Estaign in three several attacks, though his force was inferior by almost one-third to that which assailed it. Here, the advantage of numbers, both in ships, guns, and men, was in favour of the French. They had thirteen ships of the line and four frigates, carrying 1,196 guns, and 11,230 men. The English had the same number of ships of the line, and one fifty-gun ship, carrying 1,012 guns and 8,068 men. The English ships were all seventy-fours; the French had three eighty-gun ships, and one three-decker of 120.

During the whole pursuit, it had been Nelson's practice, whenever circumstances would permit, to have his captains on board the *Vanguard*, and explain to them his own ideas of the different and best modes of attack, and such plans as he proposed to execute, on falling in with the enemy, whatever their situation might be. There is no possible position, it is said, which he did not take into calculation. His officers were thus fully acquainted with his principles of tactics: and such was his confidence in their abilities, that the only thing determined upon, in case they should find the French at anchor, was for the ships to form as most convenient for their mutual support and to anchor by the stern. "First gain the victory," he said, "and then make the best use of it you can."

The moment he perceived the position of the French, that intuitive genius with which Nelson was endowed displayed itself; and it instantly struck him, that where there was room for an enemy's ship to swing, there was room for one of ours to anchor. The plan which he intended to pursue, therefore, was to keep entirely on the outer side of the French line, and station his ships, as far as he was able, one on the outer bow, and another on the outer quarter, of each of the enemy's. Captain Berry,

when he comprehended the scope of the design, exclaimed with transport, "If we succeed, what will the world say!" "There is no *if* in the case," replied the Admiral: "that we shall succeed is certain: who may live to tell the story is a very different question."

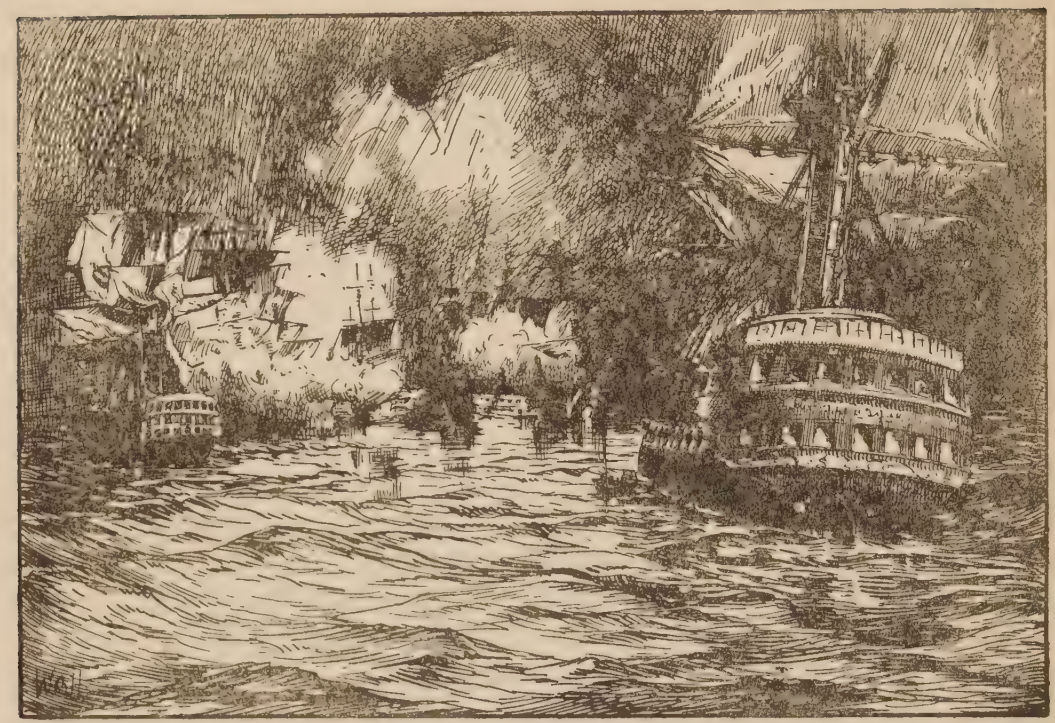
As the squadron advanced, they were assailed by a shower of shot and shells from the batteries on the island, and the enemy opened a steady fire from the starboard side of their whole line within half gun-shot distance, full into the bows of our van ships. It was received in silence; the men on board every ship were employed aloft in furling sails, and below in tending the braces, and making ready for anchoring.

A French brig was instructed to decoy the English, by manœuvring so as to tempt them toward a shoal lying off the island of Bequieres; but Nelson either knew the danger, or suspected some deceit; and the lure was unsuccessful. Captain Foley led the way in the *Goliath*, outsailing the *Zealous*, which for some minutes disputed this post of honour with him. He had long conceived that if the enemy were moored in line of battle in with the land, the best plan of attack would be to lead between them and the shore, because the French guns on that side were not likely to be manned, nor even ready for action. Intending, therefore, to fix himself on the inner bow of the *Guerrier*, he kept as near the edge of the bank as the depth of water would admit; but his anchor hung, and having opened his fire, he drifted to the second ship, the *Conquerant*, before it was clear; then anchored by the stern, inside of her, and in ten minutes shot away her mast. Hood, in the *Zealous*, perceiving this, took the station which the *Goliath* intended to have occupied, and totally disabled the *Guerrier* in twelve minutes. The third ship which doubled the enemy's van was the *Orion*, Sir J. Saumarez; she passed to windward of the *Zealous*, and opened her larboard guns as long as they bore on the *Guerrier;* then passing inside the *Goliath*, sunk a frigate which annoyed her, hauled round towards the French line, and anchoring inside, between the fifth and sixth ships from the *Guerrier*, took her station on the larboard bow of the *Franklin*, and the quarter of the *Peuple Souverain*, receiving and returning the fire of both. The sun was now nearly down. The *Audacious*, Captain Gould, pouring a heavy fire into the *Guerrier* and

Conquerant, fixed herself on the larboard bow of the latter; and when that ship struck, passed on to the *Peuple Souverain*. The *Theseus*, Captain Miller, followed, brought down the *Guerrier's* remaining main and mizen masts, then anchored inside of the *Spartiate*, the third in the French line.

While these advanced ships doubled the French line, the *Vanguard* was the first that anchored on the outer side of the enemy, within half pistol-shot of their third ship, the *Spartiate*. Nelson had six colours flying in different parts of his rigging, lest they should be shot away;—that they should be struck no British Admiral considers a possibility. He veered half a cable and instantly opened a tremendous fire; under cover of which the other four ships of his division, the *Minotaur*, *Bellerophon*, *Defence*, and *Majestic*, sailed on ahead of the Admiral. In a few minutes, every man stationed at the first six guns in the fore part of the *Vanguard's* deck was killed or wounded—these guns were three times cleared. Captain Louis, in the *Minotaur*, anchored next ahead, and took off the fire of the *Aquilon*, the fourth in the enemy's line. The *Bellerophon*, Captain Darby, passed ahead and dropped her stern anchor on the starboard bow of the *Orient*, seventh in the line, Brueys' own ship, of one hundred and twenty guns, whose difference of force was in proportion of more than seven to three, and whose weight of ball, from the lower deck alone, exceeded that from the whole broadside of the *Bellerophon*. Captain Peyton, in the *Defence*, took his station ahead of the *Minotaur*, and engaged the *Franklin*, the sixth in the line; by which judicious movement the British line remained unbroken. The *Majestic*, Captain Westcott, got entangled with the main rigging of one of the French ships astern of the *Orient* and suffered dreadfully from that three-decker's fire: but she swung clear, and closely engaging the *Heureux*, the ninth ship on the starboard bow, received also the fire of the *Tonnant*, which was the eighth in the line. The other four ships of the British squadron, having been detached previous to the discovery of the French, were at a considerable distance when the action began. It commenced at half after six; about seven, night closed, and there was no other light than that from the fire of the contending fleets.

Trowbridge, in the *Culloden*, then foremost of the remaining ships,



was two leagues astern. He came on sounding, as the others had done : as he advanced, the increasing darkness increased the difficulty of the navigation; and suddenly, after having found eleven fathoms water, before the lead could be hove again, he was fast aground : nor could all his own exertions, joined to those of the *Leander* and the *Mutine* brig, which came to his assistance, get him off in time to bear a part in the action. His ship, however, served as a beacon to the *Alexander* and *Swiftsure*, which would else, from the course which they were holding, have gone considerably further on the reef, and must inevitably have been lost.

These ships entered the bay, and took their stations, in the darkness, in a manner long spoken of with admiration by all who remembered it. Captain Hallowell, in the *Swiftsure*, as he was bearing down, fell in with what seemed to be a strange sail : Nelson had directed his ships to hoist four lights horizontally at the mizen-peak, as soon as it became dark; and this vessel had no such distinction. Hallowell, however, with great judgment, ordered his men not to fire : if she was an enemy, he said, she was in too disabled a state to escape; but, from her sails

being loose, and the way in which her head was, it was probable she might be an English ship. It was the *Bellerophon*, overpowered by the huge *Orient:* her lights had gone overboard, nearly 200 of her crew were killed or wounded, all her masts and cables had been shot away; and she was drifting out of the line, toward the lee side of the bay. Her station, at this important time, was occupied by the *Swiftsure*, which opened a steady fire on the quarter of the *Franklin*, and the bows of the French Admiral. At the same instant, Captain Ball, with the *Alexander*, passed under his stern, and anchored within side of his larboard quarter, raking him, and keeping up a severe fire of musquetry upon his decks. The last ship which arrived to complete the destruction of the enemy was the *Leander*. Captain Thompson, finding that nothing could be done that night to get off the *Culloden*, advanced with the intention of anchoring athwart-hawse of the *Orient*. The *Franklin* was so near her ahead, that there was not room for him to pass clear of the two; he, therefore, took his station athwart-hawse of the latter, in such a position as to rake both.

The two first ships of the French line had been dismasted within a quarter of an hour after the commencement of the action and the others had in that time suffered so severely, that victory was already certain. The third, fourth, and fifth, were taken possession of at half-past eight.

Meantime, Nelson received a severe wound on the head from a piece of langridge shot. Captain Berry caught him in his arms as he was falling. The great effusion of blood occasioned an apprehension that the wound was mortal: Nelson himself thought so: a large flap of the skin of the forehead, cut from the bone, had fallen over one eye: and the other being blind, he was in total darkness. When he was carried down, the surgeon—in the midst of a scene scarcely to be conceived by those who have never seen a cock-pit in time of action, and the heroism which is displayed amid its horrors—with a natural and pardonable eagerness, quitted the poor fellow then under his hands, that he might instantly attend the Admiral. "No!" said Nelson, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows." Nor would he suffer his own wound to be examined till every man who had been previously wounded was properly attended to. Fully believing that the wound

was mortal, and that he was about to die, as he had ever desired, in battle and in victory, he called the chaplain, and desired him to deliver what he supposed to be his dying remembrance to Lady Nelson : he then sent for Captain Louis on board from the *Minotaur*, that he might thank him personally for the great assistance which he had rendered to the *Vanguard ;* and, ever mindful of those who deserved to be his friends, appointed Captain Hardy from the brig to the command of his own ship, Captain Berry having to go home with the news of the victory.

When the surgeon came in due time to examine his wound (for it was in vain to entreat him to let it be examined sooner), the most anxious silence prevailed; and the joy of the wounded men, and of the whole crew, when they heard that the hurt was merely superficial, gave Nelson deeper pleasure than the unexpected assurance that his life was in no danger. The surgeon requested, and as far as he could, ordered him to remain quiet : but Nelson could not rest. He called for his secretary, Mr. Campbell, to write the despatches. Campbell had himself been wounded; and was so affected at the blind and suffering state of the Admiral, that he was unable to write. The chaplain was then sent for; but, before he came, Nelson, with his characteristic eagerness, took the pen, and contrived to trace a few words marking his devout sense of the success which had already been obtained. He was now left alone; when suddenly a cry was heard on the deck, that the *Orient* was on fire. In the confusion, he found his way up, unassisted and unnoticed; and, to the astonishment of everyone, appeared on the quarter-deck, where he immediately gave orders that boats should be sent to the relief of the enemy.

It was soon after nine that the fire on board the *Orient* broke out. Brueys was dead : he had received three wounds, yet would not leave his post : a fourth cut him almost in two. He desired not to be carried below, but to be left to die upon deck. The flames soon mastered his ship. Her sides had just been painted; and the oil-jars and paint-buckets were lying on the poop. By the prodigious light of this conflagration, the situation of the two fleets could now be perceived, the colours of both being clearly distinguishable. About ten o'clock the ship blew up, with a shock which was felt to the very bottom of every

vessel. Many of her officers and men jumped overboard, some clinging to the spars and pieces of wreck, with which the sea was strewn, others swimming to escape from the destruction which they momentarily dreaded. Some were picked up by our boats; and some, even in the heat and fury of the action, were dragged into the lower ports of the nearest British vessel by the British sailors. The greater part of her crew, however, stood the danger till the last, and continued to fire from the lower deck. This tremendous explosion was followed by a silence not less awful: the firing immediately ceased on both sides; and the first sound which broke the silence was the dash of her shattered masts and yards, falling into the water from the vast height to which they had been exploded. It is upon record, that a battle between two armies was once broken off by an earthquake: such an event would be felt like a miracle; but no incident in war, produced by human means, has ever equalled the sublimity of this co-instantaneous pause, and all its circumstances.

About seventy of the *Orient's* crew were saved by the English boats. Among the many hundreds who perished were the commodore, Casa-Bianca, and his son, a brave boy, only ten years old. They were seen floating on a shattered mast when the ship blew up. She had money on board (the plunder of Malta) to the amount of £600,000 sterling. The masses of burning wreck, which were scattered by the explosion, excited for some moments apprehensions in the English which they had never felt from any other danger. Two large pieces fell into the main and foretops of the *Swiftsure*, without injuring any person. A port fire also fell into the main-royal of the *Alexander;* the fire which it occasioned was speedily extinguished. Captain Ball had provided, as far as human foresight could provide, against any such danger. All the shrouds and sails of his ship, not absolutely necessary for its immediate management, were thoroughly wetted, and so rolled up, that they were as hard and as little inflammable as so many solid cylinders.

The firing recommenced with the ships to leeward of the centre, and continued till about three. At daybreak, the *Guillaume Tell*, and the *Généreux*, the two rear ships of the enemy, were the only French ships of the line which had their colours flying; they cut their cables

in the forenoon, not having been engaged, and stood out to sea, and two frigates with them. The *Zealous* pursued; but as there was no other ship in a condition to support Captain Hood, he was recalled. It was generally believed by the officers, that if Nelson had not been wounded, not one of these ships could have escaped; the four certainly could not, if the *Culloden* had got into action; and if the frigates belonging to the squadron had been present, not one of the enemy's fleet would have left Aboukir Bay. These four vessels, however, were all that escaped; and the victory was the most complete and glorious in the annals of naval history.

"Victory," said Nelson, "is not a name strong enough for such a scene"; he called it a conquest. Of thirteen sail of the line, nine were taken, and two burnt: of the four frigates, one was sunk, another, the *Artémise*, was burnt in a villainous manner by her captain, M. Estandlet, who, having fired a broadside at the *Theseus*, struck his colours, then set fire to the ship, and escaped with most of his crew to shore. The British loss, in killed and wounded, amounted to 895. Westcott was the only captain who fell: 3,105 of the French, including the wounded, were sent on shore by cartel, and 5,225 perished.

From *The Life of Nelson.*